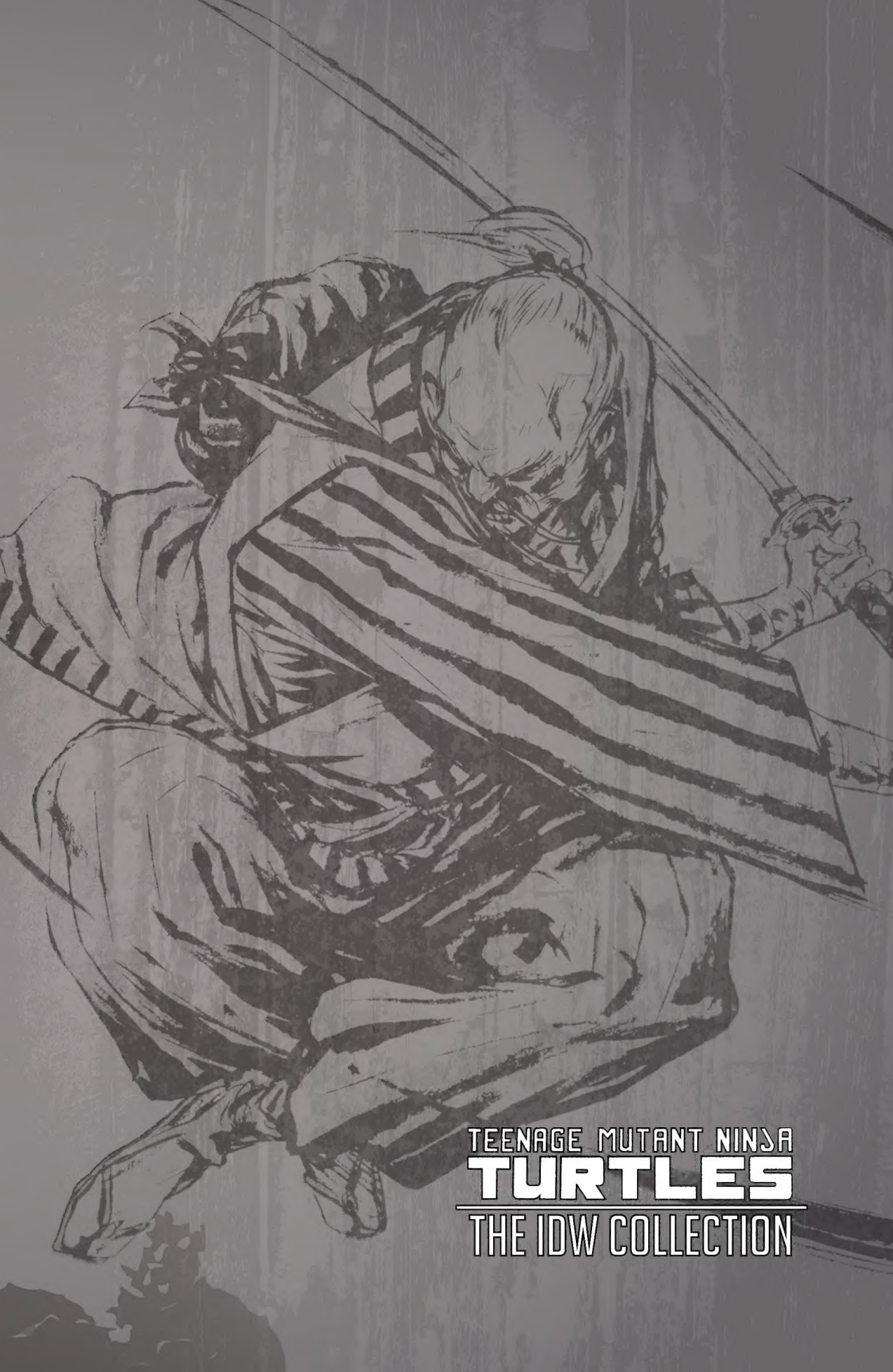
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
THE IDW COLLECTION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IDW

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ISSUE #1 ..... pg 06

story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ script by TOM WALTZ
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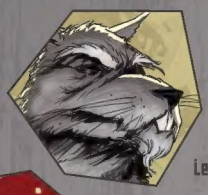

ISSUE #2 ..... pg 30

story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ layouts by KEVIN EASTMAN
art by DAN DUNCAN colors by RONDA PATTISON
letters by SHAWN LEE

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story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ script by TOM WALTZ
layouts by KEVIN EASTMAN art by DAN DUNCAN
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ISSUE #4 ..... pg 78

story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ script by TOM WALTZ
layouts by KEVIN EASTMAN art by DAN DUNCAN
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"A LOT TO LEARN" ..... pg 102

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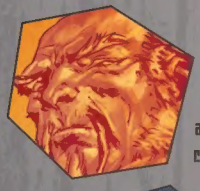

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story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ script by TOM WALTZ
art by DAN DUNCAN and MATEUS SANTOLOUCO (Feudal Japan)
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written by BRIAN LYNCH art by FRANCO URRU
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MICHELANGELO ..... pg 158

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art by DAN DUNCAN colors by RONDA PATTISON
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written by ERIK BURNHAM art by CHARLES PAUL WILSON III
colors by JAY FOTOS letters by SHAWN LEE

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story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAN DUNCAN
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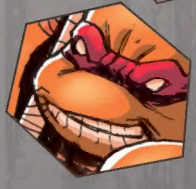

ISSUE #12 ..... pg 398

story by KEVIN EASTMAN & TOM WALTZ
script by TOM WALTZ art by DAN DUNCAN
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ISSUE #1

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

AND SO IT BEGINS.
THIS HOW IT'S GONNA BE, SPLINTER?!
DARK CLOUDS GATHER.
YOU GONNA HIDE LIKE A COWARD BEHIND THOSE... THOSE FREAKS?
THE SKIES RUMBLE THREATENINGLY.
WHO'S HE CALLING FREAKS? HAS HE SEEN HIMSELF?
YO, POT, MEET KETTLE!
SILENCE, MICHELANGELO.
FOLLOWED BY AN UNNATURAL CALM.
OLD HOB, THIS NEED NOT HAPPEN. WE ARE NOT HERE TO FIGHT. WE ONLY WANT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LEFT IN PEACE.
YEAH?
BUT THEN, THE CALM VANISHES...
WELL, YOU CAN KEEP ON WANTIN', RAT!

...AND LIGHTNING STRIKES.

WASTE 'EM ALL!

MY SONS...
THE STORM HAS BROKEN—
...NONE MUST DIE!
—ITS WRATH UNLEASHED.
UFF!
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TELL THEM THAT!
AND EACH OF US...
...MUST FACE ITS TORRENTIAL RAGE...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, DONNY! JUST DO IT THE WAY MASTER SPLINTER TRAINED US!
WHA?!
...IN HIS OWN WAY.
TRAIN THIS!
GHUK!

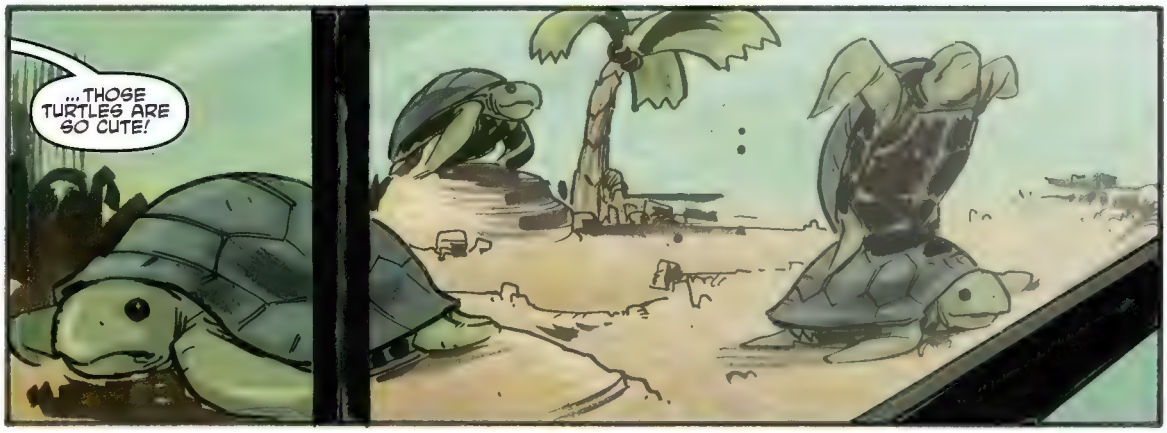
OUR INDIVIDUAL TECHNIQUES ARE AS UNIQUE AS EACH NEW CRASH OF THUNDER.
GET IN THERE! I WANT THAT STINKIN' RAT AND THOSE SLIMY REPTILES DEAD!
BO STAFF?
COLDLY ANALYTICAL AND DELIBERATE.
BOW TIE!
GLKK.
MILITANTLY DISCIPLINED AND PRECISE.
WHOULF!
HYAA!
SORRY...
ABSURDLY UNORTHODOX AND CAREFREE.
OHHH...
...NO BABY GANGSTAS FOR YOU, DUDE!

IDIOTS!
GUESS IF I WANT SOMETHIN' DONE RIGHT...
WRETCHEDLY MISGUIDED AND VENGEFUL.
...I GOTTA DO IT MYSELF!
AND WITH THE BITTERSWEET EXPERIENCE OF CENTURIES.
I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART!
I HAVE DEFEATED OLD HOB BEFORE.
GLGK!
THEN, AS NOW, THE BATTLE WAS FIERCE.
BUT WHAT ONCE WAS SOLELY A FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL...

...HAS BECOME VERY PERSONAL.
KEEP PRESSING, GUYS!
YOU THINK THEY GOT THE MESSAGE?
YEP. IT'LL STILL BE RINGING LOUD AND CLEAR IN THEIR EARS TOMORROW.
NO, OLD HOB...
...NOT TODAY.
AHK!
THEN, WE CAN ONLY HOPE...
...THAT THEY HEED THE SOUND.
YOU'RE DEAD!

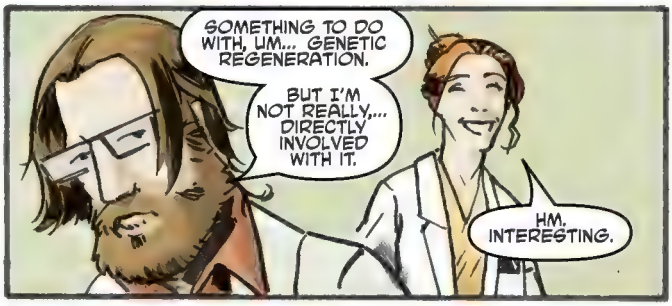
EVENTUALLY, THE TEMPEST SUBSIDES.
YOU... I'LL GUT YOU YET, RAT. YOU'LL SEE... ALL OF YOU.
JUST LIKE THAT OTHER STINKIN' FREAK, YOU'RE ALL GONNA DISAPPEAR...
...AND BE FORGOTTEN FOREVER!
C'MON, GUYS, LET'S—
NO, WE ARE DONE HERE, MY SONS. WE MUST GO.
"...WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN."
...ENDS IN UNCERTAIN SILENCE.
AND WHAT BEGAN WITH A FEROCIOUS ROAR...
RAPHAEL...
IT IS SIMPLY THE CALM BEFORE THE NEXT STORM.

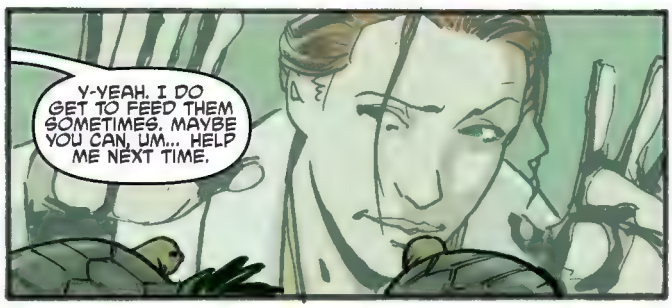
EIGHTEEN MONTHS EARLIER.
OH, MY GOSH...
STOCK GEN RESEARCH INC.

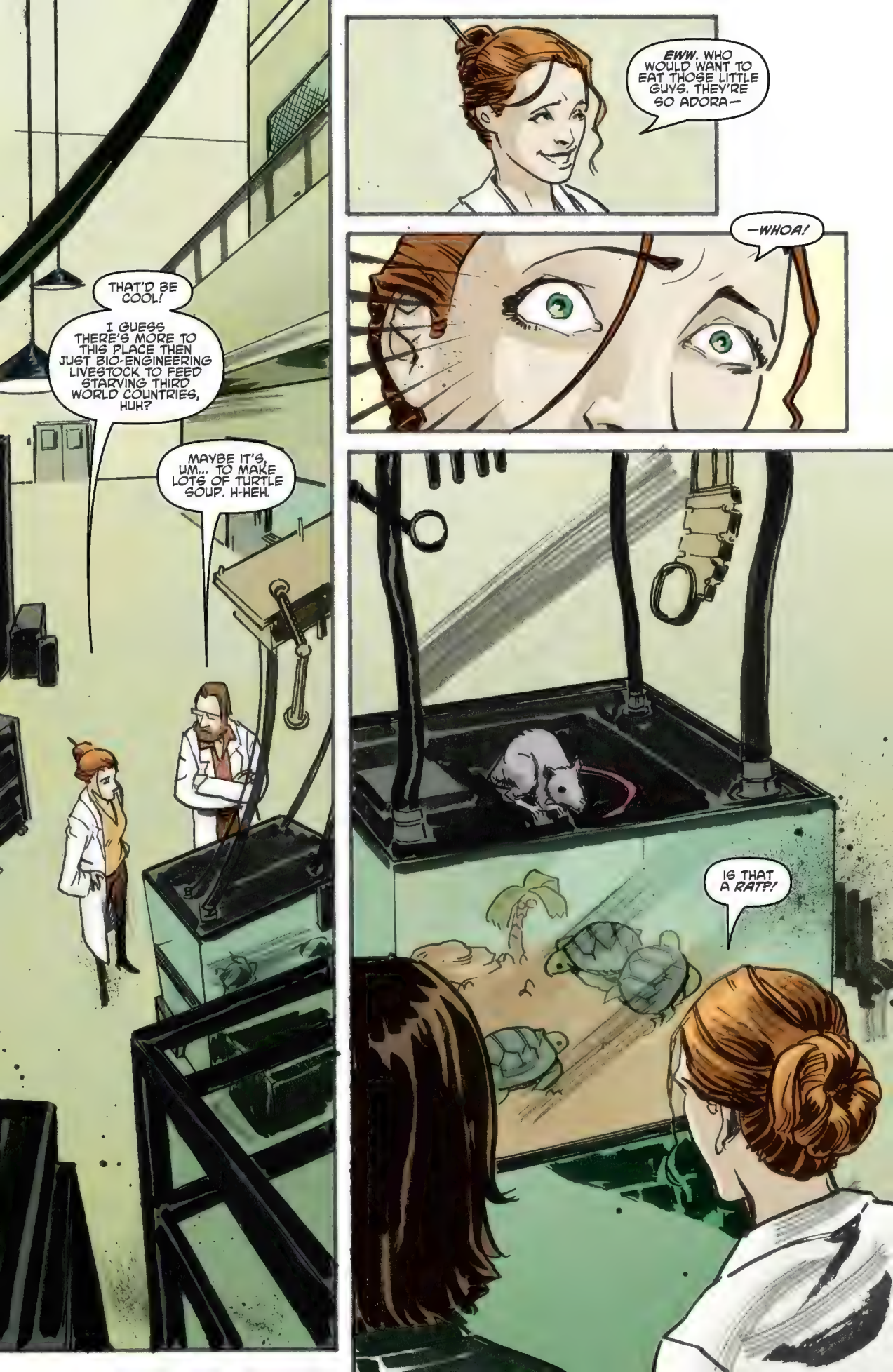

...THOSE TURTLES ARE SO CUTE!

WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE GUYS HERE FOR, MR. ALLEN?
JUST CHET, UM... P-PLEASE.

I'M SORRY. CHET.
TH... THANKS.
THE TURTLES ARE PART OF A SPECIAL STUDY WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON FOR A LITTLE WHILE NOW.


SOMETHING TO DO WITH, UM... GENETIC REGENERATION.
BUT I'M NOT REALLY,... DIRECTLY INVOLVED WITH IT.
HM. INTERESTING.


Y-YEAH. I DO GET TO FEED THEM SOMETIMES. MAYBE YOU CAN, UM... HELP ME NEXT TIME.


THAT'D BE COOL!
I GUESS THERE'S MORE TO THIS PLACE THEN JUST BIO-ENGINEERING LIVESTOCK TO FEED STARVING THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES, HUH?
MAYBE IT'S, UM... TO MAKE LOTS OF TURTLE SOUP. H-HEH.
EWW. WHO WOULD WANT TO EAT THOSE LITTLE GUYS. THEY'RE SO ADORA—
—WHOA!
IS THAT A RAT?!

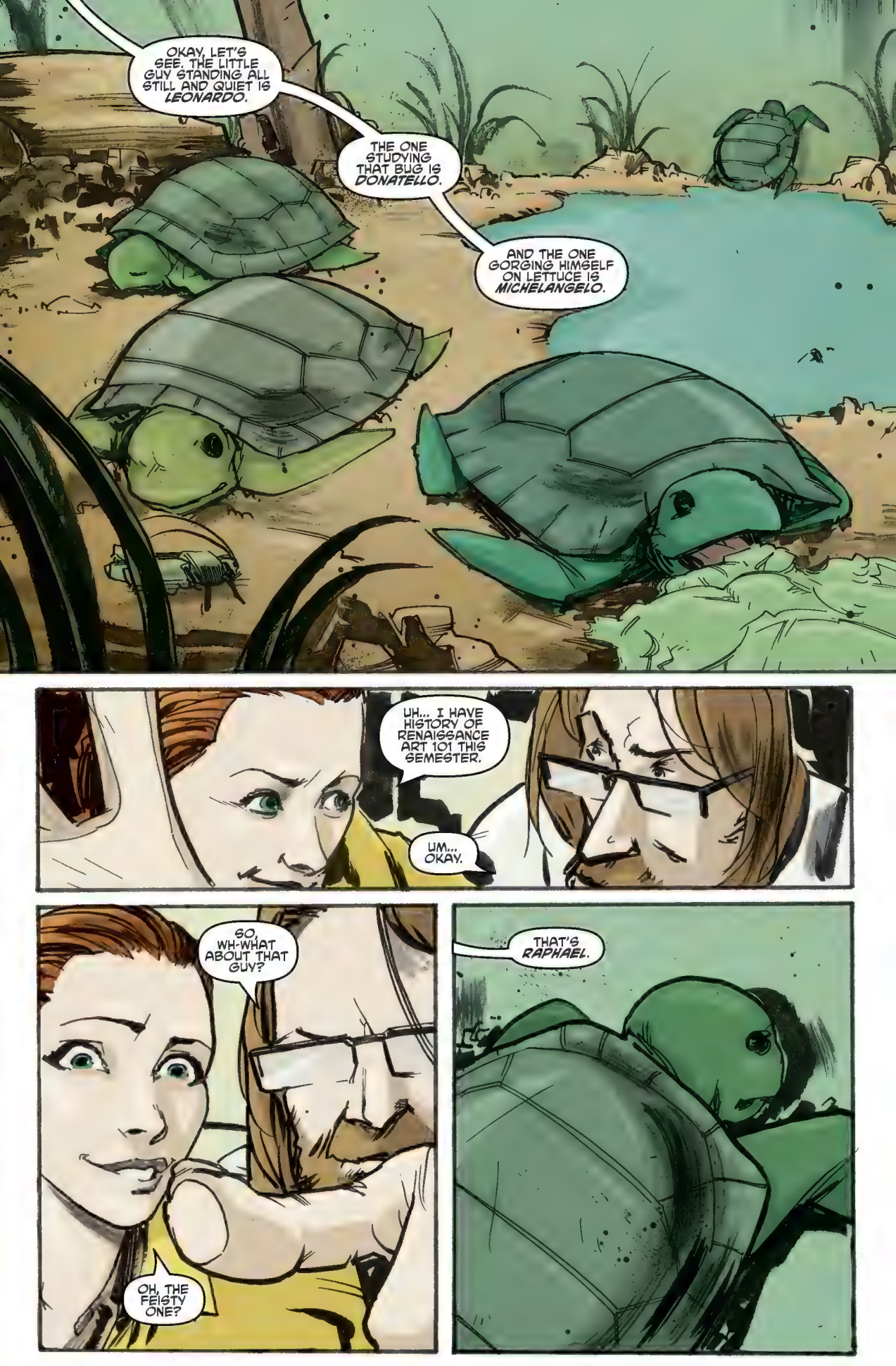
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S A PART OF ANOTHER, UM... SPECIAL PROJECT. HE'S ALWAYS RUNNING AROUND THE PLACE.
FREE?!
YEAH, W-WE HAVE A HARD TIME KEEPING HIM... CONTAINED. BUT, LIKE I S-SAID, HE'S HARMLESS.
IF YOU SAY SO. JUST PLEASE DON'T TELL ME HE'S PART OF SOME RAT SOUP PROGRAM OR I'M GONNA HURL.
HEH. RAT SOUP.
COME ON, WE SH-SHOULD GET YOU TO HUMAN RESOURCES. THEY SHOULD, UM... HAVE YOUR NEW INTERN BADGE READY TO PICK UP.
AND THEN I GUESS I'LL BE OFFICIAL, HUH, CHET?
YEAH...
...W-WELCOME TO STOCKGEN RESEARCH, MISS O'NEIL.
JUST APRIL IS FINE, CHET. THANKS.

DOCTOR STOCKMAN?
YES, MARGARET?
SIR, GENERAL KRANG IS CALLING FROM BURNOW ISLAND. HE'S ON LINE ONE.
-:SIGH:- THANK YOU, MARGARET.
GENERAL KRANG, HOW ARE YOU THIS FINE DAY? HOW GOES THE WAR?
FRANKLY, STOCKMAN, THE WAR AND I WILL BOTH BE A LOT BETTER WHEN I KNOW THINGS ARE ADVANCING MORE RAPIDLY ON YOUR END...
...YOU'RE PAST DUE IN GETTING ME THE LATEST SITREP ON THE TESTS I ORDERED, AND I'M TIRED OF WAITING.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, GENERAL, BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT, DESPITE THE MINOR DELAY IN OUR REPORT, EVERYTHING IS WELL UNDER CONTROL.
MY TECHNICIANS TELL ME WE HAVE MADE SIGNIFICANT PROGRESS IN BOTH THE TERRAPIN/HUMAN EXO-ARMOR SYNTHESIS AND RODENTIA PSYCHOTROPIC SERUM TESTS.
SPARE ME THE ACADEMIC DRIVEL, STOCKMAN...

...I WANT YOU TO TELL ME HOW MUCH BLASTED LONGER I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT TO GET WHAT I'M PAYING YOU ALL THIS MONEY FOR.
GENERAL KRANG, I PROMISE YOU...
...WE WILL HAVE EVERYTHING YOU'VE ACQUISITIONED FROM US COMPLETED IN SHORT ORDER.
INCLUDING THE MUTAGEN?
YES, GENERAL, INCLUDING THE SUPER-SOLDIER MUTAGEN. AND I WILL DELIVER THEM ALL TO YOU PERSONALLY JUST AS SOON AS THEY ARE READY.
SEE THAT YOU DO, STOCKMAN. I'VE GOT A WAR TO FIGHT, AND I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY MORE DELAYS.
AGAIN, MY APOLOGIES FOR OUR TARDINESS. BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, GENERAL KRANG, I'M CONFIDENT YOU WILL FIND THE WAIT WAS WORTHWHILE—
—VERY WORTHWHILE INDEED.

THREE MONTHS LATER.
YOU REALLY HAVE TAKEN TO THOSE TURTLES, APRIL...
...I'M EXPECTING YOU TO STEAL THEM AND TAKE THEM HOME ANY DAY NOW.
HA! I WISH I COULD, LINDSEY-THEY'RE JUST SO DARN PRECIOUS.
THE RAT, THOUGH? NOT SO MUCH.
SPLINTER? HE'S NOT SO BAD ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW HIM.
WHY DO YOU GUYS CALL HIM SPLINTER, ANYWAY?
OH, WELL, HE'S PART OF A PSYCHOTROPIC DRUG TEST WE'RE RUNNING. THE DRUG'S EFFECT IS LIKE SPLITTING—OR SPLINTERING—THE ANIMAL'S NATURE IN TWO.
BASICALLY, SEPARATING OUT A CAPACITY FOR HUMAN-LIKE COGNITION FROM THE INSTINCTUAL ANIMAL STATE. IN THEORY, AT LEAST.

PSYCHOTROPIC DRUG TEST? WHAT THE HECK DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH BIO-ENGINEERING MEAT?
LINDSEY?
UH, I JUST REMEMBERED, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN A TECHNICAL UPDATE MEETING RIGHT NOW. I... UH... I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER.
WELL, THAT WASN'T TOO WEIRD.
UH, CHET, WE'RE TECHY TYPES.
Y-YEAH, UM... YOU KNOW HOW THOSE TECHY TYPES CAN BE.
UM... HEH... YEAH.
SO, UM... APRIL. Y-YOU SHOULD GIVE THESE GUYS NAMES, TOO. YOU'RE AROUND THEM SO MUCH.
ACTUALLY, I ALREADY HAVE.
RE-REALLY? WHAT ARE THEY?


OKAY, LET'S SEE. THE LITTLE GUY STANDING ALL STILL AND QUIET IS LEONARDO.
THE ONE STUDYING THAT BUG IS DONATELLO.
AND THE ONE GORGING HIMSELF ON LETTUCE IS MICHELANGELO.
UH... I HAVE HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ART 101 THIS SEMESTER.
UM... OKAY.
SO, WH-WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY?
OH, THE FEISTY ONE?
THAT'S RAPHAEL.

PRESENT DAY.

C'MON, C'MON...

...BINGO!

DINNER IS SERVED.

DAMN.
PIZZA
THIS AIN'T GONNA CUT IT.
OKAY...
...WHAT'S NEXT?

OH, NOW THAT'S JUST WRONG.
CRASH
WHAT THE...?

NO, DON'T... PLEASE!
SHUT UP!
SMACK
GET UP! I SAID, GET UP!
C'MON... JUST STOP! YOU... YOU'RE FRIGGIN' WASTED AGAIN! JUST GO TO BED AN' LEAVE ME ALONE!
GET UP, YA PIECE OF GARBAGE!
LEMME GO, DAD!
"DAD?"

NO DAMN GOOD, CASEY! YOU WAS NEVER NO DAMN GOOD! I HATE THAT YOU WAS EVER BORN!
KRRSH
WHO THE...?
YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE, JERKFACE? STINKIN' BULLIES.

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MUCH.

art by DAN DUNCAN

ISSUE #2

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

PUT THE KID DOWN...
...NOW.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THE HELL YOU ARE, BUT YOU DON'T COME INTO MY HOUSE KNOCKIN' DOWN DOORS AND GIVIN' ORDERS.
DUDE, IT'S COOL, I DON'T NEED NO HELP. I GOT THIS.
HE'S JUST DRUN—
KRAK
—GNF!
YOU KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT, MUTT!
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT!
BRING IT!
RAAH!

UFF!
GUH!
YOU NEED A LITTLE TASTE...
...OF YOUR OWN STINKIN' MEDICINE!
MMF!
TASTES GOOD.
MY TURN.

NGK!
URF!
HKK!
HOW'S MY KNEE TASTE, HUH?
I GREW UP ON THESE STREETS, PUNK... FIGHTIN' IS PART OF LIVIN'!
...LET ME SHOW YOU!

YAGH!
THUNK

GUH! WHAT THE...
...SHELL.
HEH.
TAG. I'M IT.
NOT SO TOUGH NOW, ARE YA, BIG MAN?
UNFF!
AIN'T SO FUN WHEN SOMEONE FIGHTS BACK, IS IT?
IS IT?!

AIN'T DONE YET? GOOD. 'CAUSE I CAN GO ALL NIGHT.
SCREW... SCREW YOU, MAN.
FRIGGIN' NO GOOD, SONUVA...
SCREW THE BOTH OF YOUSE!

RRRRRRRRRR

LET HIM GO.
HE DOES THIS CRAP ALLA TIME.
'COURSE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A TOTAL STRANGER BUSTED IN OUTTA NOWHERE TO KICK HIS BUTT WHILE HE WAS DOIN' IT. 'SPECIALLY ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE... YOU.
YEAH... UH... SORRY 'BOUT YOUR DOOR. IT'S JUST, YOU KNOW... I HEARD YOUR DAD HITTIN' YOU AND--
DON'T SWEAT IT. LIKE I SAID, AIN'T LIKE IT'S THE FIRST DOOR EVER BUSTED UP IN THIS HOUSE.
YEAH. ALRIGHT.
WHAT 'BOUT YOU? YOU OKAY?
DUNNO, MAN... YOU TELL ME.
I'M JUST WONDERIN'...

"...WHERE THE HECK DID YOU COME FROM?"
AHH!
FIFTEEN MONTHS EARLIER.
...YOU NEARLY GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK. AGAIN!
HUGE SCHOOL REPORT DUE IN THE MORNING AND YOU AND THE STUPID SLOW INTERNET AT MY DORMS SURE AREN'T HELPING THE CAUSE.
HEY... WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE?
EWW... RAT SLOBBER. THIS NIGHT JUST GETS BETTER AND BETTER.
SKKKSSS
WHERE THE HECK DID THAT DARN RAT GET THIS?

SKKKSSS
SKKKSSS

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

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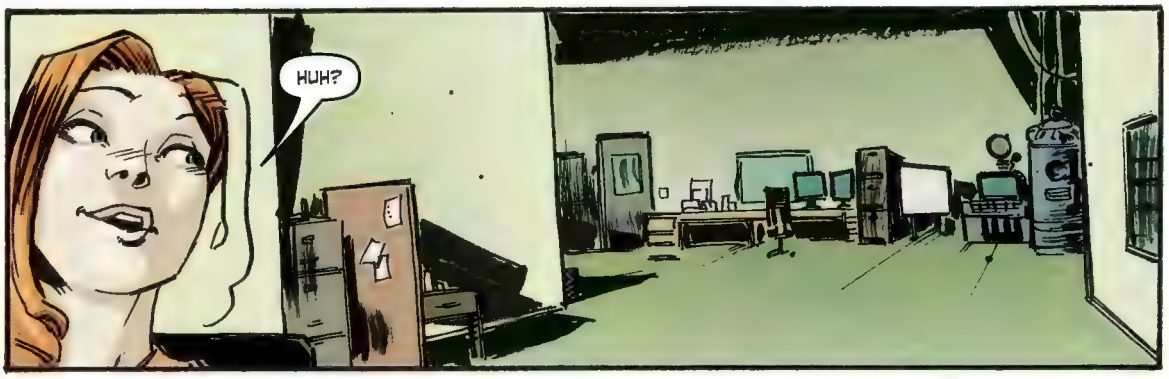
TERRAPIN/HUMAN EXO-ARMOR SYNTHESIS
MILITARY APPLICA
? BATTLEFIELD A


HUH?

GEEZ, APRIL... RATS, MYSTERY DISKS, AND NOW YOU'RE SEEING THINGS. WHAT'S...

...NEXT?

UM... ARE YOU GUYS THE NIGHT SECURITY?
ELIMINATE HER. I WILL RETRIEVE THE SPECIMENS.
ELIMINATE ME? FOR STUDYING? IS THIS SOME KINDA JOKE?
CHET? LINDSEY? IS THAT YOU TWO?
UM... GUYS?
OH...
...NO!
SHNK

STAY BACK!
FIRE

NO... DON'T...
FIRE
RNNNNNGGGG
THIS WAY! THE ALARM'S COMING FROM THIS WAY!
FINISH HER AND GO QUICKLY! THE MASTER DOES NOT WANT US IDENTIFIED!
I WILL TAKE WHAT I CAN.
...NO!
GAAH!

HELP ME! IN HERE!
UNNG...
VANISH!
WHO THE HELL'S THAT...
...YELLING?
NO ONE ELSE HERE...
HE ALMOST... KILLED ME.
SPLINTER?
OH... GUH... GUH... GOD...

GAH!

VILE RODENT!
RAH!
ERK

MRAAWR...
HSSSS!
"DO YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET HIM BACK, MASTER SPLINTER?"

PRESENT DAY.
I MEAN--DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IT'S POSSIBLE WE'LL FIND RAPHAEL?
IF I DID NOT BELIEVE IT WAS POSSIBLE, LEONARDO, OUR SEARCH FOR YOUR BROTHER WOULD HAVE ALREADY CONCLUDED. YOU MUST BELIEVE IT AS WELL.
I... I GUESS I DO, MASTER.
I DON'T KNOW. THE ODDS AGAINST LOCATING A MISSING INDIVIDUAL IN A METROPOLIS THE SIZE OF NEW YORK ARE JUST ABOUT ASTRONOMICAL, IF YOU ASK ME.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, DONATELLO, THERE ARE FAR GREATER POWERS AT WORK IN THIS WORLD THAN MERE STATISTICAL ANALYSIS, AND THEY ARE OFTEN TOO EASILY IGNORED AND UNDERESTIMATED.
WELL, I WISH THOSE POWERS WOULD HURRY UP AND HELP US. I'D RATHER DUKE IT OUT WITH OLD HOB AND HIS GOONS ANY DAY OF THE WEEK THAN WASTE TIME LOOKIN' THROUGH EVERY REEKIN' ALLEY AND PIGEON-POOPED ROOFTOP FOR RAPHAEL.

SO, THEN, MICHELANGELO, YOU CLAIM THE SEARCH FOR YOUR LOST BROTHER TO BE A POOR USE OF YOUR TIME?
NO, MASTER, IT'S NOT THAT I MEAN, I REALLY DO WANNA FIND RAPHAEL—WE ALL DO. IT'S JUST, WELL....
...IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' EVERYWHERE FOR HIM FOR LIKE A YEAR NOW. AND WE'VE GOT ZILCH TO SHOW FOR IT. MAYBE DONNIE'S RIGHT—MAYBE IT *IS* IMPOSSIBLE.
MAYBE... MAYBE KNOCKIN' HEADS WITH GEEKS LIKE OLD HOB IS WHAT WE SHOULD BE DOIN' INSTEAD—SOMETHIN' THAT MATTERS, YOU KNOW?
I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION, MY SON, AS WELL AS YOUR RESTLESSNESS. I, TOO, AM DISAPPOINTED EACH TIME WE FAIL TO LOCATE YOUR BROTHER.
BUT... I DO NOT BELIEVE WE HAVE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, AS YOU SAY, AND FOR THIS REASON, AND MANY OTHERS, WE MUST CONTINUE OUR SEARCH.
OUR BATTLE AGAINST OLD HOB'S GANG TONIGHT WAS—AS ARE ALL BATTLES WE WILL FIGHT—AN UNFORTUNATE ***NECESSITY***. ANY VALUE DERIVED FROM IT IS HOLLOW AT BEST. OUR ***WAR*** HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN, AND HOB IS ONLY THE FIRST OF ***MANY*** ENEMIES I FEAR WE WILL BE FORCED TO CONFRONT.
THE ONLY VICTORY WE MUST ACTIVELY PURSUE IS THE RETURN OF RAPHAEL TO OUR CLAN—TO OUR ***FAMILY***. ONLY THEN CAN WE ALLOW OURSELVES A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH, FOR THEN OUR CIRCLE WILL AT LAST BE ***COMPLETE*** AND WE WILL BE TRULY READY TO FACE THE HARDSHIPS THAT LIE AHEAD.
UNTIL THEN, HOWEVER, WE MUST ***CONTINUE*** TO SEARCH FOR YOUR BROTHER, FOR WITHOUT HIM...

"...WE, TOO, ARE LOST."
SO, YOU'RE HOMELESS AND CAN'T REMEMBER YOUR NAME, HUH? MAN, THAT MUST SUCK.
NOT THAT IT'S MUCH BETTER HERE.
YEAH, IT'S TOUGH, I GUESS. BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY FOR ME, FAR AS I REMEMBER, SO I'M KINDA USED TO IT.
WELL, I'M CASEY. CASEY JONES. NICE TO MEET YA.
UM... YEAH. THE SAME.
DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, BRO!
RIGHT. YEAH.
BUMP
HEY, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHIN', UH, CASEY?
YEAH. SHOOT.
WHAT THE HELL WAS THIS ALL ABOUT TONIGHT? THE THING WITH YOUR DAD AND YOU, I MEAN.
AW, SAME OL' SAME OL'-MY DAD'S A PROFESSIONAL DRUNK, AND NOT THE FUN KIND, YOU KNOW. HE GETS MEAN WHEN HE'S BEEN DRINKIN', SO HE'S PRETTY MUCH MEAN ALL THE DAMN TIME.
BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE MY MOM DIED.
THAT SUCKS. I PROBABLY MADE IT WORSE BY BEATING HIM UP, HUH?

NAH, MAN, AIN'T NO BIGGIE. HE PROBABLY WENT TO GET MORE BOOZE WHEN HE TORE OUTTA HERE. THAT LUSH WON'T EVEN REMEMBER ANY OF THIS TOMORROW.
AND, UH... THANKS FOR JUMPIN' IN LIKE THAT, MAN. SOMETIMES HE GETS PRETTY ROUGH, AND I THINK TONIGHT WAS GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
IT'S COOL... NO WORRIES. I'M JUST SURPRISED, IS ALL.
SURPRISED? 'BOUT WHAT?
YOU.
ME?
YEAH, YOU. WHY AIN'T YOU SCARED OF ME? YOU KNOW--OF THE WAY I... I LOOK? EVERYONE USUALLY IS.
HA! YEAH, YOU AIN'T EXACTLY BRAD PITT, ARE YA?
BUT, DUDE, YOU MET MY OLD MAN. NEXT TO HIM, YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' TEDDY BEAR.
THANKS. I GUESS.

DON'T MENTION IT.
YOU HUNGRY, BRO? 'CAUSE I'M STARVIN'!
YEAH, AS LONG AS IT AIN'T GARBAGE. I'M SICK OF EATIN' GARBAGE.
SORRY, DUDE, FRIDGE IS EMPTY.
TELL YOU WHAT–LET ME GET SOME STUFF FROM MY ROOM AND WE CAN GO OUT AND SNAG SOME GRUB.
AND MAYBE...
... WE CAN HAVE OURSELVES SOME *FUN* ON THE WAY.

art by WALT SIMONSON
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

ISSUE #3

FWHAP
KSSHH
UFF!
YOU GET UP, CHUMP, AND I PROMISE I'LL KNOCK YOU RIGHT BACK ON YOUR ASS.
AND IF I GOTTA SMACK YOU AGAIN...

...THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO MORE GETTIN' UP.

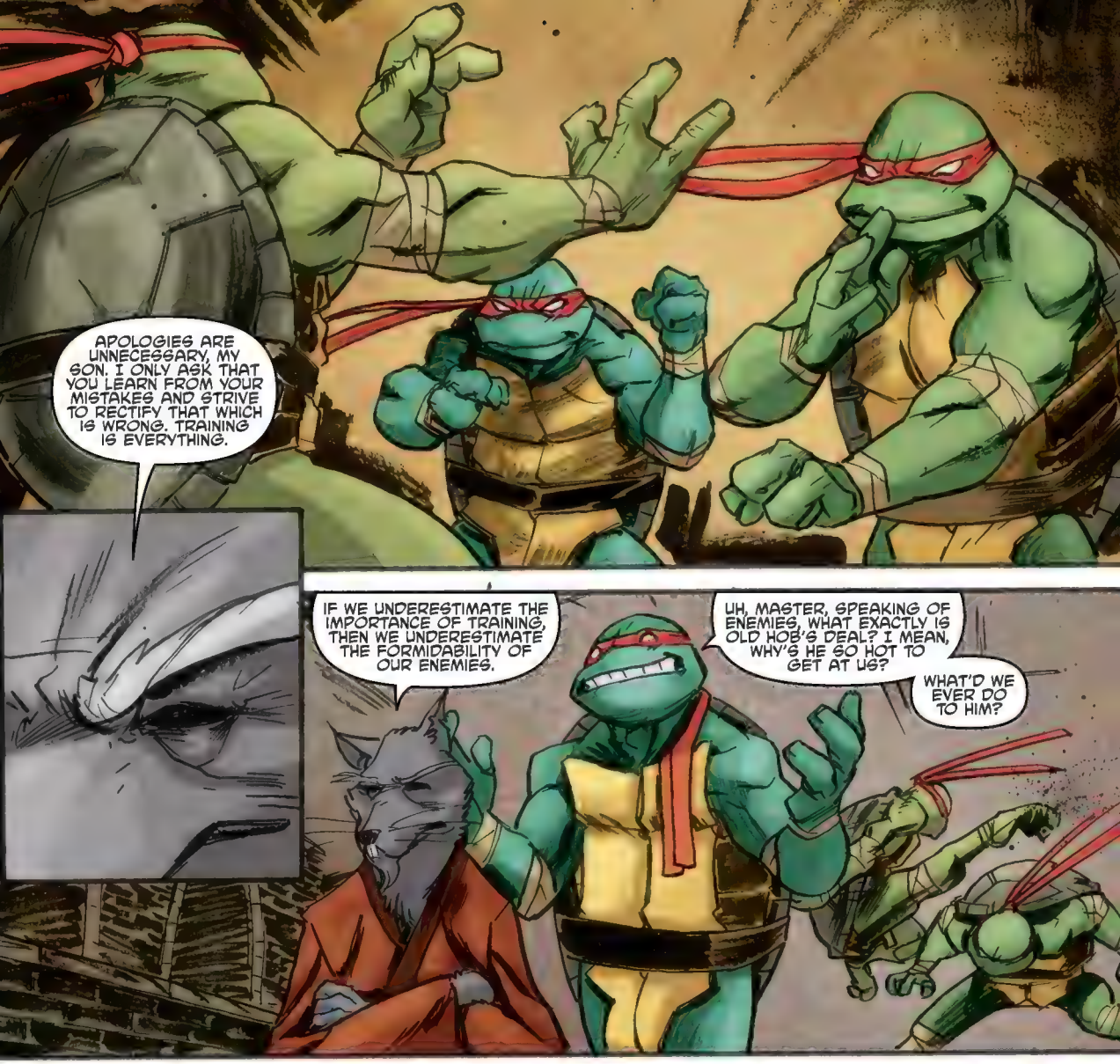
OKAY, OKAY... IT'S COOL.
NOTHIN' COOL 'BOUT JACKIN' OLD LADIES' PURSES, JERKWAD.
HUH?
GRAB THE PURSE, BRO.
THE PURSE, MAN—GET IT AND LET'S BOOGIE.
UH, YEAH... OKAY.
P-PLEASE, MAN... PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.
WHATEVER.
WHAT NOW?
NOW, WE MAKE LIKE GOOD GUYS AND GIVE IT BACK.

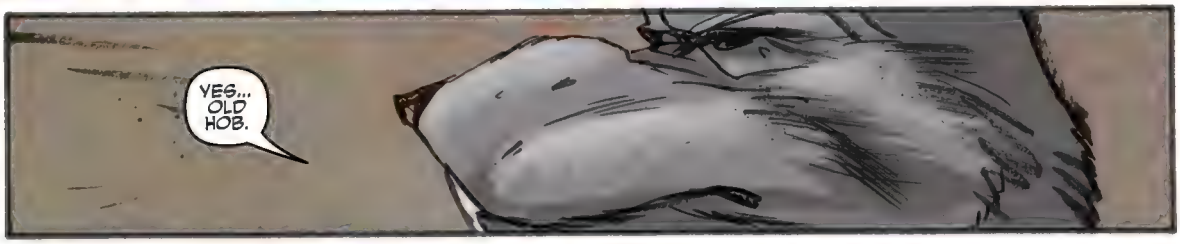
THIS IS THE BEST PART OF THE JOB, DUDE. SHE'S GONNA LOVE US.
UM, MA'AM... WE, UH... GOT YOUR PURSE BACK FOR YOU AND--
OH, MY GOD!
HELLLLP!
YEAH, SHE LOVED US, ALL RIGHT.
PROBABLY COULDA THOUGHT THAT ONE OUT A LITTLE BETTER, HUH?
JUST A LITTLE.
AH, WELL, AIN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT HAPPENED. THERE'S A POLICE STATION NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE. WE CAN DROP IT OFF THERE THEN GO GET US SOME FOOD.

I SMACKED THAT GUY UP PRETTY GOOD, HUH? DUDE HAD A HARD HEAD, THAT'S FOR SURE.
YEAH, YOU DID, CASEY.
BUT, I'M WONDERIN'—IF IT WAS SO EASY TO BEAT THAT GUY UP, WHY DIDN'T YOU FIGHT BACK AGAINST YOUR DAD EARLIER? DRUNK AS HE WAS, I BET YOU COULDA TOOK 'IM.
YEAH, THAT.
MY MOM... SHE DIED LIKE A YEAR AND A HALF AGO FROM CANCER. SHE WAS REALLY SICK FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE SHE WENT AND THAT'S WHAT PUSHED THE OLD MAN OVER THE EDGE. DUDE COULDN'T HANDLE IT, SO I PRETTY MUCH TOOK CARE OF HER WHILE HE DRANK HIMSELF STUPID.
THING IS, MY MOM STILL LOVED HIM A LOT. DON'T ASK ME WHY, BUT SHE DID. AND JUST BEFORE SHE DIED, SHE MADE ME PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN SHE WAS GONE— AND TO NOT FIGHT WITH HIM.
I BEEN KEEPIN' MY PROMISE— AT LEAST THE NOT-FIGHTIN'-WITH-HIM PART. I FIGURE THERE AIN'T NO TAKIN' CARE OF THAT BOOZEHOUND ANYMORE, SO I JUST AVOID HIM AS MUCH AS I CAN.
MAN, THAT'S TOUGH.
WELL, WHAT ABOUT YOU? DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR OWN NAME—NOW *THAT* SUCKS. YOU THINK YOU GOT KNOCKED IN THE HEAD, MAYBE? AMNESIA, OR SOMETHIN'?
MAYBE. I DUNNO. I REMEMBER WAKIN' UP IN AN ALLEY ONE DAY. BUT, BEFORE THAT...?
NOTHIN'.

HARSH.
YEAH. I GUESS.
SO, WHAT'S UP WITH THE HOCKEY MASK?
OH, THIS?
I WAS A BIG TIME JOCK IN HIGH SCHOOL AND GOT A SCHOLARSHIP AT NEW YORK TECH FOR HOCKEY. I GOT A MEAN SLAP SHOT AND A WICKED RIGHT HOOK, SO THEY GAVE ME A FULL RIDE.
I AIN'T MUCH OF A BOOK GUY, THOUGH, SO I'M ON ACADEMIC PROBATION UNTIL I GET MY GRADES UP. SUCKS, 'CAUSE IF I DON'T, I LOSE THE SCHOLARSHIP, AND THE MONEY I GET EVERY MONTH'S THE ONLY THING PAYIN' FOR RENT AND FOOD.
BUT, JUST 'CAUSE I AIN'T PLAYIN' NO MORE, DON'T MEAN I AIN'T STILL IN THE GAME.
C'MON, LET'S GET RID OF THAT PURSE AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY I GOT THE SCHOOL RECORD FOR PENALTY MINUTES.
UNLESS YOU WANNA KEEP IT? THAT PURSE DOES LOOK SOOO CUTE ON YOU, MAN.
NOT AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS ON YOU.
HEH.
C'MON...

"...WE GOTTA TELL HOB 'BOUT THIS."
HYAH!
WHOULF!
HA!
UFF!
AGAIN!
SHOW ME AGAIN, DONATELLO. AND THIS TIME, DO NOT LOSE FOCUS OF WHAT IS TRULY IMPORTANT.
INCAPACITATING LEONARDO IS WORTHLESS IF MICHELANGELO IS ABLE TO DO THE SAME TO YOU. YOU MUST STRIKE AND FORGET. THE PAST IS GONE AND ALL THAT MATTERS IS YOUR NEXT MOVE...
...TO CELEBRATE VICTORY PREMATURELY IS TO INVITE EARLY DEFEAT.
YES, SENSEI. I'M SORRY.


APOLOGIES ARE UNNECESSARY, MY SON. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES AND STRIVE TO RECTIFY THAT WHICH IS WRONG. TRAINING IS EVERYTHING.
IF WE UNDERESTIMATE THE IMPORTANCE OF TRAINING, THEN WE UNDERESTIMATE THE FORMIDABILITY OF OUR ENEMIES.
UH, MASTER, SPEAKING OF ENEMIES, WHAT EXACTLY IS OLD HOB'S DEAL? I MEAN, WHY'S HE SO HOT TO GET AT US?
WHAT'D WE EVER DO TO HIM?


YES... OLD HOB.

YOU NEED NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH SUCH THINGS, MICHELANGELO—AS I SAID, YOU MUST FOCUS ON WHAT *IS*, NOT WHAT *WAS*.

IT IS SIMPLY ENOUGH FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND...

"... THAT OLD HOB HAS HIS REASONS."
FIFTEEN MONTHS EARLIER.
YRROOWW.
HSS!
NRRRRRR...

SKREE!
EEEE!

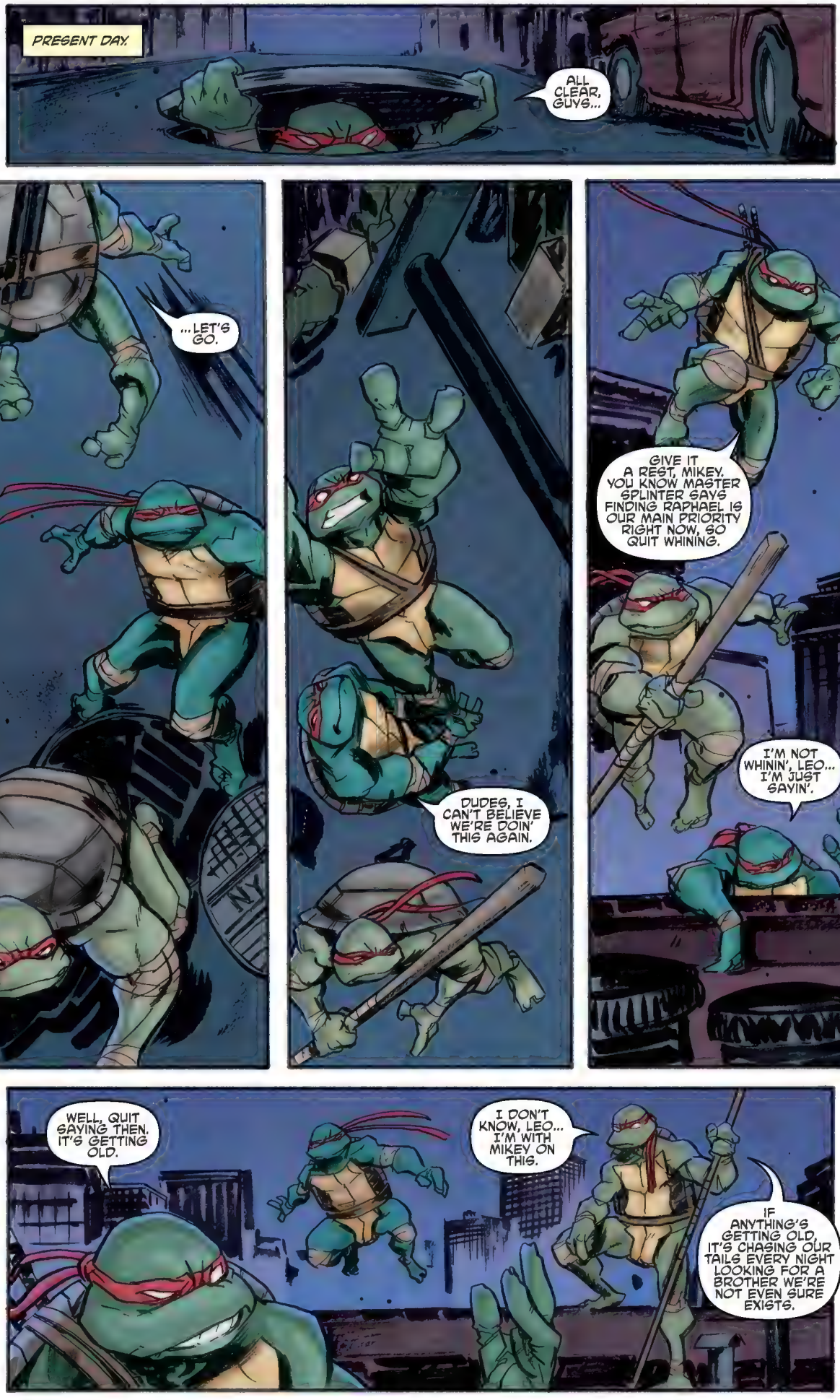
ERK!
NRAARR!
YROOWW!

FWUMP
GRAB THE BAG!
THE RAT!
KILL IT!
XLANG

DAMN!
KUUSH

WHAT...?
GUH?!
I... I CAN... SPEAK. MY... MY BODY...
...WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

HAP... END?
WHO—?
MY... TURTLES?
TURTLES.

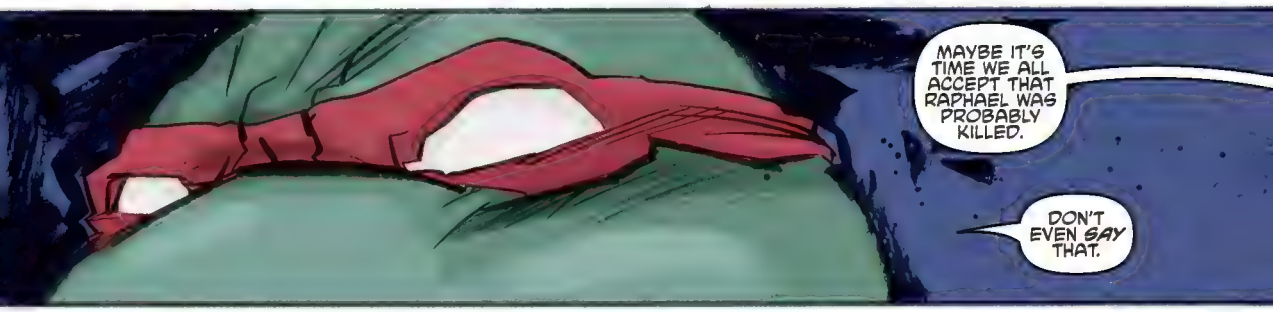

PRESENT DAY.
ALL CLEAR, GUYS...
...LET'S GO.
DUDES, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOIN' THIS AGAIN.
GIVE IT A REST, MIKEY. YOU KNOW MASTER SPLINTER SAYS FINDING RAPHAEL IS OUR MAIN PRIORITY RIGHT NOW, SO QUIT WHINING.
I'M NOT WHININ', LEO... I'M JUST SAYIN'.
WELL, QUIT SAYING THEN. IT'S GETTING OLD.
I DON'T KNOW, LEO... I'M WITH MIKEY ON THIS.
IF ANYTHING'S GETTING OLD, IT'S CHASING OUR TAILS EVERY NIGHT LOOKING FOR A BROTHER WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE EXISTS.

DON'T EVEN GO THERE, DONNIE! IF MASTER SPLINTER SAYS RAPHAEL'S ALIVE, THEN HE'S ALIVE—END OF STORY!
NO, THAT'S NOT THE END OF IT! YOU CAN ACT LIKE THE LOYAL LITTLE SON ALL YOU WANT, LEO, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE JUST AS TIRED OF DOING THIS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AS WE ARE.
I MEAN, C'MON, WE NEVER FIND RAPHAEL AND MEANWHILE HOB AND HIS CREEPS KEEP PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON US TIGHTER AND TIGHTER.
YEAH, LEO. ALL THIS NINJA TRAININ' WE'RE DOIN'—IT CAN'T BE FOR NOTHIN', BRO. HOB NEEDS A SERIOUS ASS KICKIN' AND WE SHOULD BE THE ONES GIVIN' IT TO HIM. JUST LIKE THE OTHER NIGHT.
WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE THEN, MIKEY. OLD HOB WAS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO FINDING WHERE WE LIVE, THREATENING INNOCENT PEOPLE TO GET AT US. WE HAD TO—

SO, THAT'S IT? WE CAN PROTECT OTHERS BUT NOT OURSELVES?! C'MON, LEO, DO YOU REALIZE HOW IMBECILIC THAT SOUNDS?
WE *WERE* PROTECTING OURSELVES. BESIDES, I DON'T CARE HOW IT SOUNDS, DONATELLO! IT'S WHAT MASTER WANTS, SO THAT'S ENOUGH!

IS IT, LEO? IS IT REALLY ENOUGH?

LOOK, MIKEY AND I LOVE AND RESPECT FATHER JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO. IT'S JUST...
...IT'S JUST THAT WE THINK THIS WHOLE RAPHAEL THING— MAYBE IT'S JUST A GUILTY OBSESSION HE HAS, YOU KNOW? LIKE HE COULDN'T SAVE ALL FOUR OF US AND HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO ACCEPT IT.


MAYBE IT'S TIME WE ALL ACCEPT THAT RAPHAEL WAS PROBABLY KILLED.
DON'T EVEN *SAY* THAT.

WHY? BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, OR BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS TO SAY IT YOURSELF?

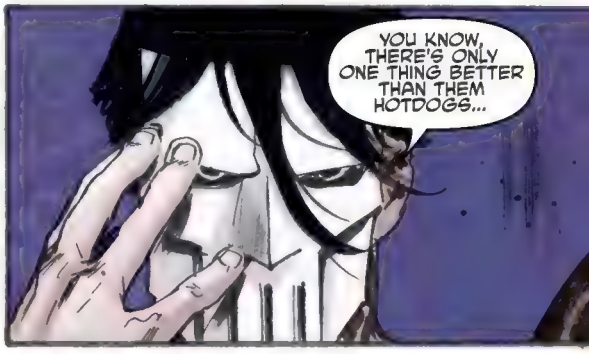
I'LL SHOW YOU GUTS, YOU LITTLE—!
WHOA, WHOA! THIS AIN'T THE WAY TO DO THIS, BROS. BACK OFF, BOTH OF YOU!
MIKEY'S RIGHT, LEO. I'M SORRY.
BUT WHAT I SAID STILL STANDS. EVERY TIME WE DON'T FIND RAPHAEL, WE ACCOMPLISH NOTHING.
MAYBE IT'S TIME WE CHANGE THAT—MAYBE IT'S TIME WE FINALLY GET A LITTLE MORE PROACTIVE ON OUR PATROLS.
BESIDES, IT DOESN'T MEAN WE WON'T BE LOOKING FOR RAPHAEL. WE'LL JUST BE... ENHANCING OUR SEARCHES A BIT. CHANGING THINGS UP.
I... I GUESS IT WOULDN'T HURT, BUT—
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BRO! LET'S GO KICK SOME ASS, TAKE NAMES, AND FIND RAPHAEL! WIN-WIN!
AND, IT'S NOT LIKE MASTER SPLINTER HASN'T TAUGHT US TO ADJUST OUR STRATEGY, RIGHT? YOU KNOW WHAT HE ALWAYS SAYS, LEO...
...CHANGE IS THE ONLY CONSTANT.

HERE YOU GO.
THANKS.

YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THESE, BRO. MADE FROM THE SICKEST MYSTERY MEAT IN ALL OF NYC.
WORKS FOR ME.

DID WE LOSE THE COPS?!
HUH?

UF!
JUST SHUT UP AND KEEP RUNNIN'!
OUTTA THE WAY, LOSERS!


YOU KNOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING BETTER THAN THEM HOTDOGS...

...AND THAT'S KNOCKIN' THE CRUD OUTTA TWO-BIT CROOKS.
C'MON!

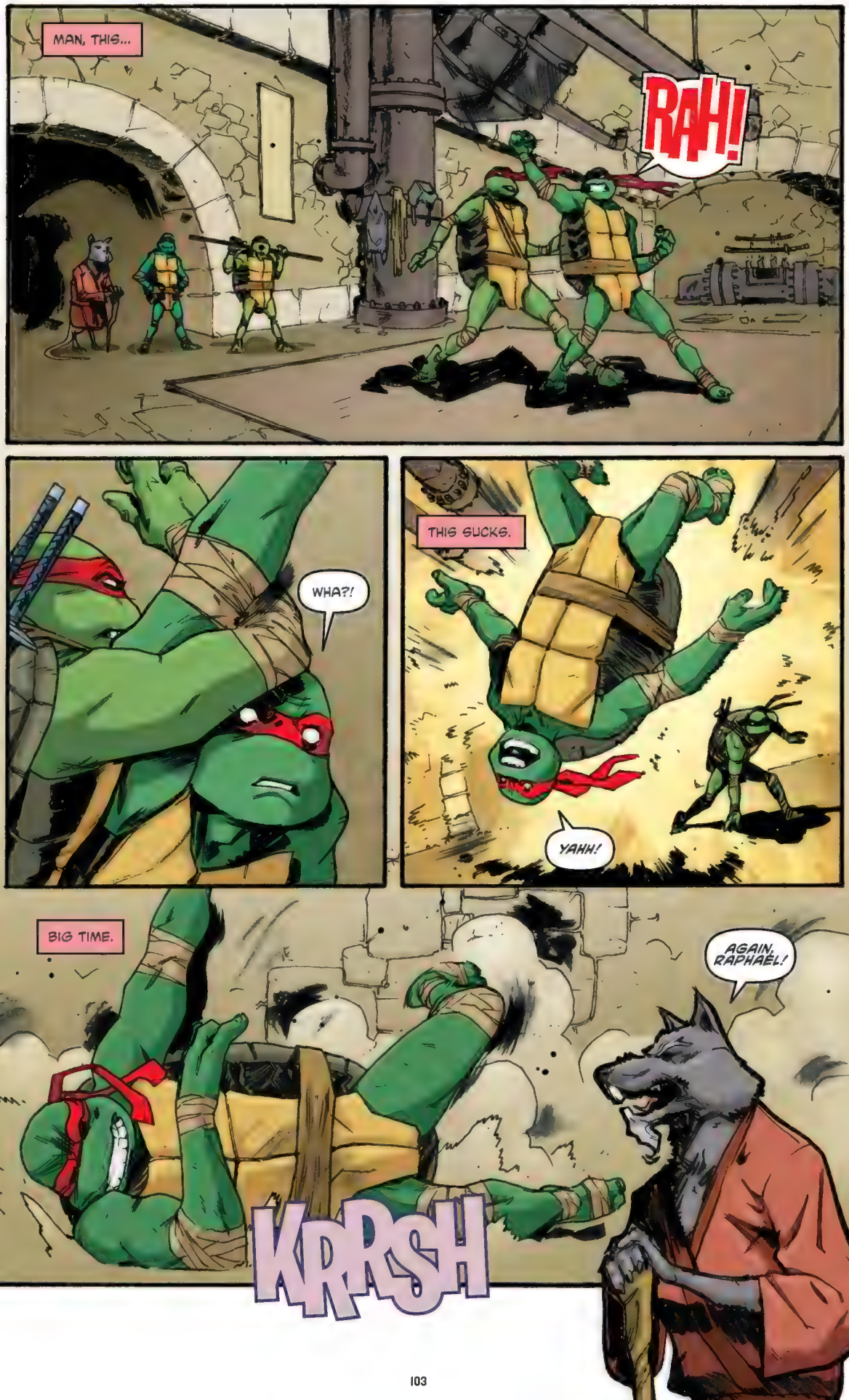
HURRY!
NO WAY, PUNKS!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY THAT EASY!
THAK
GUF!
YEAH...
...WHAT HE SAID!
I THINK YOU FOOLS OWE ME AND MY BUDDY HERE SOME DINNER.
DINNER'S THE *LEAST* OF YOUR WORRIES.
HUH?
WELL, IF IT AIN'T THE LITTLE LOST TURTLE...
AW... CRUD.

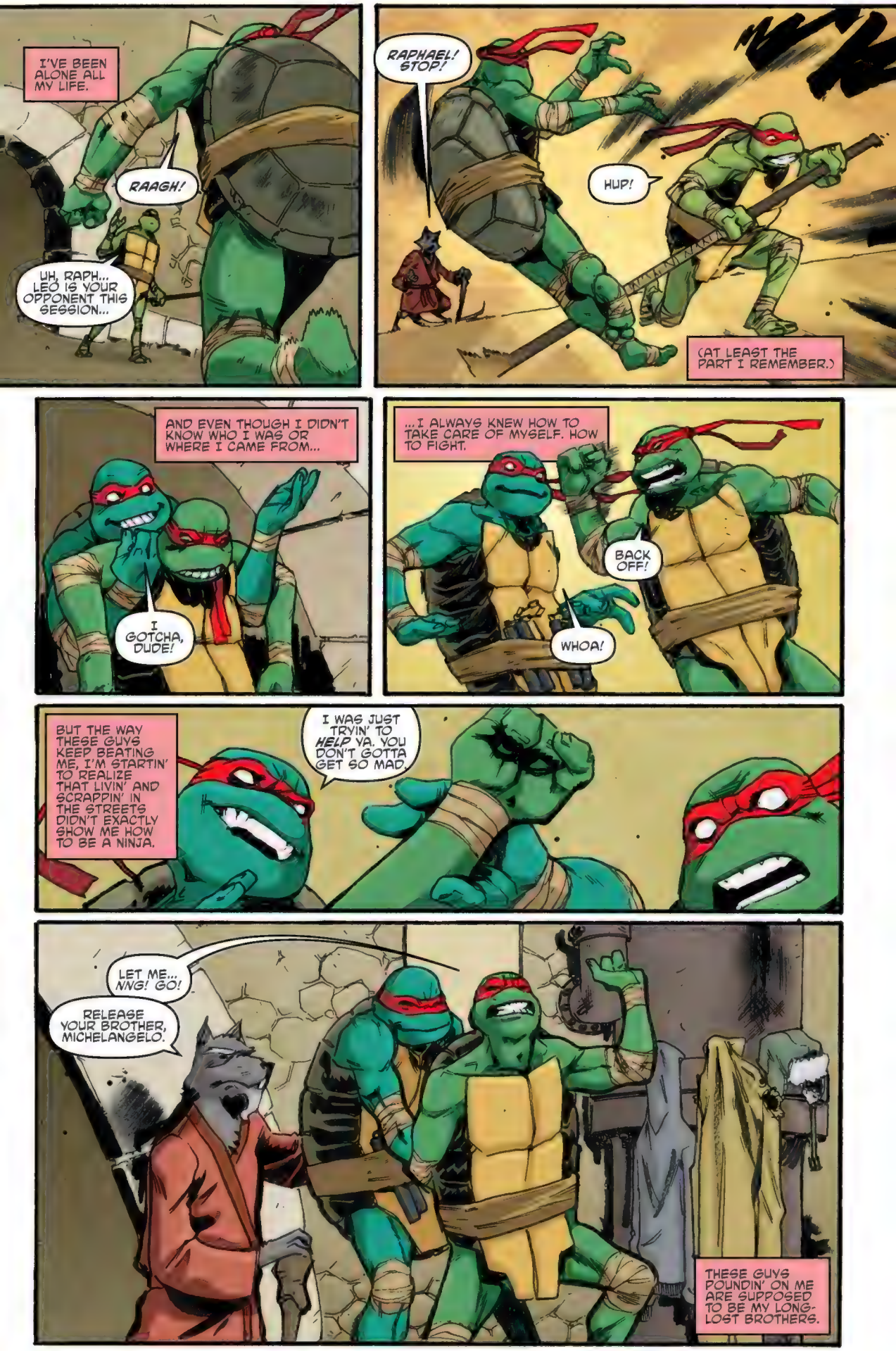
...REMEMBER ME?

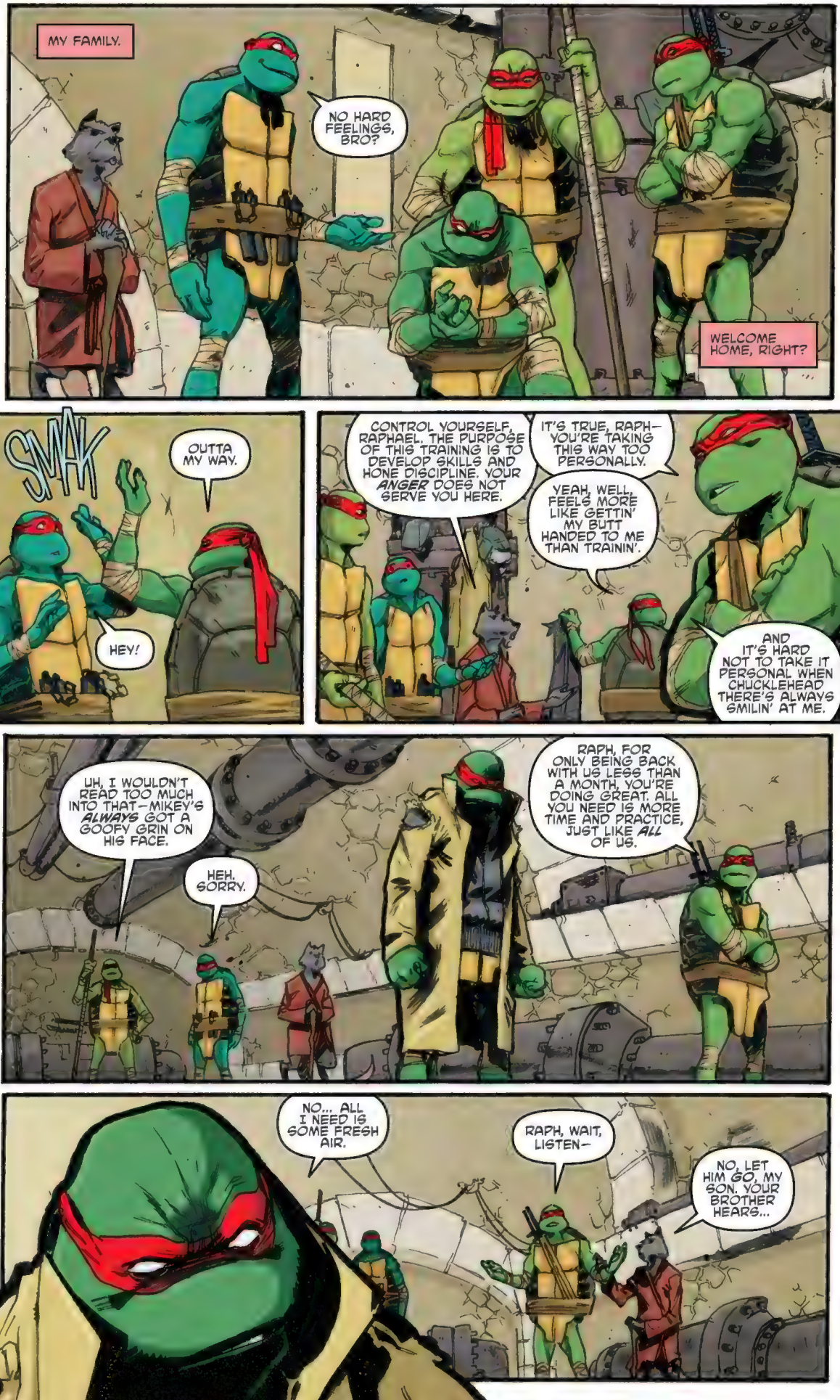
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

A LOT TO LEARN

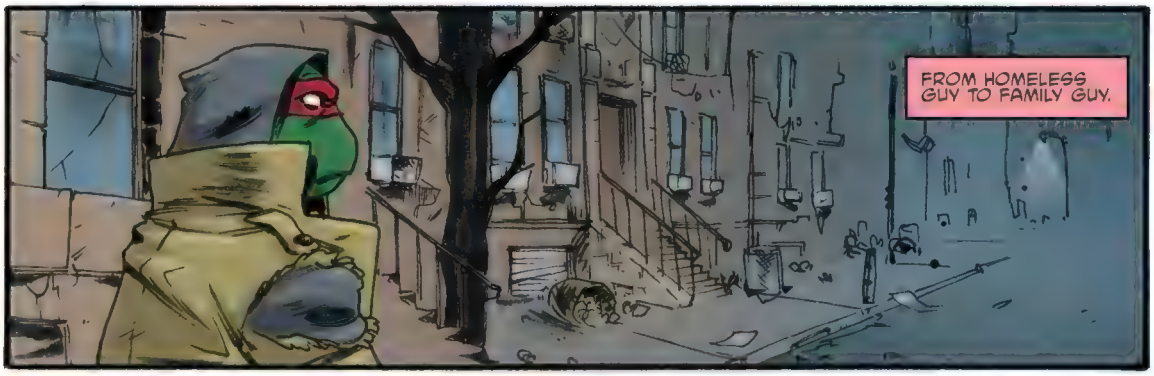
art by KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD
colors by RONDA PATTISON

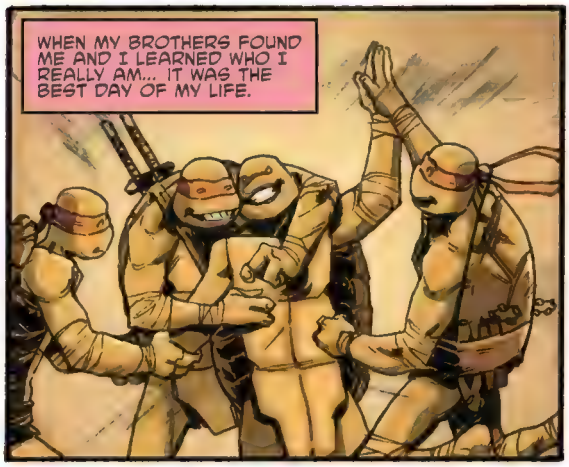

MAN, THIS...
RAH!
WHA?!
THIS SUCKS.
YAHH!
BIG TIME.
AGAIN, RAPHAEL!
KRRSH


I'VE BEEN ALONE ALL MY LIFE.
RAAGH!
UH, RAPH... LEO IS YOUR OPPONENT THIS SESSION...
RAPHAEL! STOP!
HUP!
(AT LEAST THE PART I REMEMBER.)
AND EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS OR WHERE I CAME FROM...
I GOTCHA, DUDE!
...I ALWAYS KNEW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. HOW TO FIGHT.
BACK OFF!
WHOA!
BUT THE WAY THESE GUYS KEEP BEATING ME, I'M STARTIN' TO REALIZE THAT LIVIN' AND SCRAPPIN' IN THE STREETS DIDN'T EXACTLY SHOW ME HOW TO BE A NINJA.
I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO *HELP* YA. YOU DON'T GOTTA GET SO MAD.
LET ME... NNG! GO!
RELEASE YOUR BROTHER, MICHELANGELO.
THESE GUYS POUNDIN' ON ME ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MY LONG-LOST BROTHERS.


MY FAMILY.
NO HARD FEELINGS, BRO?
WELCOME HOME, RIGHT?
SMAK
OUTTA MY WAY.
HEY!
CONTROL YOURSELF, RAPHAEL. THE PURPOSE OF THIS TRAINING IS TO DEVELOP SKILLS AND HONE DISCIPLINE. YOUR ANGER DOES NOT SERVE YOU HERE.
IT'S TRUE, RAPH— YOU'RE TAKING THIS WAY TOO PERSONALLY.
YEAH, WELL, FEELS MORE LIKE GETTIN' MY BUTT HANDED TO ME THAN TRAININ'.
AND IT'S HARD NOT TO TAKE IT PERSONAL WHEN CHUCKLEHEAD THERE'S ALWAYS SMILIN' AT ME.
UH, I WOULDN'T READ TOO MUCH INTO THAT—MIKEY'S ALWAYS GOT A GOOFY GRIN ON HIS FACE.
HEH. SORRY.
RAPH, FOR ONLY BEING BACK WITH US LESS THAN A MONTH, YOU'RE DOING GREAT. ALL YOU NEED IS MORE TIME AND PRACTICE, JUST LIKE ALL OF US.
NO... ALL I NEED IS SOME FRESH AIR.
RAPH, WAIT, LISTEN—
NO, LET HIM GO, MY SON. YOUR BROTHER HEARS...

"...BUT HE IS NOT YET READY TO *LISTEN*."
OKAY, THAT SUCKED, TOO— BAILIN' OUT LIKE THAT.
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T GET SO TICKED OFF. THEY'RE JUST TRYIN' TO HELP ME *ADJUST*, I GUESS.


FROM HOMELESS GUY TO FAMILY GUY.


WHEN MY BROTHERS FOUND ME AND I LEARNED WHO I REALLY AM... IT WAS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

BUT ALL THIS TRAININ' AND TRYIN' TO BE SOMETHIN' I'M NOT—SOMETIMES IT'S WAY TOO MUCH AND I GOTTA GET AWAY.
TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH, MAN. THOUGHT YOU *WUSSED* OUT ON ME.
YEAH? WELL, ONLY WUSS I SEE HERE'S GOT HIS SPORTS MIXED UP.

SAY THAT TO MY FACE.
YOU MEAN THAT UGLY MUG YOU GOT HIDIN' BEHIND THAT MASK?
LOOK WHO'S TALKIN' UGLY.

HA! GOOD TO SEE YOU, BRO! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
NOTHIN'. JUST SOME FAMILY STUFF. YOU READY?

CASEY JONES. MY BEST FRIEND.
HE'S HAD IT PRETTY ROUGH MOST OF HIS LIFE—DEAD MOM, DRUNK LOSER DAD... THE WORKS.
SOMETIMES, LIKE ME, HE NEEDS A CHANGE OF SCENERY—
—SOMEPLACE TO BLOW OFF A LITTLE STEAM.
TO DO WHAT FEELS RIGHT. NATURAL.
TO KICK BUTT INSTEAD OF BEIN' KICKED.
DUDE, THAT *RULED!*
HELL YEAH.
TO WIN.

YOU WANNA HANG OUT, BRO? WE COULD WATCH SOME TV OR SOMETHIN'.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAD?
HE WON'T BUG US. DUDE'S PROBABLY PASSED OUT *COLD* BY NOW.
DAMN.
HIS FAMILY AIN'T EVEN FAMILY. BUT THE WAY CASEY SAYS IT... LIKE IT'S NOTHIN'...
NAH, THANKS, CASE. THINK I'M JUST GONNA HEAD HOME.
YOUR LOSS, DWEEB.
SAY HI TO THE *REST* OF THE SEWER CRITTERS FOR ME!
YOU KNOW IT.
...NO FEELIN' SORRY FOR HIMSELF, NO BLAMIN' ANYONE ELSE. DUDE JUST DEALS.
MAN, I SERIOUSLY GOTTA GET MY HEAD RIGHT.
TIME TO GET OVER MYSELF AND FACE AN IMPORTANT FACT.
CASEY GOES HOME HOPIN' HIS OLD MAN'S ALREADY ASLEEP.
BUT ME?
SEWER

I WANT NOTHIN' MORE THAN FOR *MY* DAD TO BE *AWAKE*.
WELCOME HOME, RAPHAEL.
FATHER? WHAT ARE YOU—
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU SINCE YOU DEPARTED. I WAS... CONCERNED.
REALLY?
OF COURSE. YOU ARE MY SON.
I'M... I'M REALLY SORRY FOR SCREWIN' UP THE WHOLE SPARRIN' THING EARLIER AND MAKIN' YOU ANGRY. I GOT NO EXCUSE.
I WAS NEVER ANGRY, RAPHAEL, AND YOU DID NOT "SCREW UP," AS YOU SAY. YOU NEED ONLY TO SEE THAT SETBACKS DO NOT REVEAL FAILURE—ONLY ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.
I KNOW. AND I REALLY *WANNA* IMPROVE, EVEN IF I LOSE MY COOL SOMETIMES.
YOUR TECHNICAL ABILITIES WILL INCREASE AS YOU CONTINUE TO TRAIN WITH YOUR BROTHERS.
IN TURN, *THEY* WILL BENEFIT GREATLY FROM YOUR FIELD EXPERIENCE AND BATTLE-TESTED SKILLS.
UNDERSTAND, MY SON, WHEN I AM STERN, IT IS ONLY BECAUSE I SEE YOU *EXACTLY* AS I SEE YOUR BROTHERS—FILLED WITH POTENTIAL AND POSSESSED WITH REMARKABLE STRENGTHS. AND, YES, SOME WEAKNESSES AS WELL.
YOU KNOW, MAYBE I HAVE BEEN ALONE ALL MY LIFE, IT'S TRUE.
WOW. I GUESS WE *ALL* HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, HUH?
YES, MY SON, WE DO...
BUT I'M STARTIN' TO UNDERSTAND.
...TOGETHER.
I DON'T *HAVE* TO BE.
THE END.

ISSUE #4

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE TURTLE?
OKAY, MEETIN' YOU WAS CRAZY ENOUGH, MAN, BUT A GIANT WALKIN', TALKIN' CAT? C'MON!
DON'T TELL ME YOU WENT AND FORGOT YOUR PAL, OLD HOB...
...DID YA?

YOU KNOW THIS WEIRDO?
HE...
NO.

NO!

NO?!
WELL, I'M OFFENDED AS HELL, I TELL YA! YOU GOT THE NERVE TO FORGET ME AFTER ALL WE SHARED TOGETHER?
YOU LOSIN' THAT FAMILY OF YOURS...

...ME LOSIN' MY DAMN *EYE!*
SORRY, THAT JUST AIN'T GONNA CUT IT. YOU'RE GONNA REMEMBER EVEN IF ME AND MY BOYS HERE GOTTA BEAT THE MEMORY INTO YA. OR *OUTTA* YA—

—I AIN'T PICKY.

BOYS, *NO GUNS*. I WANNA MAKE SURE THIS FORGETFUL REPTILE AND BAT BOY REMEMBER EVERY BIT OF THE LAST *ASS-KICKIN'* THEY'RE EVER GONNA GET.
DUDE... THIS AIN'T GOOD.

RIP 'EM TO SHREDS!
AIN'T GOOD AT ALL!

FIFTEEN MONTHS EARLIER.
THIS IS NOT GOOD, MR. ALLEN. NOT GOOD AT ALL.
Y-YES, DOCTOR STOCKMAN, I... I KNOW, SIR.
WELL, THEN, DO YOU ALSO KNOW THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGES—OF THE LOSSES WE SUFFERED? BECAUSE, IF YOU DO, I'D SINCERELY LIKE YOU TO SHARE THAT PARTICULAR BIT OF INFORMATION WITH ME SOMETIME TONIGHT.
THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND?
UM, YES, DOCTOR... UM, I M-MEAN, NO, SIR... I DON'T MIND.
WELL? I'M WAITING.
UM... OKAY, WELL, THE TERRAPIN EXO-ARMOR SAMPLES ARE INTACT FOR THE M-MOST PART, BUT THE PSYCHOTROPIC S-SERUM WAS A COMPLETE LOSS, AS WAS SPLINTER.
SPLINTER?
Y-YES... SPLINTER WAS THE, UM... RAT WE WERE USING TO T-TEST THE SERUM. WE LOST THE TURTLE SPECIMENS, TOO.
I SEE— QUITE THE TRAGEDY, THAT.
REMIND ME TO HAVE MY SECRETARY ALLOCATE THE FUNDS NECESSARY TO REPLACE THESE POOR LOST CREATURES. I'M GUESSING TWENTY DOLLARS AND A TRIP TO THE PET STORE SHOULD SUFFICE.
THE MUTAGEN, MR. ALLEN! NEVER MIND THIS INANE TALK OF MISSING RODENTS AND REPTILES! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLOODY SUPER SOLDIER MUTAGEN!
Y-YES, SIR, DOCTOR... S-SORRY, SIR.
WE'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO, UM, SALVAGE S-SMALL AMOUNTS OF THE MUTAGEN FROM THE ALLEY SO FAR.
BUT, WITH EXTENDED EXPOSURE TO OXYGEN, AND WITH ALL THE DIFFERENT FORMULAE BEING MIXED TOGETHER, IT'S MOST LIKELY T-TAINTED BEYOND, UM... REPAIR.
DAMN IT ALL.

LOSING THE PSYCHOTROPIC SERUM IS BAD ENOUGH NEWS, CONSIDERING WE'LL HAVE TO START FROM SCRATCH IN ITS DEVELOPMENT. BUT THE MUTAGEN?
THE BASIC COMPONENTS FOR THAT WERE SUPPLIED TO US BY GENERAL KRANG, AND AT GREAT PERSONAL RISK IF OUR CLIENT IS TO BE BELIEVED. NOW I'M FORCED TO INFORM HIM WE REQUIRE EVEN MORE?!
DO YOU REALIZE HOW INFURIATED THE GENERAL WILL BE WHEN HE LEARNS OF THIS DISASTER? ESPECIALLY IF IT'S TRUE THAT NINJA SOLDIERS WERE BEHIND THE BREAK-IN. WHAT IF IT TURNS OUT HIS COMPETITOR HAS GOTTEN HIS HANDS ON THE MISSING SAMPLES?
THIS COULD RUIN ME.
I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR. BUT, UM... TH-THERE MAY BE A WAY TO GET THE PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUND BACK WITHOUT HAVING TO START OVER.
HOW?
WELL, IF WE'RE ABLE TO, UM, RECAPTURE SPLIN—ER, THE TEST RAT, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO EXTRACT W-WORKABLE SAMPLES FROM HIS... UM, ITS BLOOD.
HA! REALLY, MR. ALLEN? AND PRAY TELL HOW, IN A MASSIVE CITY INFESTED WITH MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF RATS, DO YOU PROPOSE WE FIND THIS "SPLINTER" OF YOURS?
I CAN HELP WITH THAT.
I JUST WANNA KNOW ONE THING—
—DOES THAT FILTHY RAT GOTTA BE ALIVE WHEN I BRING HIM TO YOU?

I'M TELLING YOU, GUYS, I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
BUT NINJA WARRIORS? C'MON, MISS O'NEIL, THAT'S A PRETTY BIG PILL TO SWALLOW. YOU SURE IT WASN'T NORMAL BURGLARS ALL DRESSED IN BLACK AND YOU JUST GOT SO SCARED THAT THEY LOOKED LIKE NINJAS TO YOU?
YEAH, THERE'S A LOT OF WHATCHAMACALLIT GOIN' ON THESE DAYS...
CORPORATE ESPIONAGE.
YEAH, THAT. COULDA JUST BEEN SOME OTHER COMPANY TRYIN' TO STEAL SOME SCIENCE SECRETS OR SOMETHIN'.
THAT'S JUST IT—THEY *WERE* STEALING STUFF. AND THEY WERE CARRYING SWORDS AND KNIVES, TOO, AND HAD MASKS ON JUST LIKE... LIKE...
...LIKE THE NINJAS YOU SEE IN MOVIES.
GOD, IT EVEN SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME.
AND YOU SAY ONE OF THEM TRIED TO KILL YOU WITH HIS SWORD. HOW'D YOU GET AWAY?
I DON'T KNOW—JUST LUCK, I GUESS. HE BARELY MISSED ME, AND THEN THE FIRE ALARM WENT OFF AND I WAS ABLE TO HIT HIM IN THE FACE WITH A GLASS BEAKER AND RUN.
AND WHO SET OFF THE FIRE ALARM?
IT... IT...
...IT WAS SPLINTER. I'M PRETTY SURE IT WAS SPLINTER.
SPLINTER? WHO'S THAT?
NOT WHO. *WHAT*...

"... SPLINTER'S A LAB RAT."
QUICKLY, MY SONS! WE MUST NOT STOP UNTIL WE HAVE PUT A SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE LABORATORY AND OURSELVES.
SAFE?
YES, MY SON, SAFE. FATE AND DESTINY HAVE PROVIDED FOR OUR REUNION, AND WE WILL NOT FORFEIT THAT GIFT BY ALLOWING OURSELVES TO BE EASILY CAPTURED.
WE WILL VANISH INTO THE SHADOWS, AS HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR WAY.
OUR WAY?
I UNDERSTAND THERE IS MUCH YOU DO NOT RECALL, ALL OF YOU. IN TIME YOU WILL REMEMBER, BUT FOR NOW I ONLY ASK FOR YOUR TRUST AND OBEDIENCE AS WE ESCAPE TO OUR NEW LIFE TOGETHER.
AND WITH A NEW LIFE, WE WILL TAKE NEW NAMES... ONES NOW FAMILIAR TO US ALL—
LEONARDO.
DONATELLO.
MICHELANGELO.
AND I AM SPLINTER—AS BEFORE, YOUR SENSEI AND FATHER.
THERE IS MUCH WE MUST DO, MY SONS. WE HAVE LITTLE TIME AND THERE ARE MANY THINGS I MUST TEACH YOU—MANY THINGS FOR YOU TO LEARN ONCE AGAIN.
WE WILL FIND A NEW HOME, AND THEN WE WILL FIND YOUR BROTHER...

"...RAPHAEL."
PRESENT DAY.
RAGH!

BRO, THIS IS NUTS! WHO ARE THESE PUNKS?!
UNFF

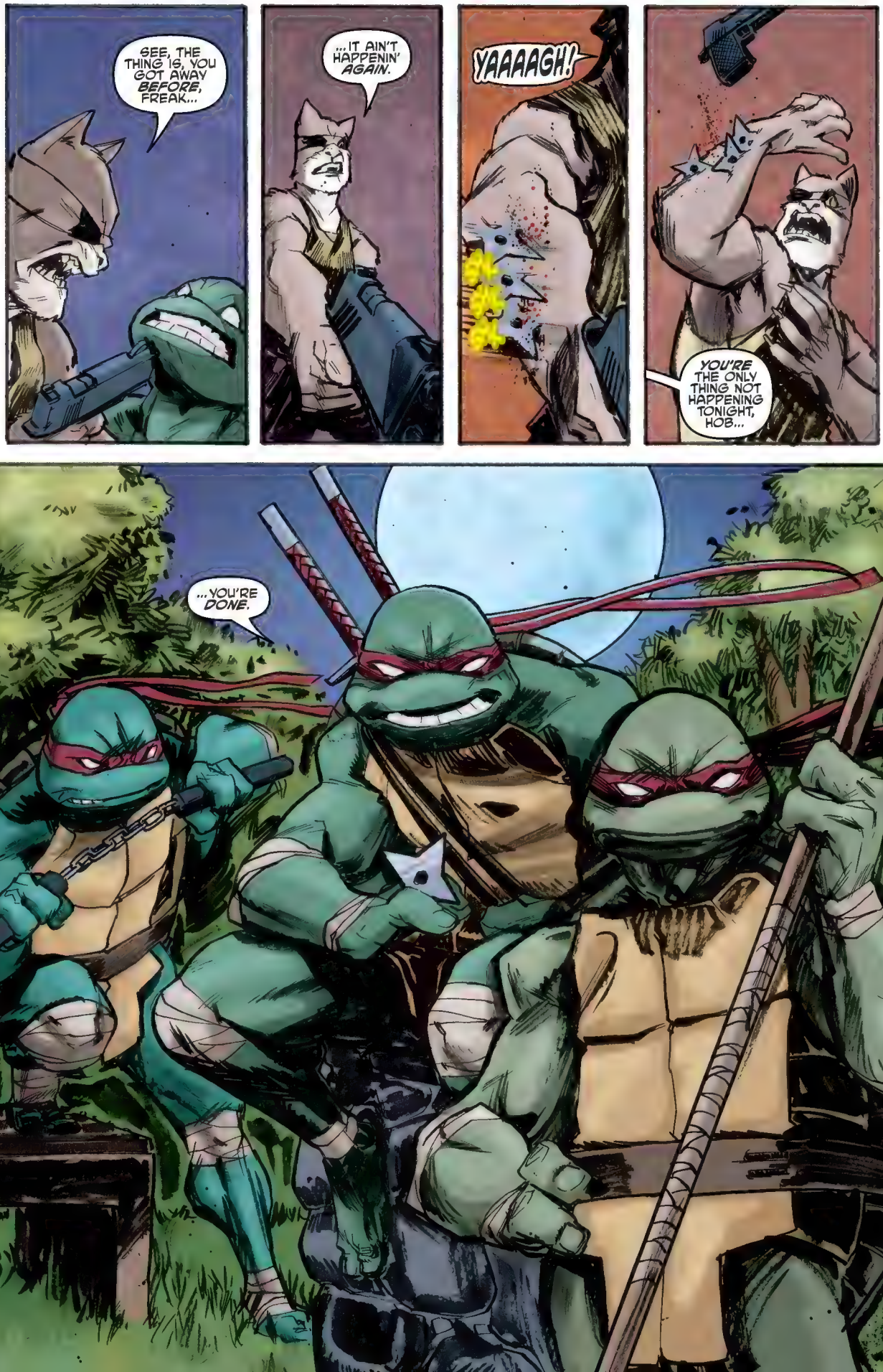
THEM, I DON'T KNOW. THE CAT, THOUGH...?

HE'S A BAD MEMORY I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD.
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

MEANS I'VE GOT A SERIOUS SCORE TO SETTL—ERK!
KRAK
THAT'S IT, BOYS! SOFTEN THAT GREEN FREAK UP FOR ME!
GET OFFA HIM, PUNK!
I'M OKAY, CASEY—
—GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE OUT A COUPLE MORE!
GAH!
KE-RAK
NICE AND TENDER...

YOU'RE GONNA REGRET THAT, MAN.
WATCH OUT, BRO! BEHIND Y—
FWAP
CASEY!
DOWN, BOY!
KRAK

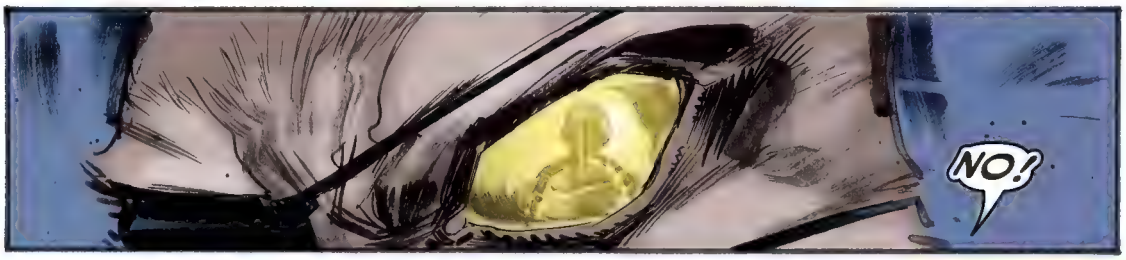
SONUVA—
I SAID, DOWN!
KRAK
NGUH!
HOLD ON TO 'IM, BOYS. TIME FOR OLD HOB TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.
YOU KNOW, I DID SAY NO GUNS EARLIER, BUT SOMETHIN' ABOUT SEEIN' YOU AGAIN CHANGED MY MIND. NO OFFENSE.
GO TO HELL.
ALREADY THERE.


SEE, THE THING IS, YOU GOT AWAY *BEFORE*, FREAK...
...IT AIN'T HAPPENIN' *AGAIN*.
YAAAAGH!
YOU'RE THE ONLY THING NOT HAPPENING TONIGHT, HOB...
...YOU'RE *DONE*.

BANZAI, BROS!

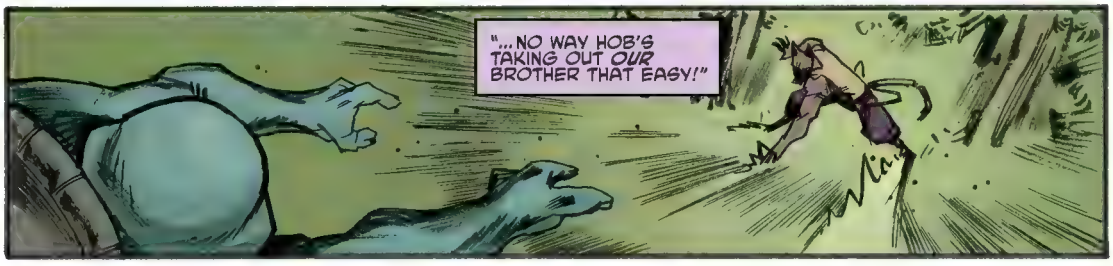
OFFA ME!
WHO...?
DO YOU THINK IT'S HIM?!
RAPHAEL? IT'S GOT TO BE, DONNIE!
I TOLD YOU, LEO! THIS WAS GONNA BE WIN...
...WIN!

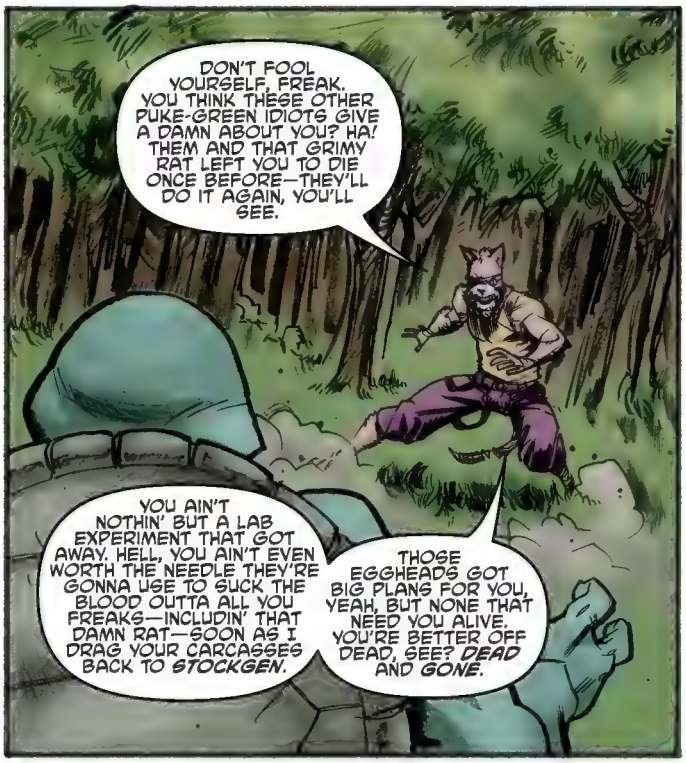
NO.


NO!

URF!

DUDES, LOOK! HOB'S PUNKIN' OUT ON RAPHAEL!
NO, WAIT...
HOB'S GONNA KILL HIM!


"...NO WAY HOB'S TAKING OUT *OUR* BROTHER THAT EASY!"


DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, FREAK. YOU THINK THESE OTHER PUKE-GREEN IDIOTS GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU? HA! THEM AND THAT GRIMY RAT LEFT YOU TO DIE ONCE BEFORE—THEY'LL DO IT AGAIN, YOU'LL SEE.
YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A LAB EXPERIMENT THAT GOT AWAY. HELL, YOU AIN'T EVEN WORTH THE NEEDLE THEY'RE GONNA USE TO SUCK THE BLOOD OUTTA ALL YOU FREAKS—INCLUDIN' THAT DAMN RAT—SOON AS I DRAG YOUR CARCASSES BACK TO *STOCKGEN*.
THOSE EGGHEADS GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU, YEAH, BUT NONE THAT NEED YOU ALIVE. YOU'RE BETTER OFF DEAD, SEE? *DEAD* AND *GONE*.

SHUT UP!

I'LL KILL YOU!
RAAGH!
MRAAAWR!
AGCK!
URRGK!
GRNF!
NYRAAH!

NO MORE!
KRAK
I WANT YOU DEAD!
DO YOU HEAR ME?!
D—!
NO, RAPHAEL...
...NOT LIKE THAT. HE'S BEATEN.
LET IT GO, MAN.
BUT, LEO, HOB'S JUST GONNA DO THIS AGAIN. WE—
WE GOTTA BOLT, ANYWAYS—COPS ARE COMIN'!
NO, DONNIE, WE'VE ALREADY DISOBEYED FATHER ENOUGH TONIGHT.
BUT—
I SAID, NO.

WHO...?
WHOA... TAKE IT EASY. IT'S OKAY, BRO.
B... BRO?
YEAH, RAPH...
...BROTHERS.
AW, MAN, THAT DUDE MUSTA HIT ME HARDER THAN I THOUGHT...
...I'M SEEIN' LIKE FOUR OF YOUSE RIGHT NOW.

EVENTUALLY, THE TEMPEST SUBSIDES.
SENSEI, WE'RE BACK. AND WE'VE BROUGHT SOMEONE WITH US.

AND WHAT BEGAN WITH A FEROCIOUS ROAR...
RAPHAEL.
...ENDS IN UNCERTAIN SILENCE.

WELCOME HOME.
IT IS SIMPLY THE CALM BEFORE THE NEXT STORM...

NOW, MY SONS, THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETE.
AT LAST, WE CAN *TRULY* BEGIN.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by DAVID PETERSEN

RAPHAEL

ACROSS THE CITY, MY BROTHERS ARE ON THEIR NIGHTLY PATROL.
THEY ASKED ME TO GO WITH THEM.
BUT WEDNESDAY NIGHT IS WHEN I DO ROUNDS WITH CASEY JONES.
HEY, RAPH, I THINK THIS GUY'S CRYING!
HE'S A GOOD KID FROM A BAD PART OF TOWN.
EVIL.
RAPHAEL
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE

NIGHT STARTS STRONG. BREAK-IN. GOOD CLEAN FIGHT. BUT AN HOUR LATER AND NOTHING'S HAPPENING.
YOU COULDA GONE ON PATROL WITH YOUR BROTHERS, YOU KNOW.
NAH, ALL THE GOOD CRIME'S IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.
AGREED. SO YOU SHOULDA BROUGHT THEM. YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN SEPARATED FOR A WHILE, MUST HAVE A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO. GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER, VISITING YOUR OLD TERRARIUM...
ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. LET'S GO BACK TO WORK.
SORRY, DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE IT A MOMENT.
JUST WONDERING HOW IT FELT TO SUDDENLY HAVE A FAMILY.
UH-HUH. GONNA JUMP TO THAT FIRE ESCAPE.
AND THEY'RE ALL *AWESOME.* SUPPORTIVE. AND, THERE FOR YOU. AND, YOU KNOW, MUTANT NINJAS. HOW'S IT *FEEL?*

IT FEELS, IT FEELS...
...YOU KNOW, FINE.
RIGHT.
WHAT'S WITH CASEY TONIGHT?
HE WANTS TO TALK, I JUST WANT—
BLAM BLAM BLAM
—ACTION.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
RAPH, YOU GOTTA SEE THIS!
ON MY WAY!
THERE—
BLAM
BLAM
—OKAY, TWO OF THEM, TWO OF US!
—HE'S FAST.
BLAM
BLAM

HEADED FOR A DEAD END
WFFFF—
WHERE YOU GOING, FREAK?
BAM
OOOOOF—

WHAP
CALM DOWN.
I CAN HIT HARDER, SO DON'T PUSH IT.
THWAK
I CAN HIT HARDER, TOO.
PUSH IT.

OWWW–
TRASH

OH, GOOD, YOU'RE UP.
ONE *LUCKY HIT* CAN'T STOP ME! I'M A FREAKING JUGGERNAUT! I'M A GODDAMN RHIN—

WHAM
-OOOOO

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, *TWO* LUCKY HITS DO THE TRICK.
WHAT'D I MISS?

NICE WORK, CASEY.
HEY, LITTLE GUY. IT'S OKAY...

ARE THEY OUT? ARE YOU SURE?
WHOA.

WHAT... ARE YOU?
GONNA ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION—
—HUH?
WOW. DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A GIRL.
...OR A SNOW FOX, YEAH.
OR A...
YOU'RE NOT... YOU'RE NOT CHASING ME.
NAH. IF YOU WANNA GO, JUST GO.

YOU'RE NOT... HERE TO HURT ME?
HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION AT ALL?
WAIT, LET'S NOT GIVE HER *NEW* QUESTIONS, NOT UNTIL SHE STARTS ANSWERING THE FIRST ONE. *WHO*... ARE *YOU?*

MY NAME... IS *ALOPEX.*
I... DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ELSE.

"I HAVE FLICKERING MEMORIES OF ANOTHER LIFE...
"BEFORE... THEY CAME.

"THEY TOOK ME.
"THEY WANTED TO CHANGE ME...
"...I WASN'T THE ONLY ANIMAL *THERE.*"

"BUT I WAS THE FIRST ANIMAL..."
"...TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE HUMANS WERE SAYING."
-GENUS ALOPEX IS SHOWING THE MOST PROMISE.
THEY UNDERESTIMATED HOW SMART I'D BECOME. I ESCAPED. SINCE THEN, THEY'VE SENT ALL SORTS OF MEN TO RECLAIM ME.
HUNTERS, MARTIAL ARTISTS, BOUNTY HUNTERS.
THESE TWO CAME THE CLOSEST TO GRABBING ME. AND THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I HAVEN'T EATEN OR SLEPT IN DAYS.
AND YOU...?
WELL, MY NAME'S RAPHAEL. AND THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALL YOU'RE GONNA GET. SORRY, NOT GONNA GO ORIGIN-FOR-ORIGIN. NOT MY THING.
NO, I UNDERSTAND...
ALTHOUGH--

I KNOW THREE GUYS THAT WILL BE CHOMPING AT THE BIT TO BLAB ABOUT WHERE WE CAME FROM.
THERE'S ALSO A GUY WHO'LL KNOW HOW TO HELP YOU.
YOU'RE THE FIRST LIVING THING I MET THAT HASN'T TRIED TO EAT ME OR HURT ME.
I'M NOT JUST GOING TO LEAVE YOU.
NOT GOING TO TRUST ME, EITHER. NO FAIR, YOURS HAS EYEHOLES.
THANK YOU, RAPHAEL.
DON'T MENTION IT. CASEY—
GO. I'LL TIE UP THE GOONS, CALL THE COPS...
DON'T BE HERE WHEN THE POLICE COME. TOO MANY QUESTIONS—
GOTCHA. WON'T BE ANYWHERE NEAR HERE. LONG GONE—
—AT MY HOUSE.
ALONE.
...
YEAH.

DO YOU... REMEMBER WHERE THE LAB IS?
WE DON'T HAVE TO GO THERE NOW, DO WE?
NO, TAKING YOU HOME FIRST. BUT I'M BETTING THERE'S A BREAK-IN/BREAK-OUT IN OUR NEAR FUTURE.
AND HEY, I KNOW THIS IS WEIRD. WEIRD FOR ME TOO, DON'T USUALLY REACH OUT LIKE THIS.
BUT THIS GUY I'M TAKING YOU TO, HE'LL MAKE IT RIGHT. HE'S A GREAT MAN. WORD OF WARNING, HE'S ALSO A RAT. BUT HE'S A GREAT MAN.
NO RESPONSE. SHE'S SCARED. I GET IT.
WONDER WHAT SPLINTER WILL WANT TO DO FIRST? WILL I BE IN TROUBLE FOR TAKING A STRANGER IN? WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WITH ALOPEX?
SHE COULD STAY WITH US, I GUESS.
WOULDN'T BE THE WORST THING TO EXPAND THE FAMILY. BESIDES, SHE'D BE GREAT BACK-UP.
THAT KICK SHE LANDED? IT WAS...
...PROFESSIONAL.
WHAT IS IT?
DAMMIT.

OH, I'VE BEEN PLAYED.
WELL, MAYBE NOT. SHOULD BE MORE TRUSTING.
GOTTA KNOW FOR SURE.
WHAT ARE YOU—
—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
SSKKRRRSSHH

YOU SAVED ME SO YOU COULD *DROP ME?!* WHAT ARE YOU—?
I WOULDA CAUGHT YOU IF YOU NEEDED IT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T, DID YOU?

WHEN DID YOU FIGURE ME OUT?
SECONDS AGO
THE MOMENT I LAID EYES ON YOU.

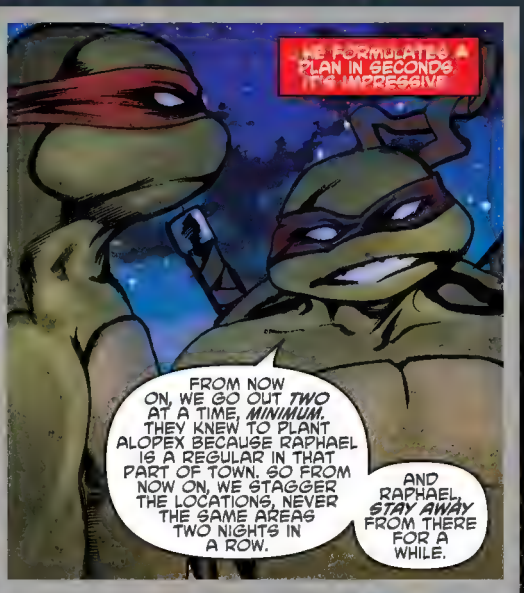
LET ME GUESS. WHATEVER YOU ARE—
PRE-TEENAGE MUTATED ASSASSIN.
NO, I MEAN—
OH. ARCTIC FOX.
GOOD HEARING, SENSE OF SMELL? SO EVEN IF YOU'RE BLINDFOLDED—
—YOU'RE AWARE OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS.
SO YOU WANNA FIND THE SECRET HQ, PLAY DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, WIN A MAGIC TICKET.
OR MAYBE...
...YOU'RE JUST AN ERRAND-GIRL.

OKAY—
—THAT STRUCK A NERVE.
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
OOOOF
YOU THINK I'M BAD. YOU SHOULD MEET MY BROTHERS. YAP YAP YAP.
FINE, WE'LL DO IT YOUR WAY. LET'S CUT THE CHIT-CHAT...
THWAK
THOK

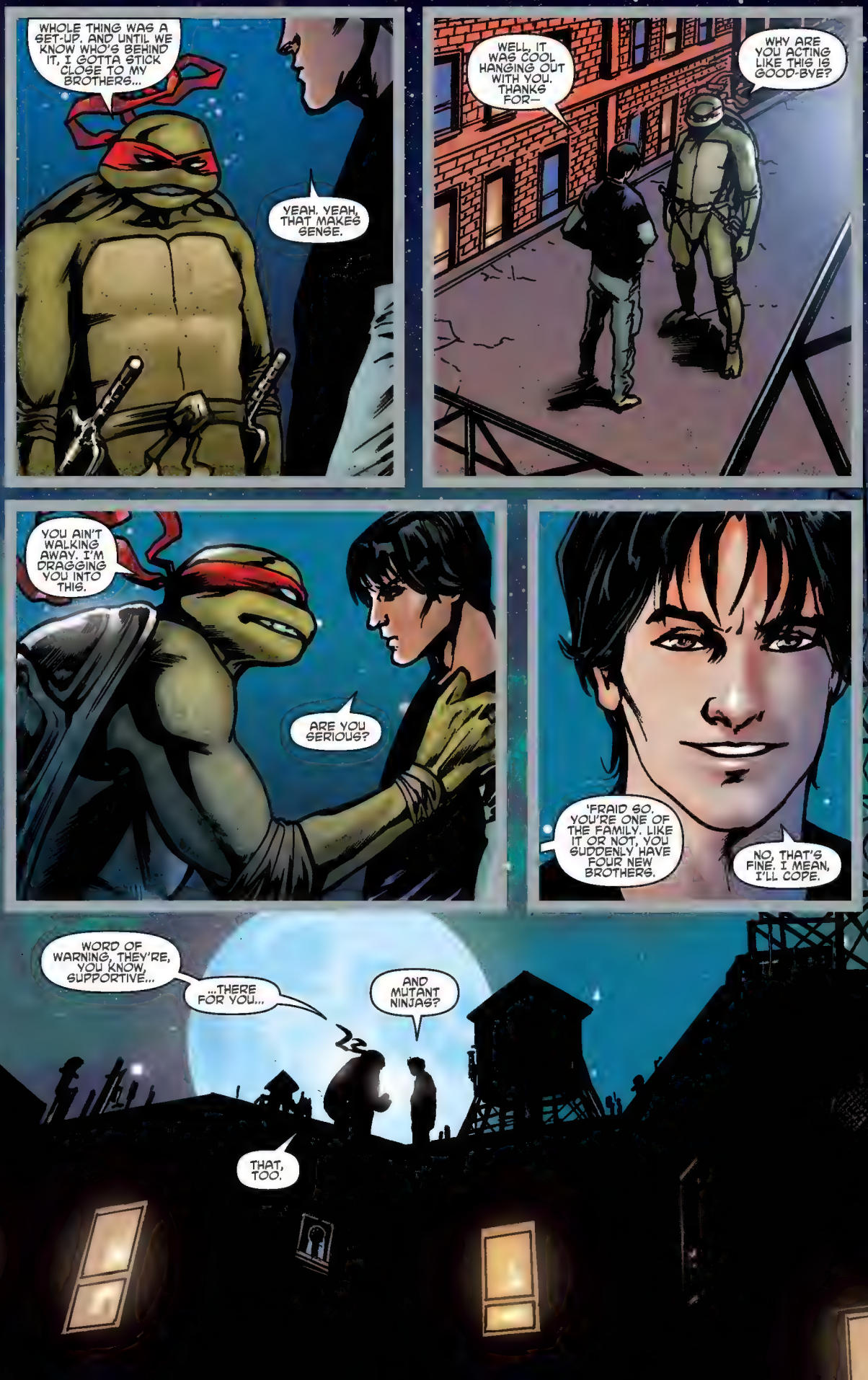
WHO SENT YOU?
BECAUSE I'D LIKE A WORD.
RIGHT. LET ME JUST BRING YOU TO THEM. THAT'LL GO OVER WELL.
NO, DON'T THINK SO. TO BE CONTINUED.
WAIT—
FWASH

THAT NIGHT, I DON'T GO RIGHT HOME.
HAVE TO MAKE SURE THE FOX ISN'T FOLLOWING.

WHEN I'M CONFIDENT SHE'S GONE, I GO HOME, TELL MY BROTHERS WHAT HAPPENED.
DONATELLO CHECKS TO SEE IF I'M HURT. MICHELANGELO MAKES JOKES TO HIDE THE FACT THAT HE'S NERVOUS.
AND LEONARDO...


...HE FORMULATES A PLAN IN SECONDS. IT'S IMPRESSIVE.
FROM NOW ON, WE GO OUT *TWO* AT A TIME, *MINIMUM*. THEY KNEW TO PLANT ALOPEX BECAUSE RAPHAEL IS A REGULAR IN THAT PART OF TOWN. SO FROM NOW ON, WE STAGGER THE LOCATIONS, NEVER THE SAME AREAS TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW.
AND RAPHAEL *STAY AWAY* FROM THERE FOR A WHILE.

THAT NIGHT, I BREAK TWO OF LEO'S ORDERS.
WAIT—SO WHAT HAPPENED?
I WATCHED FROM THE ROOF AS THE TWO THUGS WERE CARTED AWAY. PROBLEM IS... THEY NEVER MADE IT TO THE POLICE STATION. COPS, COP CAR, TWO BAD GUYS. MISSING.


WHOLE THING WAS A SET-UP. AND UNTIL WE KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT, I GOTTA STICK CLOSE TO MY BROTHERS...
YEAH. YEAH, THAT MAKES SENSE.
WELL, IT WAS COOL HANGING OUT WITH YOU. THANKS FOR—
WHY ARE YOU ACTING LIKE THIS IS GOOD-BYE?
YOU AIN'T WALKING AWAY. I'M DRAGGING YOU INTO THIS.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
'FRAID SO. YOU'RE ONE OF THE FAMILY. LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU SUDDENLY HAVE FOUR NEW BROTHERS.
NO, THAT'S FINE. I MEAN, I'LL COPE.
WORD OF WARNING, THEY'RE, YOU KNOW, SUPPORTIVE...
...THERE FOR YOU...
AND MUTANT NINJAS?
THAT, TOO.

ELSEWHERE...
DIDN'T HAVE TO KICK ME IN THE FACE.
HAD TO SELL IT, IDIOT.

AT LEAST WE HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR LOSING TO HIM. YOU GUYS WERE EVENLY MATCHED.
HE'S A NINJA.
NOT WHAT I MEAN. YOU'RE BOTH MUTANTS. WE COULDA TAKEN HIM IF WE HAD THAT ON OUR SIDE.

WE WANT ANOTHER CRACK AT HIM, BUT NOT LIKE THIS. WE WANNA GO BIGGER. WE WANT THE NEXT FIGHT TO BE FREAK AGAINST FREAK. WE WANT THAT SAME KINDA CRACK AT HIM WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
YEAH, WHEN DO WE GET TO CHANGE, ALREADY?

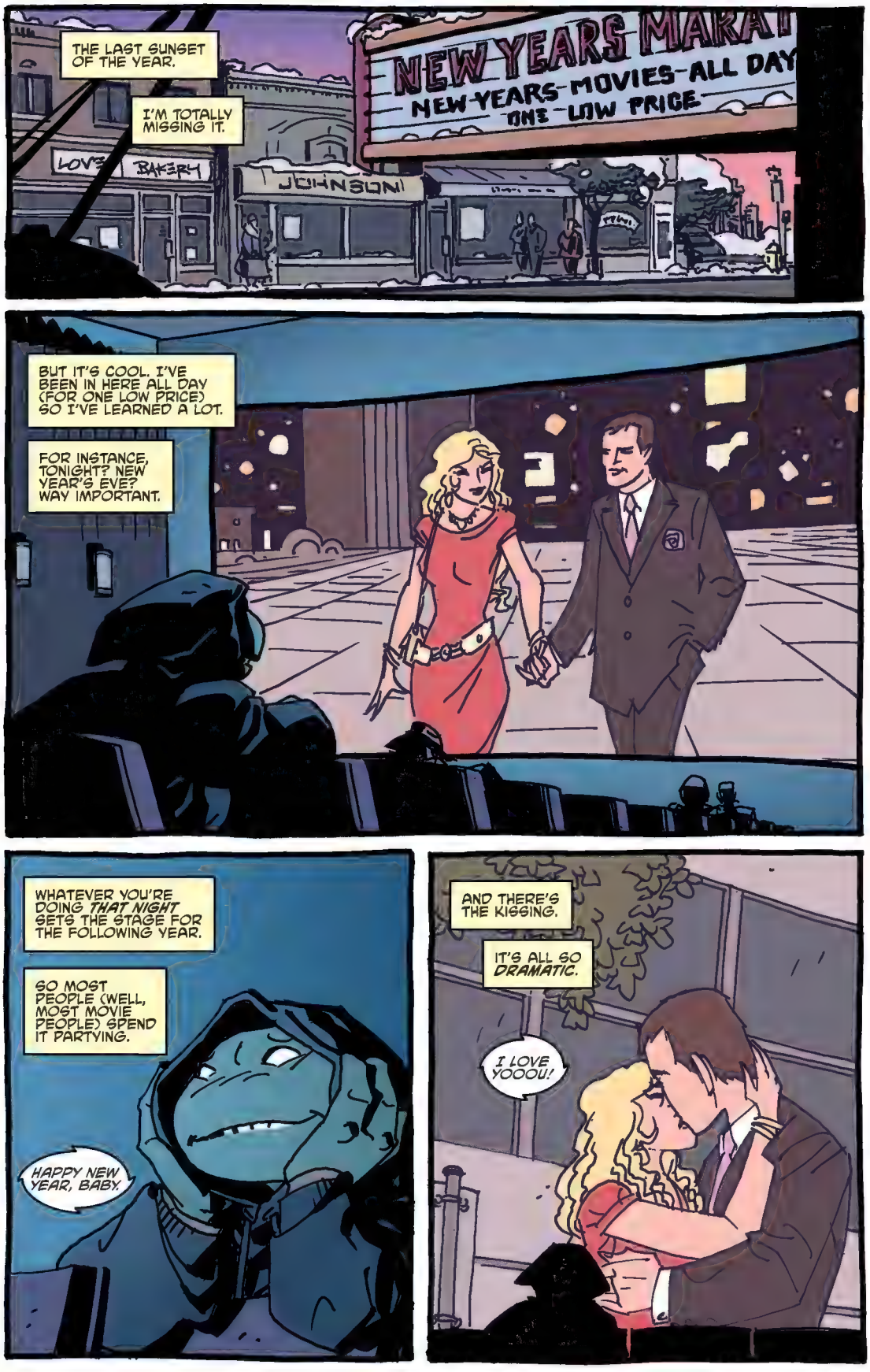
SILENCE, CRETIN. YOU WILL BE CHANGED...

...WHEN THE MASTER WILLS IT.
THE END.

art by FRANCO URRU
colors by FABIO MANTOVANI

art by DAVID PETERSEN

MICHELANGELO

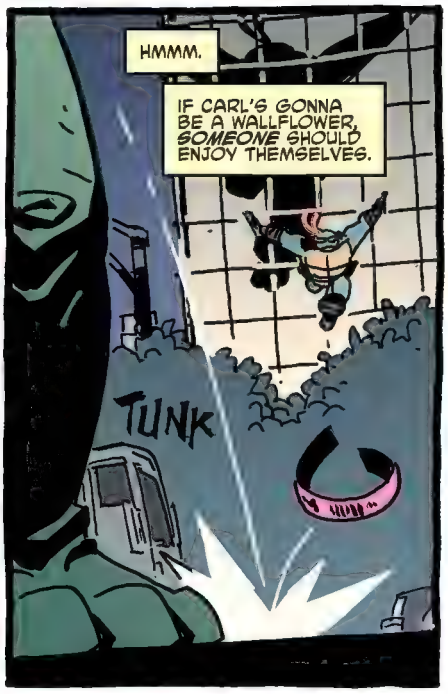

THE LAST SUNSET OF THE YEAR.
I'M TOTALLY MISSING IT.
NEW YEARS MARAT
NEW YEARS MOVIES ALL DAY
ONE LOW PRICE
BAKERY
JOHNSON!
BUT IT'S COOL. I'VE BEEN IN HERE ALL DAY (FOR ONE LOW PRICE) SO I'VE LEARNED A LOT.
FOR INSTANCE, TONIGHT? NEW YEAR'S EVE? WAY IMPORTANT.
WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING *THAT NIGHT* SETS THE STAGE FOR THE FOLLOWING YEAR.
SO MOST PEOPLE (WELL, MOST MOVIE PEOPLE) SPEND IT PARTYING.
HAPPY NEW YEAR, BABY.
AND THERE'S THE KISSING.
IT'S ALL SO *DRAMATIC.*
I LOVE YOOOU!

AND NOW...
EXIT
...NOW I FEEL PRESSURE, TO, YOU KNOW, DO SOMETHING TONIGHT.
TIME'S RUNNING OUT! IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT AND I HAVE NO PLANS! NONE AT ALL! JUST ONCE, I WANT TO TAKE A BREAK FROM BEING...
MICHELANGELO
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE
I WANNA BE MICHELANGELO... PARTY DUDE.
HAPPY NEW YEAR
GET BU

I GO HOME RIGHT NOW, TONIGHT IS GONNA BE LIKE *EVERY* NIGHT.
DONNIE'S GONNA WANT HELP FIXING SOMETHING.
A-HA! A KERNEL-LEVEL APPLICATION CREATED A MISMATCH OF THREAD AND ASYNCHRONOUS PROCEDURE CALL INDEXES!
I BET IT'S A FILE SYSTEM MISMATCH! IT'S ELEMENTARY!
UH-HUH...
LEO'S GONNA RUN DRILLS FOR HOURS.
GO FASTER! THREE MORE BLOCKS, AND THEN WE'LL TAKE A BREAK—*KIDDING*—WE'LL DO IT AGAIN, BUT *BLINDFOLDED*!
UH-HUH...
RAPHAEL WILL SCHOOL ME IN FIGHTING *AND* TRASH-TALKING.
IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! IS *THAT ALL YOU GOT?!* COME ON, BIG MAN, STEP UP! MAKE YOUR MOVE!
UH...
I LOVE MY BROTHERS BUT TONIGHT'S GOTTA BE DIFFERENT.
STILL, IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN JUST *WALK INTO* A PARTY.
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

OR...
NICE. A PARTY THAT TOTALLY ACCEPTS MUTANT REPTILES.
WAIT.
OH. YEAH. PRETTY SURE IT'S A COSTUME.
IT'S CARL. I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS.

HECK YES, I'M NERVOUS. I'M A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER! THIS IS A BUNCH OF PEOPLE I'VE MET ONCE AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TRUST THEM?!
THIS GUY DOES NOT LIKE TO PARTY.
SNAP!

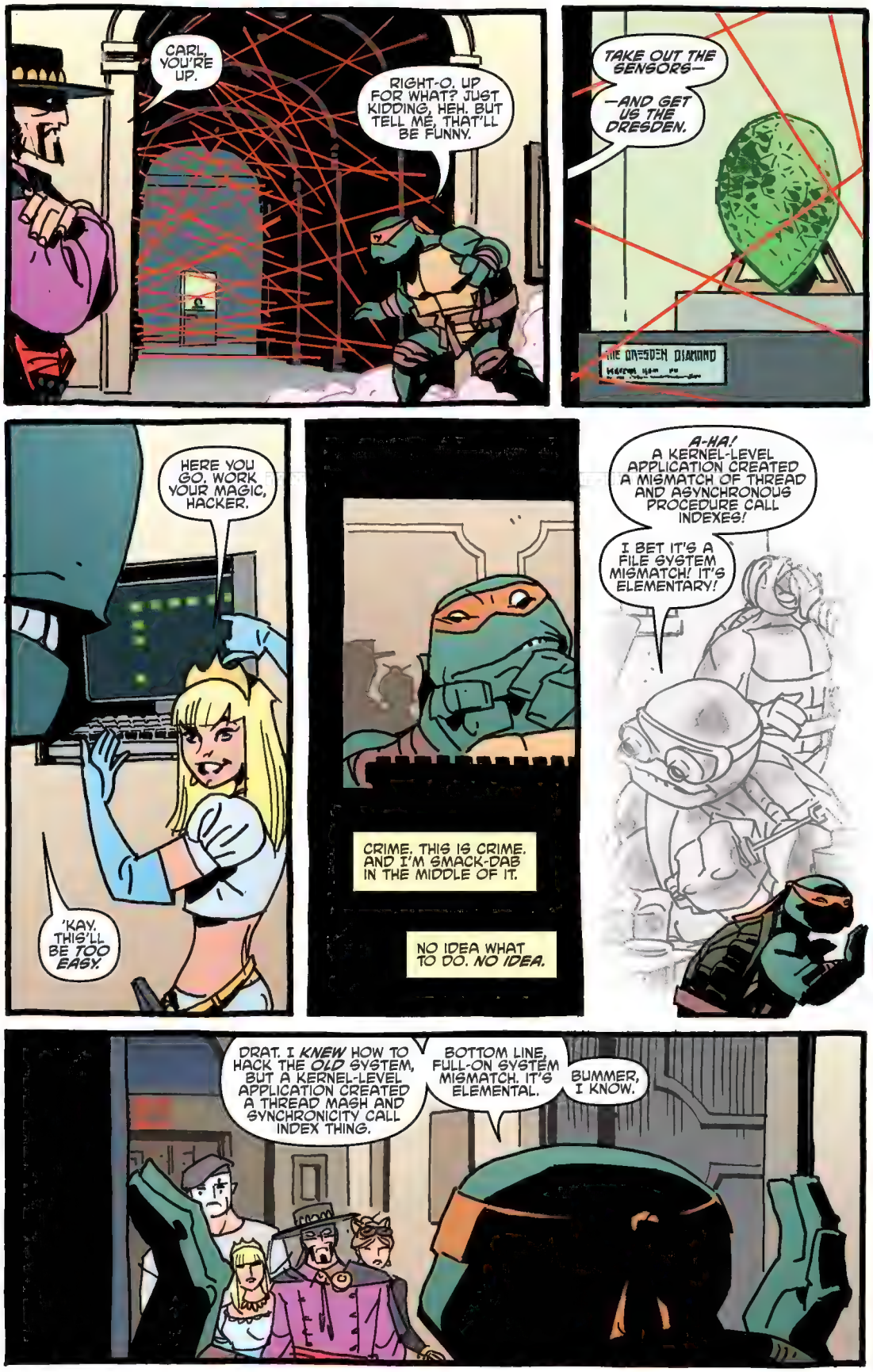

HMMM.
IF CARL'S GONNA BE A WALLFLOWER, SOMEONE SHOULD ENJOY THEMSELVES.
TUNK

BOOP
GRUNT.
HEY, HAPPY NEW YEAR! A FIESTA IN A MUSEUM, I CAN DIG IT. WE LEARN *WHILE WE PARTY.*
YOU LIKE MY COSTUME? IT'S ANIMATRONIC. SO THAT EXPLAINS WHY MY MOUTH IS MOVING RIGHT NOW.
YEP, I CHECK OUT.
THIS IS AWESOME. EASILY THE GREATEST, AND DEFINITELY THE FIRST, PARTY I'VE EVER BEEN TO.
APPY
YE
WHY YES, I WOULD LIKE A MINI-PIZZA POCKET, THANK YOU.
CARL, IS THAT YOU?
THIS NIGHT KEEPS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER.

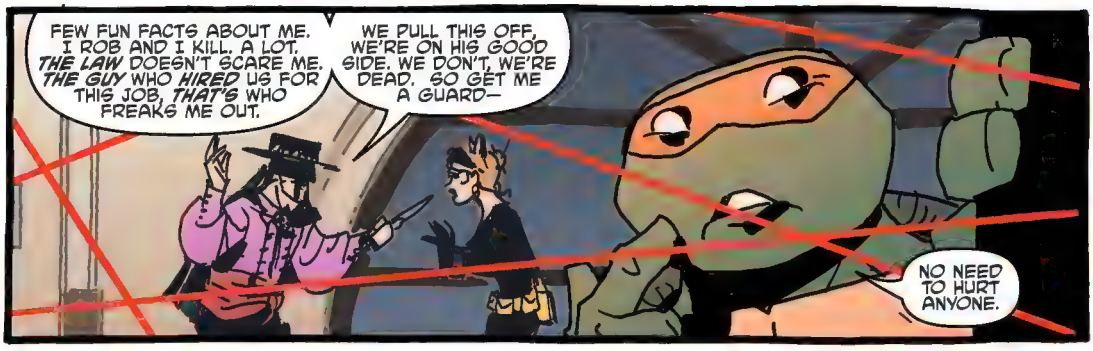
CARL, YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING AS A GIANT LIZARD. YOU'RE NOT A LIZARD, YOU'RE A *TURTLE*.
THANK YOU FOR SAYING THAT. *SOME* PEOPLE GENERALIZE AND THAT HURTS.
IF YOU'RE DONE WASTING TIME, WE HAVE *SOMEWHERE* TO BE.
CAT LADY, YOU ARE FORWARD. DON'T WANNA BUY A GUY A DRINK FIRST?
I'M HERE TWO MINUTES AND I'M ALREADY INVITED TO A SUPER-EXCLUSIVE V.I.P. PARTY.

YOU'RE LATE.
MOOD JUST CHANGED. OUT: NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. IN: NEW YEAR'S EVE SULKY BOOK CLUB.
AT THE RISK OF BECOMING THE NERD OF THE GROUP, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE UP HERE.
SECURITY
QUIET, CARL. YOU'RE ALREADY ON MY LIST. LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK.
CAMERAS LOCATED.
I'M READY.
UH—
NOT A BOOK CLUB. DEFINITELY NOT A BOOK CLUB.

WHAT THE—
ALL RIGHT, WHATEVER'S GOING ON, I CAN HANDLE IT. I'M A NINJA—
OOF
WHACK
KLUNK
WHAT THE HECK?
CAMERAS OUT. GUARDS OUT.
WHAT THE HECK?
OKAY. DEEP BREATH. THEY'RE NOT KILLING ANYONE. JUST FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON. PLAY IT COOL FOR NOW, MIKEY.
I'M FINE WITH ALL OF THIS. JUST SO YOU GUYS KNOW.


CARL, YOU'RE UP.
RIGHT-O. UP FOR WHAT? JUST KIDDING, HEH. BUT TELL ME, THAT'LL BE FUNNY.
TAKE OUT THE SENSORS—
—AND GET US THE DRESDEN.
THE DRESDEN DIAMOND
HERE YOU GO. WORK YOUR MAGIC, HACKER.
'KAY. THIS'LL BE TOO EASY.
CRIME. THIS IS CRIME. AND I'M SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.
NO IDEA WHAT TO DO. NO IDEA.
A-HA! A KERNEL-LEVEL APPLICATION CREATED A MISMATCH OF THREAD AND ASYNCHRONOUS PROCEDURE CALL INDEXES!
I BET IT'S A FILE SYSTEM MISMATCH! IT'S ELEMENTARY!
DRAT. I KNEW HOW TO HACK THE OLD SYSTEM, BUT A KERNEL-LEVEL APPLICATION CREATED A THREAD MASH AND SYNCHRONICITY CALL INDEX THING.
BOTTOM LINE, FULL-ON SYSTEM MISMATCH. IT'S ELEMENTAL.
BUMMER, I KNOW.

WAKE UP A GUARD. WE'LL TORTURE HIM INTO SHUTTING DOWN THE SYSTEM.
NO. STEALING IS ONE THING. TORTURE PUTS US ON A WHOLE OTHER LEVEL WITH THE LAW.


FEW FUN FACTS ABOUT ME. I ROB AND I KILL. A LOT. THE LAW DOESN'T SCARE ME. THE GUY WHO HIRED US FOR THIS JOB, THAT'S WHO FREAKS ME OUT.
WE PULL THIS OFF, WE'RE ON HIS GOOD SIDE. WE DON'T, WE'RE DEAD. SO GET ME A GUARD—
NO NEED TO HURT ANYONE.

I THINK I CAN DO THIS.
COME ON, FASTER! THREE MORE BLOCKS, AND THEN WE'LL TAKE A BREAK—KIDDING— WE'LL DO IT AGAIN, BUT BLINDFOLDED!

THANK YOU, LEO!

CARL... IS A COMPUTER GUY, RIGHT?
THOUGHT SO.
ALMOST THERE!
LASER TO MY LEFT...
SHOOP!
POP!
I LOVE BEING A... AHEM, GUY DRESSED LIKE A TURTLE!
AND THIS MUST BE THE DRESDEN. DIG ITS COLOR.
NOW I'VE JUST GOTTA NAB IT WITHOUT SETTING OFF ANY ALARMS.

OR...
...MAYBE SETTING OFF ALARMS WOULDN'T BE THE *WORST* THING.
WHOOOOP WHOOOOP WHOOOOP
WHAT THE—?
WHOOOOP WHOOOOP
SORRY, MASKED MAN! PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS MUST BE *FREAKING OUT!* COPS WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!
WHOOOOP WHOOOOP WHOOOOP
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IS IT MIDNIGHT? YAAAAAY!
TIME TO EXIT STAGE LEFT!
JUST MAKE IT TO THE WINDOW. JUST MAKE IT TO THE WINDOW...
CARL'S GONE ROGUE!
HE HASN'T GONE ROGUE...

...CARL IS A COP!
TOTALLY! TOTALLY A COP!
AW MAN, I WAS DEEP UNDERCOVER, TOO! BUT YOU SAW RIGHT THROUGH IT!
SO, STOP ALL THIS HORSEPLAY AND WE'LL TAKE IT EASY ON YOU DOWNTOWN.
IF YOU LEAVE WITH THAT DIAMOND...
...I WILL GO DOWNSTAIRS... AND I WILL START KILLING PEOPLE.

TOUCHÉ, MASKED PSYCHO.
CAN'T HAVE THAT.
IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! COME ON, BIG MAN, STEP UP! MAKE YOUR MOVE!
IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! THREATENING PARTY-GOERS? PA-THETIC.
I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU FLAP YOUR GUMS ALL NIGHT ABOUT HOW BAD YOU ARE! WELL, COME ON, BIG MAN, STEP UP! MAKE YOUR MOVE!
RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW! ROUND ONE, FIGHT!
BLUNK!
GLADLY...

RFFFF—
OOOF, YOU GOT ME!
NOT EVEN CLOSE.
I LAY IT ON THICK.
KREESH!!
CUUUUURSES!
GONE.
IMPRESSIVE HIT. LOOKED LIKE YOU BARELY TOUCHED HIM.
I DIDN'T.
AND NOW THE CAT IS GONE, TOO.
WE NEED THAT DIAMOND. DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO TO US IF WE FAIL HIM?
YOU TWO GET DOWN TO THE ALLEY. FIND THE LIZARD.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I GOT A HUNCH. JUST WAIT IN THAT ALLEY.
STAIR

OKAY. TURTLE'S ALMOST IN THE CLEAR.
ONE ANONYMOUS CALL TO THE POLICE AND I CAN CALL IT A—
THAT WAS THE WORST FAKE HIT I'VE EVER SEEN. GIVE ME THE DRESDEN.
AH, COME ON.
SHOOT A COP, GO TO JAIL FOR A *THOUSAND YEARS*. THAT'S THE LAW.
CARL, *I'M A COP*. I'D KNOW IF YOU WERE ONE. SO WHAT ORGANIZATION ARE YOU REALLY WITH?

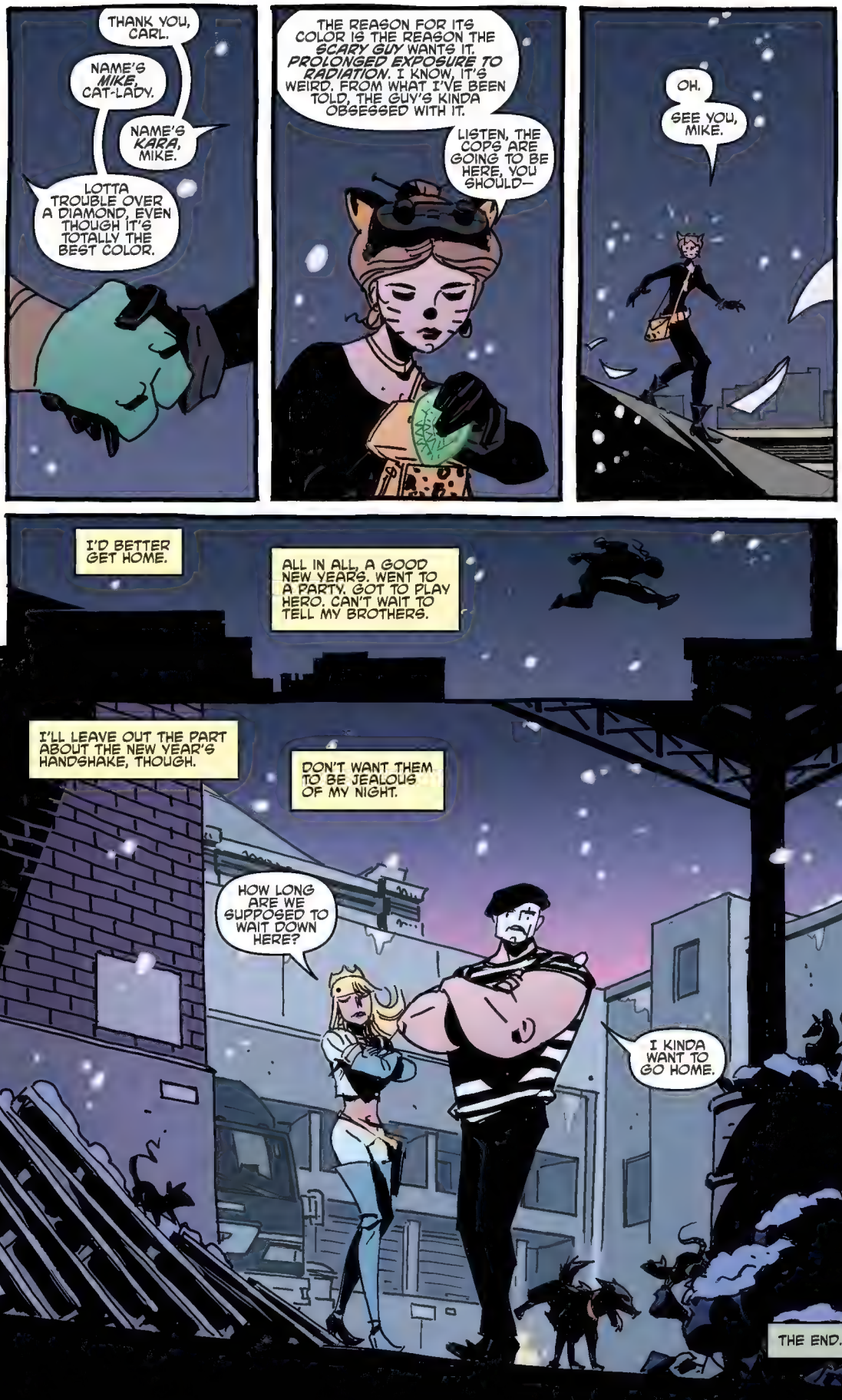
UH. I'M WITH THE ORGANIZATION *DIRECTLY ABOVE YOURS* SO PUT THE GUN DOWN.
YOU PLAY IT LIKE YOU'RE, AT BEST, NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH. DO YOU HAVE *ANY* IDEA HOW DANGEROUS THE MAN WE'RE STEALING THIS FOR IS?
TOTALLY. BUT RECAP FOR ME.
GUYS WHO HAVE OWNED THIS CITY FOR YEARS ARE SCURRYING OUT OF HIS WAY. HE'S BIG. AND HE'S GOT A *SCARY* NUMBER OF FOLLOWERS.
NOT SURE HOW DEEP IN YOU ARE, BUT I'VE SPENT MONTHS TRYING TO GET CLOSE. AND TO DO THAT—
—I *NEED* THAT *DIAMOND!* SO, YOU IDIOT...
GIVE
ME
THAT...
...OKAY, WHEN DID YOU STEAL MY GUN?!
WHEN YOU WERE TALKING. I THINK IT WAS BETWEEN "YOU" AND "IDIOT."

ALL RIGHT, SERIOUSLY. LIZARD. KITTEN. ENOUGH WITH THE GAMES.
WHOA. MASKED MAN GETS FIVE POINTS FOR STEALTH.
AND *TEN* FOR POPULARITY.
THIS IS MY *REAL* GANG. HAD TO LEAVE THEM OUT OF THE HEIST, THEY'RE NOT MUCH FOR STEALTH. *BUT* THEY ARE REALLY GOOD AT MAIMING, TORTURING AND KILLING.
SO. LET'S WRAP THIS UP BEFORE THE BALL DROPS.
HAND OVER. THE. DRESDEN.
FOR A MOMENT, I THINK "WHAT WOULD MY BROTHERS DO?"
"WHAT WOULD SPLINTER DO?"
BUT... THEY'RE NOT HERE.
IT'S JUST ME. *MICHELANGELO.*
GET DOWN, CAT LADY!

BLAM
BANG
THESE DUDES ARE TRAINED, NO DOUBT.
PROBABLY USED TO ALL SORTS OF KUNG FU, KARATE...
...PROBABLY EVEN FACED A NINJA OR TWO.
BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE ME.
MASKED MAN!
UNH!
STEP AWAY FROM THE CAT, YOU TOOL!

BAM
OOOF—
GIVE IT TO ME!
KRAK
ALL RIGHT, DUDE.
ALL RIGHT—
YOU GOT IT.

NEW YEARS EVE.
SO DRAMATIC.
12:00
YOU OKAY?
YEAH. THAT WAS... THAT WAS...
12:00
I KNOW, RIGHT? AND... HERE.


THANK YOU, CARL.
NAME'S MIKE, CAT-LADY.
NAME'S KARA, MIKE.
LOTTA TROUBLE OVER A DIAMOND, EVEN THOUGH IT'S TOTALLY THE BEST COLOR.
THE REASON FOR ITS COLOR IS THE REASON THE SCARY GUY WANTS IT. PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO RADIATION. I KNOW, IT'S WEIRD. FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD, THE GUY'S KINDA OBSESSED WITH IT.
LISTEN, THE COPS ARE GOING TO BE HERE, YOU SHOULD—
OH.
SEE YOU, MIKE.
I'D BETTER GET HOME.
ALL IN ALL, A GOOD NEW YEAR'S. WENT TO A PARTY. GOT TO PLAY HERO. CAN'T WAIT TO TELL MY BROTHERS.
I'LL LEAVE OUT THE PART ABOUT THE NEW YEAR'S HANDSHAKE, THOUGH.
DON'T WANT THEM TO BE JEALOUS OF MY NIGHT.
HOW LONG ARE WE SUPPOSED TO WAIT DOWN HERE?
I KINDA WANT TO GO HOME.
THE END.

art by ANDY KUHN
colors by BILL CRABTREE

art by MATEUS SANTOLOUCO

ISSUE #5

THE SCENE PLAYING OUT BELOW ME IS EERILY FAMILIAR.
LIKE A CHAPTER FROM A STORY THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN.
CRIPES, MAN...
...CAN'T BELIEVE HOB'S GOT US OUT IN THIS COLD LOOKIN' FOR THAT STUPID RA—
—URK!
A TALE THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN TOLD.

A SAGA FROM ANOTHER TIME...

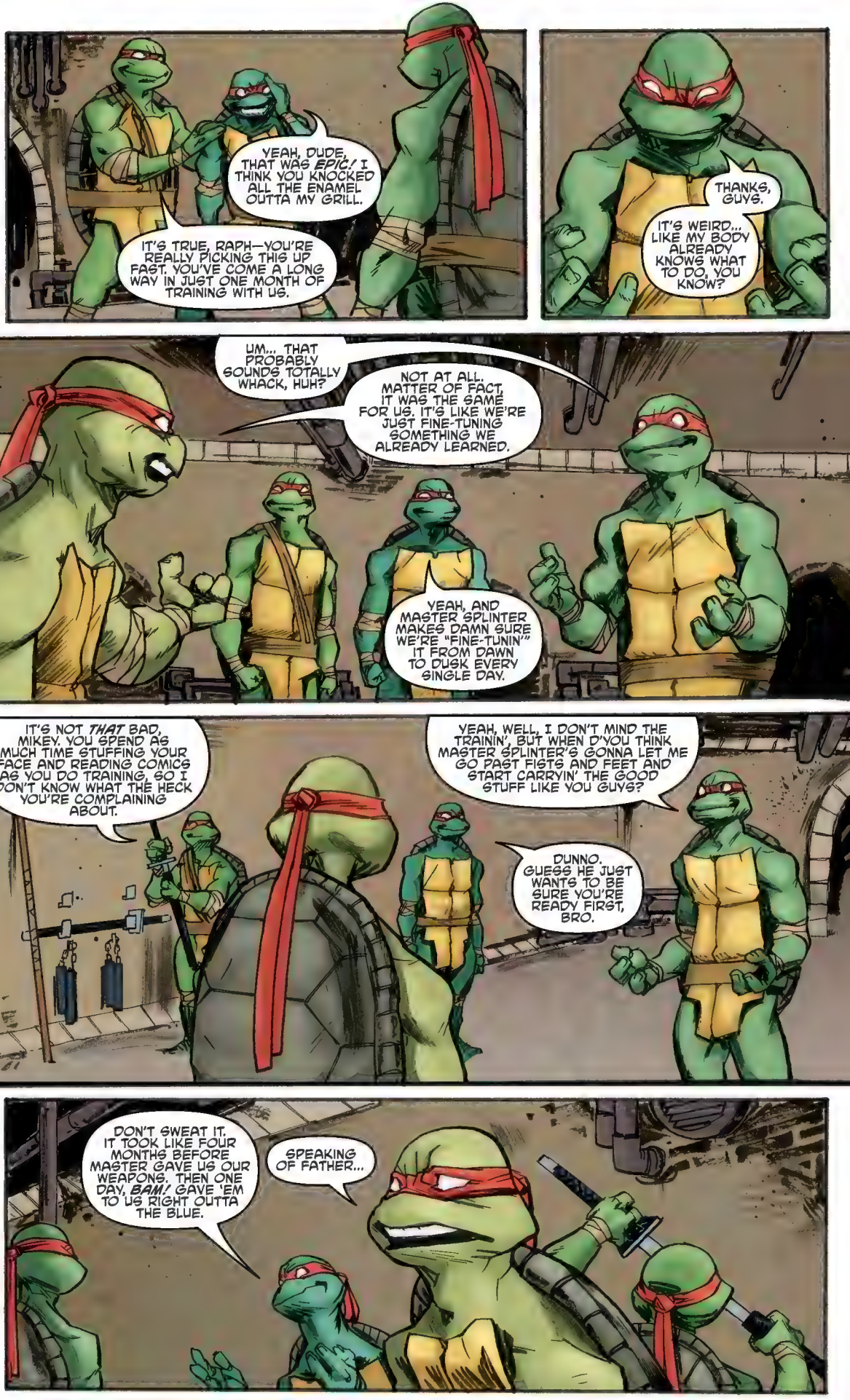
...SET IN A VERY DISTANT WORLD.

A PLOT PERFORMED BY PLAYERS ON A SEPARATE STAGE.

IN MANY WAYS SO VERY DIFFERENT...

...YET SO VERY MUCH THE SAME.
FOR, IN BOTH, THE STORY BEING TOLD IS ONE OF A FATHER...

...AND HIS FOUR SONS.
WELL... WHATCHA CHUMPS WAITIN' FOR?
RYAH!
GOT YA, BRO!
NOT TODAY, MIKEY!
WATCH YOUR BACK, RAPH!
WATCH THE FLOOR, LEO!
UNF!
YOU READY TO MISS AGAIN, DONNIE?
HEH. COLOR ME IMPRESSED.


YEAH, DUDE, THAT WAS *EPIC!* I THINK YOU KNOCKED ALL THE ENAMEL OUTTA MY GRILL.
IT'S TRUE, RAPH—YOU'RE REALLY PICKING THIS UP FAST. YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY IN JUST ONE MONTH OF TRAINING WITH US.
THANKS, GUYS.
IT'S WEIRD... LIKE MY BODY ALREADY KNOWS WHAT TO DO, YOU KNOW?
UM... THAT PROBABLY SOUNDS TOTALLY WHACK, HUH?
NOT AT ALL. MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS THE SAME FOR US. IT'S LIKE WE'RE JUST FINE-TUNING SOMETHING WE ALREADY LEARNED.
YEAH, AND MASTER SPLINTER MAKES DAMN SURE WE'RE "FINE-TUNIN'" IT FROM DAWN TO DUSK EVERY SINGLE DAY.
IT'S NOT *THAT* BAD, MIKEY. YOU SPEND AS MUCH TIME STUFFING YOUR FACE AND READING COMICS AS YOU DO TRAINING, SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HECK YOU'RE COMPLAINING ABOUT.
YEAH, WELL, I DON'T MIND THE TRAININ', BUT WHEN D'YOU THINK MASTER SPLINTER'S GONNA LET ME GO PAST FISTS AND FEET AND START CARRYIN' THE GOOD STUFF LIKE YOU GUYS?
DUNNO. GUESS HE JUST WANTS TO BE SURE YOU'RE READY FIRST, BRO.
DON'T SWEAT IT. IT TOOK LIKE FOUR MONTHS BEFORE MASTER GAVE US OUR WEAPONS. THEN ONE DAY, *BAM!* GAVE 'EM TO US RIGHT OUTTA THE BLUE.
SPEAKING OF FATHER...

"...WHY ISN'T HE BACK YET?"
MY ENEMY'S MINIONS SEEK ME OUT.
DUDE, THIS SUCKS.
TELL ME 'BOUT IT. I CAN'T EVEN FEEL MY DAMN FEET NO MORE.

DOWN DARK ALLEYS AND UP FILTHY STREETS, THEY SEARCH FOR ME, HIRED BY THEIR PAYMASTER, OLD HOB.

CLANK
QUITE LITERALLY, A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE.

YOU HEAR THAT, MAN?
YEAH. LET'S CHECK IT OUT.
OR, CAT AND RAT, TO BE TRULY ACCURATE.

BUT THIS RAT WILL NOT BE CAUGHT—NOT TODAY.

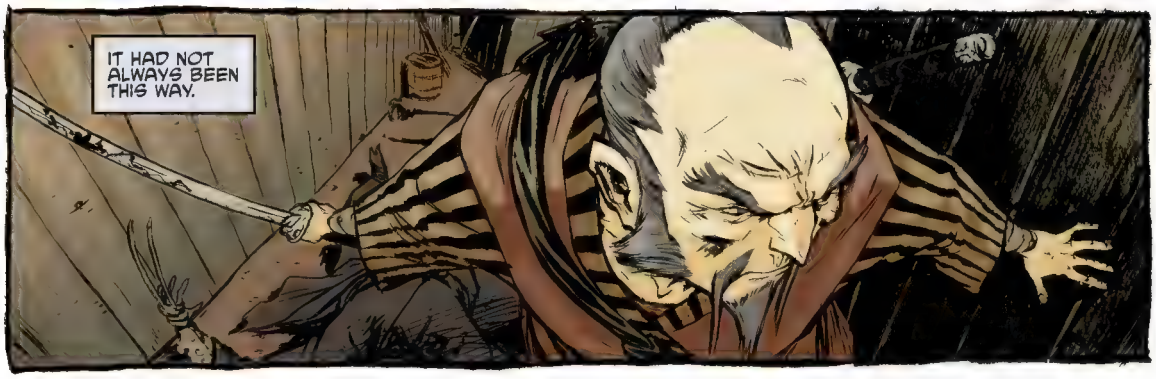
THIS TIME, THE STORY WILL END DIFFERENTLY.

HIS NAME WAS *HAMATO YOSHI.*
HE LIVED IN FEUDAL JAPAN AND, LIKE ME, HE WAS HOMEWARD BOUND, CARRYING CRUCIAL SUPPLIES, AS WELL AS SPECIAL GIFTS, FOR HIS SONS.
AND HE, TOO, WAS HUNTED.

WE HAVE FOUND NO TRACE OF HAMATO YOSHI, LEADER.
KEEP SEARCHING! THE MASTER WILL NOT ACCEPT FAILURE.

THE HUNTERS SERVED YOSHI'S SWORN ENEMY—A NINJA MASTER CALLED *OROKU SAKI*, RULER OF THE FEARSOME CLAN KNOWN AS *THE FOOT.*

GRGK!


IT HAD NOT ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY.

ONCE, YOSHI AND SAKI WERE CLAN BROTHERS—UNTIL SAKI CHOSE TO LEAD THE FOOT CLAN DOWN A POWER-HUNGRY PATH OF DISHONOR, DOMINATION, AND DESTRUCTION.
...AND NONE IN THE VILLAGE OUTSIDE THE CASTLE ARE TO BE LEFT ALIVE.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, OROKU SAKI? OUR SOLE MISSION IS TO ASSASSINATE THE CASTLE LORD AND NO ONE ELSE.
THE FOOT CLAN MUST ESTABLISH ITSELF AS A DEADLY FORCE TO BE RESPECTED AND FEARED, HAMATO YOSHI. ELIMINATING THE VILLAGERS WILL SEND THAT MESSAGE MUCH *LOUDER*... MUCH *CLEARER*.
THE ONLY THING CLEAR IS THAT YOU ADVOCATE THE WHOLESALE *SLAUGHTER* OF INNOCENTS, SAKI! IN DOING SO, YOU SHAME YOURSELF AND YOU *DEFILE* THE FOOT CLAN.
I WILL NOT BE PARTY TO THIS DISGRACE.
ENRAGED, SAKI DEEMED YOSHI'S DEFIANCE AN ACT OF *TREASON*—AN UNFORGIVABLE DEED PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.

YOSHI BECAME AN OUTCAST TO HIS CLAN...
...BUT, IN THAT, HE WAS NOT ALONE.
YOSHI WAS HUSBAND TO THE BEAUTIFUL *TANG SHEN*, AND FATHER TO FOUR SMALL SONS.
SLEEP NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL BOYS.
SAKI DECLARED THEM ALL COMPLICIT IN YOSHI'S SO-CALLED TREACHERY.
AS SUCH, THEIR PUNISHMENT WAS TO BE THE SAME AS HIS.
PLEASE, NO! NOT MY BABIES! PLE—
—ERGK!
DEATH.

NOW—THE CHILDREN.
DEVILS!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

THE TRAITOR! KILL HIM!
HRK!
NLGG!
SHEN... NO...
HUSBAND...
...IS THAT YOU?

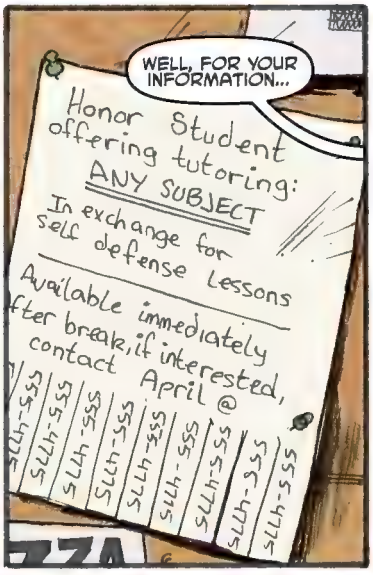
SHEN! YOU LIVE!
FOR ONLY A MOMENT... UNF ...MY LOVE.
DO NOT SAY THAT. WE CA—
NO, IT IS... TOO LATE. PLEASE, HEAR ME... YOSHI.
I SEE THE D... DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE IN YOUR... EYES, MY HUSBAND. PLEASE... FOR ME... THINK ONLY OF OUR SONS.
BUT, SHEN... SAKI MUST BE MADE TO PAY FOR TH—
NO, HUSBAND! TH... THAT IS NOT MY WISH.
TAKE OUR SONS... OUR BABIES... AND FLEE. AWAY FROM HERE... HIDE THEM. KEEP THEM SAFE...
...FOR ME.
MY LOVE...
...NO.

MY SONS, OROKU SAKI DESERVES TO DIE FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE—BUT NOT TODAY.
NO, TODAY WE WILL HONOR YOUR MOTHER'S FINAL WISH AND WE WILL ESCAPE TO SAFETY.
THAT IS WHAT WE WILL DO... *TODAY*.
BUT *THIS* I SWEAR...
...WE WILL SAVE *ANOTHER DAY* FOR SAKI.
FAREWELL, TANG SHEN.
AND SO, HAMATO YOSHI FLED WITH HIS SONS AND A BROKEN HEART, LEAVING BEHIND HIS DEAD WIFE AND VANISHING INTO THE MOUNTAINS.
FOR A TIME, THEY WERE SAFE. AND LIFE...

...WAS BETTER.
YOU GOTTA DO BETTER, CASEY—YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
I KNOW, COACH BOWMAN.
NEW YORK TECH HOCKEY ARENA. PRESENT DAY.
I MEAN, YOU WERE KEEPING YOUR GRADES UP ENOUGH TO PLAY FOR WHAT—THREE SEMESTERS IN A ROW, RIGHT? YOU WERE DOING WELL.
I KNOW.
EXCEPT NOW IT'S BEEN A FULL SEMESTER SINCE YOU GOT PUT ON ACADEMIC PROBATION, AND YOU HAVE HALF A SEMESTER TO GET BACK ON TRACK OR I'M GONNA HAVE TO DROP YOU FROM THE TEAM. DO YOU REALIZE THAT?
UH-HUH.
SON, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY THE TROUBLE WITH SCHOOL ALL OF A SUDDEN, HUH? DON'T YOU WANNA PLAY?
YEAH, I WANNA PLAY, COACH. IT'S JUST, I DUNNO...
...IT'S JUST THE BOOK STUFF DON'T COME AS EASY TO ME AS SKATIN' AROUND AND CRACKIN' DUDES IN THEIR SKULLS, YOU KNOW?
PROBLEM IS, YOU CAN'T HAVE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER, CASEY—NOT IF YOU WANNA PLAY COLLEGE PUCKS.
GET YOURSELF SOME HELP, JONES—A TUTOR OR SOMETHING—AND GET YOUR GRADES UP FAST OR, I'M SORRY, YOU'RE DONE PLAYING FOR N.Y. TECH.
I'LL... TRY, COACH B.
GOOD. MAYBE TALK TO YOUR FOLKS, SEE IF THEY CAN HELP YOU GET MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AGAIN.
YEAH, MY FOLKS...
...RIGHT.

HURRY UP, APRIL! THAT CARPOOL IS HEADED UPSTATE WITH OR WITHOUT US. DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M READY TO GET OUTTA HERE!
OKAY, TRISH, HOLD YOUR HORSES. I JUST NEED TO POST THIS REAL QUICK.

THERE.
I SWEAR, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO'S STILL WORRYING ABOUT STUDYING WHEN IT'S WINTER BREAK.


WELL, FOR YOUR INFORMATION...
Honor Student offering tutoring:
ANY SUBJECT
In exchange for self defense lessons
Available immediately after break, if interested, contact April @
555-4775
555-4775
555-4775
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...IT'S NOT STUDYING I'M WORRYING ABOUT.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT CAN WAIT. TIME TO GET OUR BUTTS HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, GIRL.

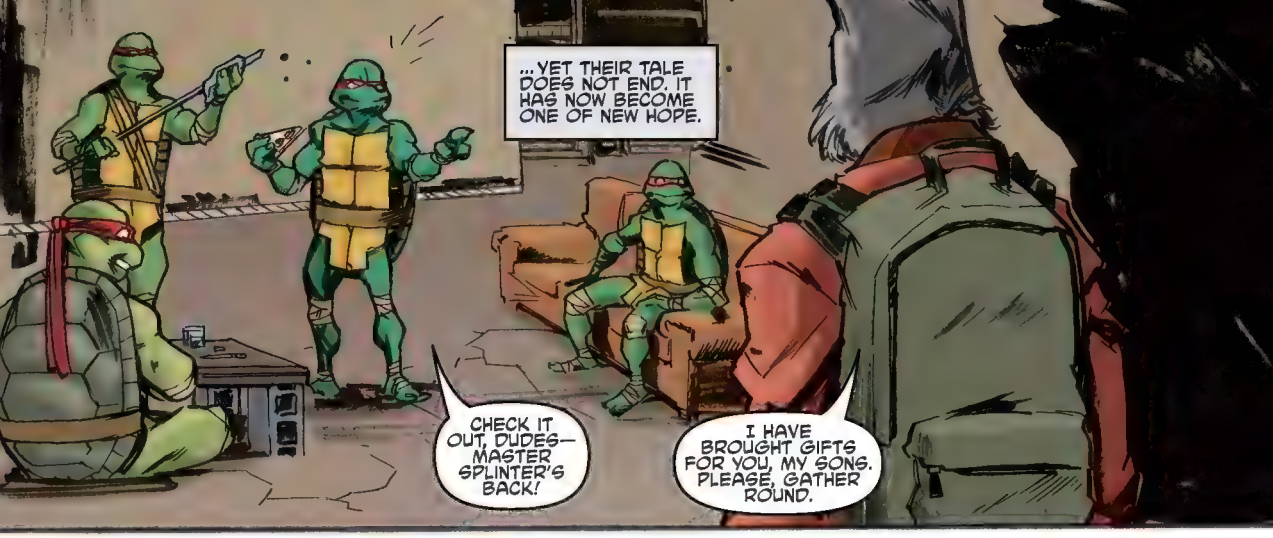
I JUST HOPE SOMEONE ANSWERS THIS AD.
HONEY, ALL I KNOW IS...

"...IT'S WAY TOO COLD TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW."
THE BITING COLD MAKES OLD HOB'S MINIONS SLOW, STUPID...
...EASILY DISPATCHED.
KRAK
AND, AS IN THAT TALE FROM THE DISTANT PAST...
...HAMATO YOSHI'S TALE...
...I HAVE MADE IT HOME.
HOME...

...TO MY FOUR SONS.
LOOK, BROTHERS! FATHER HAS RETURNED!
YOSHI HAD INDEED RETURNED, BRINGING WITH HIM FOOD AND SWEETS, A RARE TREAT FOR HIS BELOVED CHILDREN.
THANK YOU, FATHER. BUT WE ARE UNWORTHY. OUR TRAINING FOR THE DAY IS NOT YET COMPLETE.
DON'T FORGET TO BREATHE, LITTLE BROTHER.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF—THIS IS DELICIOUS! MMF-MF.
YES, EAT, MY SONS—THIS IS ALL FOR YOU.
NO, HAMATO YOSHI...
...THIS IS ALL FOR YOU.
IT WAS THE LAST MOMENT OF HAPPINESS YOSHI WOULD SHARE WITH HIS SONS.
OROKU SAKI.
OR SO HE THOUGHT.

AS OROKU SAKI PASSED A FINAL SENTENCE ON HAMATO YOSHI AND HIS FOUR SONS, YOSHI *PRAYED*.
LOOK THERE, HAMATO YOSHI. LOOK TO THE SONS YOU HAVE DRAGGED INTO YOUR BETRAYAL.
PRAYED TO BUDDHA... TO ALL THE POWERS IN THE UNIVERSE... FOR JUSTICE.
LOOK AT THOSE WHO WILL DIE WITH YOU THIS DAY, EXECUTED BY THE VERY CLAN YOU CHOSE TO DISHONOR WITH YOUR BASE TREACHERY.
PRAYED THAT HE AND HIS SONS WOULD BE REUNITED SOMEDAY...
MY SONS...
...AND THAT HE WOULD ONCE AGAIN BE ABLE TO FACE OROKU SAKI—WARRIOR TO WARRIOR.
...FORGIVE ME.

NOW!
SCHWIP
SCHWIP
SCHWIP
SCHWIP
AND NOW, TRAITOR— TIME TO DIE.
OROKU SAKI, FOR ELEVEN SEASONS I HAVE HONORED MY WIFE'S LAST WISH AND AVOIDED CONFRONTATION WITH YOU IN ORDER TO KEEP OUR CHILDREN SAFE.
BUT NOW MY SONS ARE DEAD AND I AM NO LONGER BOUND TO THAT PROMISE.
KNOW THIS...
...WHEN WE MEET AGAIN, I WILL DESTROY YOU.
FOOL. WE WILL NEVER MEET AGAIN.
SCHWIP
AND THUS, HAMATO YOSHI AND HIS SONS WERE NO MORE...


...YET THEIR TALE DOES NOT END. IT HAS NOW BECOME ONE OF NEW HOPE.
CHECK IT OUT, DUDES—MASTER SPLINTER'S BACK!
I HAVE BROUGHT GIFTS FOR YOU, MY SONS. PLEASE, GATHER ROUND.

NEW DREAMS.
AS THE THREE OF YOU SEARCHED SO DILIGENTLY FOR RAPHAEL, YOU EACH WORE THE COLOR THAT WAS ALWAYS HIS FAVORITE, A CONSTANT *REMINDER* OF WHO IT WAS WE SO URGENTLY SOUGHT.
NOW THAT HE HAS BEEN RETURNED TO US, IT IS TIME FOR EACH OF YOU TO DISPLAY YOUR *TRUE* SELVES. WE ARE A CLAN AND YET WE ARE ALL INDIVIDUALS, POSSESSED OF UNIQUE QUALITIES THAT SHOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.
PLEASE ACCEPT THESE GIFTS AS GRATITUDE FROM A VERY PROUD FATHER.
A NEW RESPECT FOR LIFE AND ALL ITS GRAND POSSIBILITIES.

MICHELANGELO.
COOL!

DONATELLO.
WOW, THANKS!

AND, LEONARDO.
THANK YOU, SENSEI.

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MY SONS—TRY THEM ON!
HECK TO THE YEAH!
AND, RAPHAEL. I THOUGHT ANOTHER GIFT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR YOU.
YOUR ABILITIES HAVE ADVANCED BEYOND MY EXPECTATIONS IN THE SHORT TIME YOU'VE BEEN BACK WITH US, AND YOU HAVE MORE THAN EARNED...
...THESE.
OH... WOW.
REMEMBER, WE WALK A PATH OF PEACE NOW, AND VIOLENCE CAN ONLY BE OUR FINAL CHOICE IN ANY SITUATION. I HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH OF THIS THROUGH PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.
USE THESE TOOLS HONORABLY, MY SON. ALWAYS.
I... I WILL. I PROMISE.

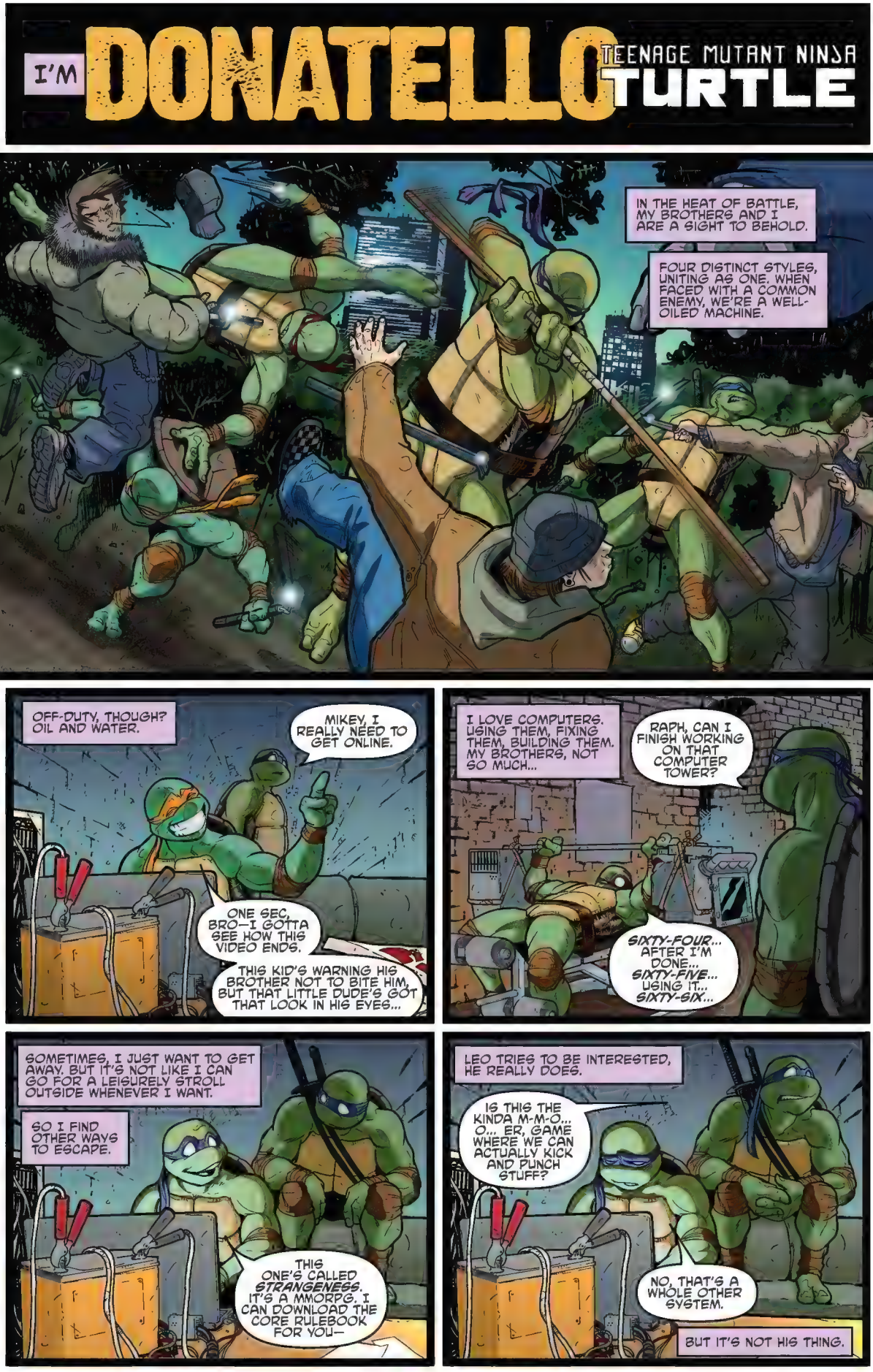
RAPH, BRO! AWESOME!
YEAH... THANKS, MIKEY.
MASTER SPLINTER, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THESE PRESENTS— THEY'RE ALL GREAT. BUT, WELL...
...WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO GIVE TO YOU.
MY SONS WERE TAKEN FROM ME, AND NOW THEY ARE RETURNED.
TO BE REUNITED WITH ONE'S FAMILY...
I MISS YOU, MOM.
JONES
MOM, IT'S SO GOOD TO BE HOME.
...IS THAT NOT THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL?

FATHER, I DO HAVE A QUESTION, THOUGH. HOW EXACTLY DID YOU KNOW RAPH'S FAVORITE COLOR WAS RED?
AN EXCELLENT QUESTION, DONATELLO, AND ONE OF MANY I'M SURE YOU ALL HAVE FOR ME.
THERE IS MUCH I HAVE KEPT FROM YOU—MUCH YOU DESERVE TO KNOW.
SIT NEAR ME, MY SONS...
...AS I SHARE WITH YOU A MOST *AMAZING* TALE.

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by DAVID PETERSEN

DONATELLO



I'M DONATELLO TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, MY BROTHERS AND I ARE A SIGHT TO BEHOLD.

FOUR DISTINCT STYLES, UNITING AS ONE. WHEN FACED WITH A COMMON ENEMY, WE'RE A WELL-OILED MACHINE.

OFF-DUTY, THOUGH? OIL AND WATER.

MIKEY, I REALLY NEED TO GET ONLINE.

ONE SEC, BRO—I GOTTA SEE HOW THIS VIDEO ENDS.

THIS KID'S WARNING HIS BROTHER NOT TO BITE HIM, BUT THAT LITTLE DUDE'S GOT THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES...

I LOVE COMPUTERS. USING THEM, FIXING THEM, BUILDING THEM. MY BROTHERS, NOT SO MUCH...

RAPH, CAN I FINISH WORKING ON THAT COMPUTER TOWER?

SIXTY-FOUR... AFTER I'M DONE... *SIXTY-FIVE*... USING IT... *SIXTY-SIX*...

SOMETIMES, I JUST WANT TO GET AWAY. BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN GO FOR A LEISURELY STROLL OUTSIDE WHENEVER I WANT.

SO I FIND OTHER WAYS TO ESCAPE.

THIS ONE'S CALLED *STRANGENESS*. IT'S A MMORPG. I CAN DOWNLOAD THE CORE RULEBOOK FOR YOU—

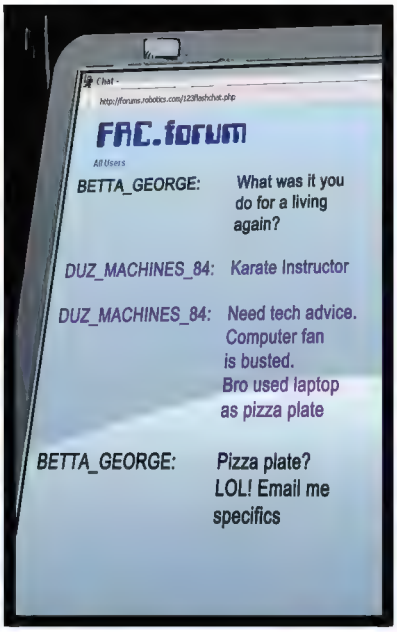
LEO TRIES TO BE INTERESTED, HE REALLY DOES.

IS THIS THE KINDA M-M-O... O... ER, GAME WHERE WE CAN ACTUALLY KICK AND PUNCH STUFF?

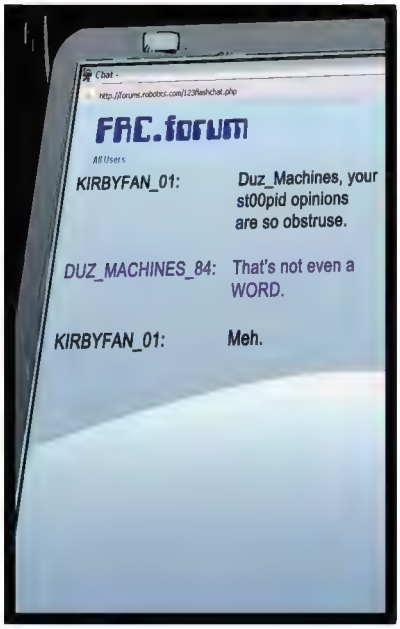
NO, THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER SYSTEM.

BUT IT'S NOT HIS THING.

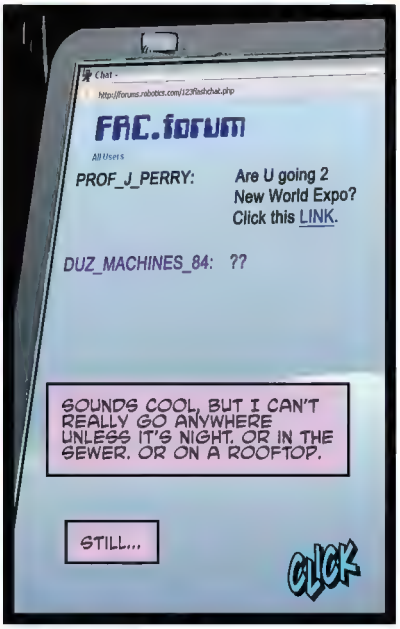
I GO ONLINE LATE AT NIGHT WHILE MY BROTHERS SLEEP.
AND NOT JUST VIDEO GAMES—I VISIT A VARIETY OF FORUMS.
AS DUZ_MACHINES_84, I TALK TO ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING PEOPLE!


Chat -
http://forums.robotics.com/123flashchat.php
FRC.forum
All Users
BETTA_GEORGE: What was it you do for a living again?
DUZ_MACHINES_84: Karate Instructor
DUZ_MACHINES_84: Need tech advice. Computer fan is busted. Bro used laptop as pizza plate
BETTA_GEORGE: Pizza plate? LOL! Email me specifics

AND THEN THERE'S KIRBY_FAN01. HE'S A TOOL. CONSTANTLY CUTTING ME DOWN. CONSTANTLY MISUSING WORDS.

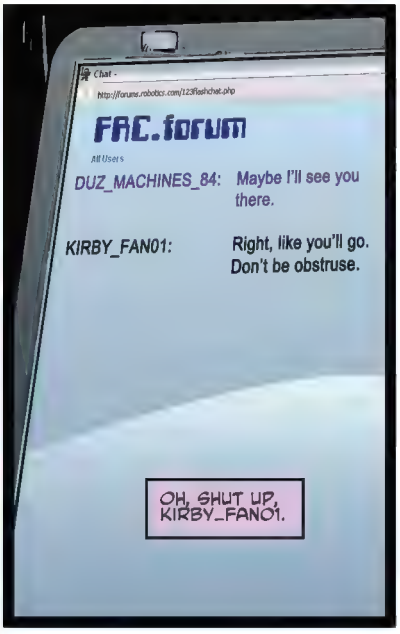

Chat -
http://forums.robotics.com/123flashchat.php
FRC.forum
All Users
KIRBYFAN_01: Duz_Machines, your st00pid opinions are so obstruse.
DUZ_MACHINES_84: That's not even a WORD.
KIRBYFAN_01: Meh.

WAIT. WHAT'S THIS?


Chat -
http://forums.robotics.com/123flashchat.php
FRC.forum
All Users
PROF_J_PERRY: Are U going 2 New World Expo? Click this LINK.
DUZ_MACHINES_84: ??
SOUNDS COOL, BUT I CAN'T REALLY GO ANYWHERE UNLESS IT'S NIGHT. OR IN THE SEWER. OR ON A ROOFTOP.
STILL...
CLICK

New world expo.pdf - Adobe Reader
New world EXPO
The Universe's Most Brilliant Minds in 1 Place to Win 1 Grant that will fund their projects for 2 lifetimes!
NEW WORLD EXPO
To Compete: Invite Only
To Behold: 10 Dollars at Door
Countdown: 1 Day
WHOA! A SCIENCE FAIR FOR SUPER-GENIUSES. WISH I COULD CHECK IT OUT.

WAIT A MINUTE! I'M A NINJA. I CAN BLEND. ART OF INVISIBILITY AND ALL.


Chat -
http://forums.robotics.com/123flashchat.php
FRC.forum
All Users
DUZ_MACHINES_84: Maybe I'll see you there.
KIRBY_FAN01: Right, like you'll go. Don't be obstruse.
OH, SHUT UP, KIRBY_FAN01.

THE NEXT DAY.
I COULD HARDLY SLEEP LAST NIGHT!
I WAS SO EXCITED!
(ALSO, I HAD, LIKE, SIX ENERGY DRINKS.)
THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST THE WORLD HAS TO OFFER. ALL IN ONE PLACE!
MAN, IF THIS PLACE WERE SUCKED INTO A WORMHOLE, THE WORLD WOULDN'T HAVE ANY NEW INVENTIONS FOR A DECADE. ALSO, THE WORMHOLE WOULD PROBABLY BE CREATED BY SOMEONE IN THE ROOM.
New world EXPO
DO NOT TOUCH THE SCIENTIST
I WISH I COULD JUST BE MYSELF, BUT THEY'D FREAK. THEY'D WANT TO DISSECT ME. (OF COURSE, THEY'D BE SO PRECISE, IT'S ALMOST TEMPTING.)
STILL, IT'S PRETTY EXCITING TO BE AMONG MY PEERS.
IF ONLY FOR A FEW HOURS.
AND INCOGNITO.
NEXT... HAROLD—
HAROLD LILLJA. YES. YOU MIGHT WANT TO STAND BACK.

AND PLEASE, HUSH UP. GOTTA CONCENTRATE.
KLAK KLAK
HHHMMM....
I RESPECT MY ELDERS, I DO.
HOT DOG
BUT THIS OLD MAN...
...HE'S KIND OF A FREAK SHOW (AND WHEN YOU HAVE A SENSEI WHO'S A GIANT RAT LIKE I DO, WELL... THAT'S SAYING A LOT).
ALTHOUGH...
THIS OLD MAN...
...JUST MADE OBJECTS FLY AROUND THE ROOM!
New World EXPO
TOUCH THE SCIENTI
HOT DOG
HOT DOG
IN LAYMAN'S TERMS...
...HAROLD LILLJA KICKED GRAVITY'S BUTT!

KRSSH
NOT TO MENTION, TODAY'S HORS D'OEUVRES.
YES, SIR. I'LL NOTIFY SECURITY RIGHT AWAY, SIR.
HMM... GONNA NEED TO RECALIBRATE THE I/O RATE ON THIS BABY.
PROPERTY DAMAGE IS GROUNDS FOR IMMEDIATE DISQUALIFICATION. WHO'S NEXT?
DISQUALIFICATION?! WHAT?! AND WHERE'S EVERYONE GOING?!
SAME OLD STORY. ONE LITTLE SETBACK, ONE TINY BOOM, AND EVERYONE GIVES UP ON YOU.
BUT IF THESE CRETINS THINK ANTI-GRAVITY'S ALL HAROLD LILLJA'S GOT UP HIS SLEEVE...
ACTIVATE!
WHAT'S HE...?

...THEY'RE SORELY MISTAKEN.
WHOA.
HE'S A GENIUS!
TA DA!
NOT TO MENTION...
WHAT? NOTHING?
AW, THE HECK WITH ALL OF YOU. YEAH, I SAID IT. IDIOTS.
...NUTS. A LITTLE NUTS.
I DIG HIM.

MR. LILLJA, A WORD, PLEASE?
LOOKS LIKE HAROLD'S GOT OTHER FANS.

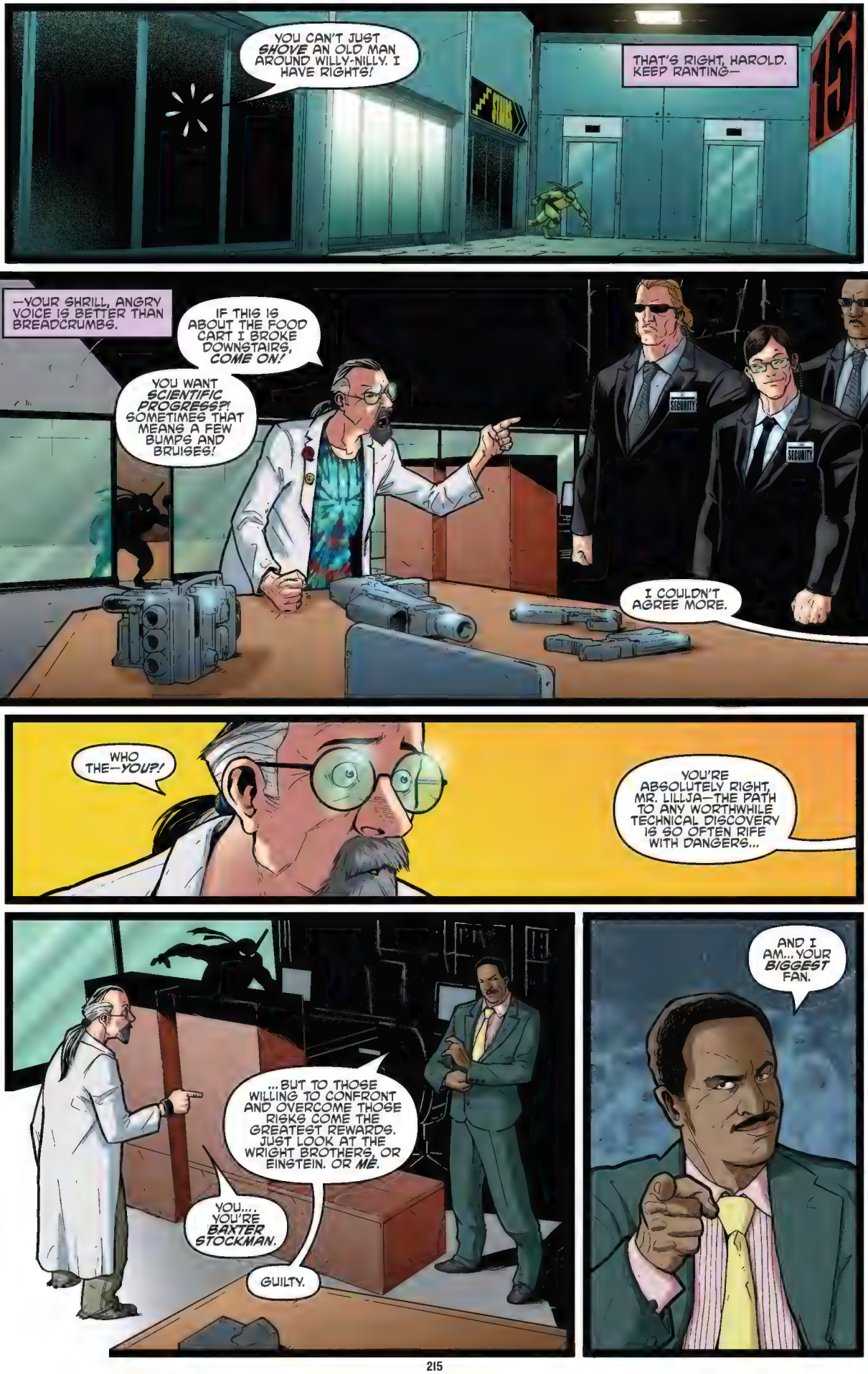
SIR, WE'RE HERE AS YOUR ESCORTS.
TO WHERE?
I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO SHARE THAT INFORMATION AT THE MOMENT, SIR.
SECURITY
SECURITY

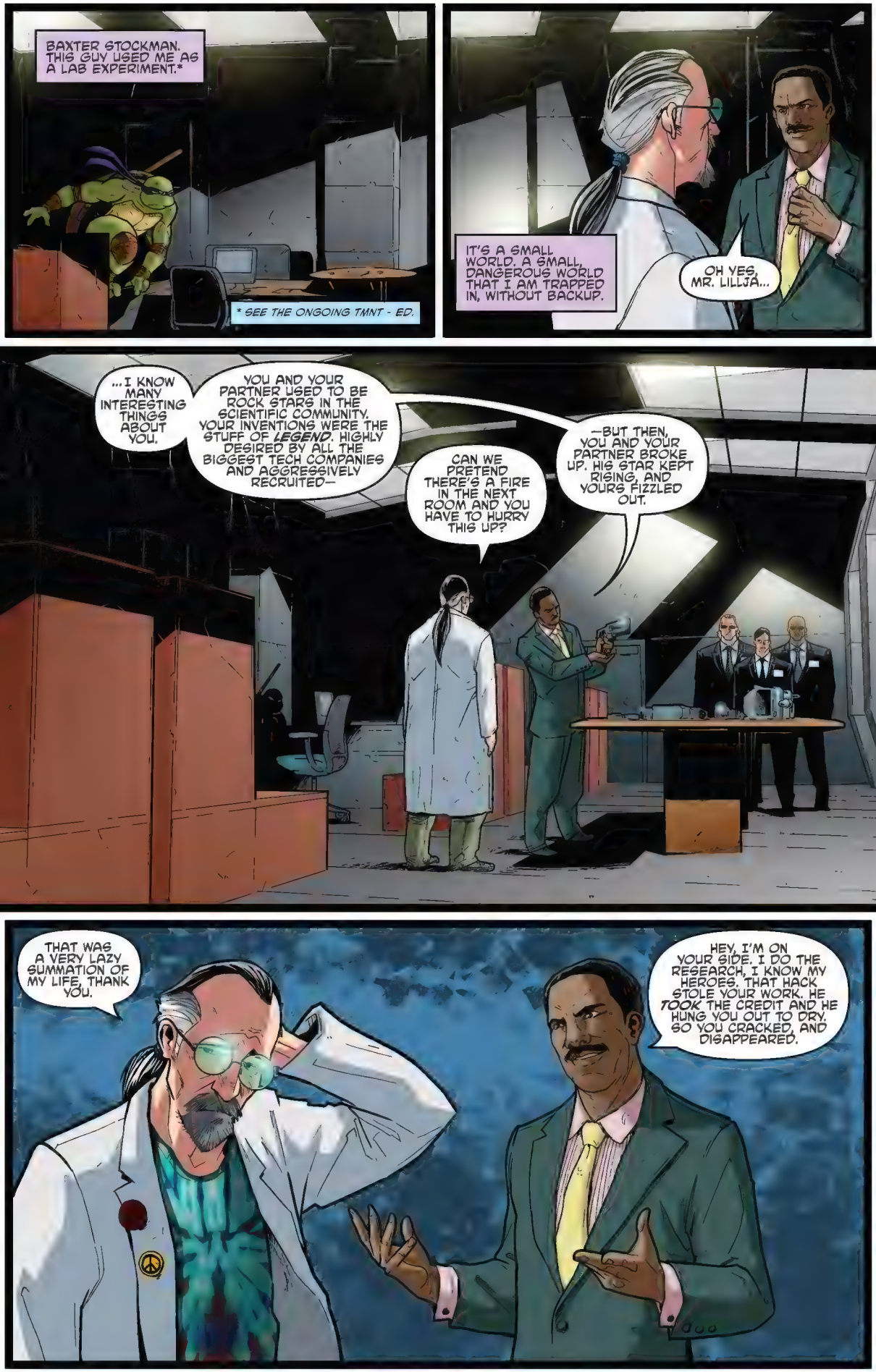
WAIT... WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? WHAT ABOUT MY STUFF?!
YOUR BELONGINGS WILL BE HANDLED WITH THE UTMOST CARE.
SECURITY
SECURITY
OKAY, THIS IS WEIRD. AND THOSE ARE SOME TOUGH-LOOKING NERDS.

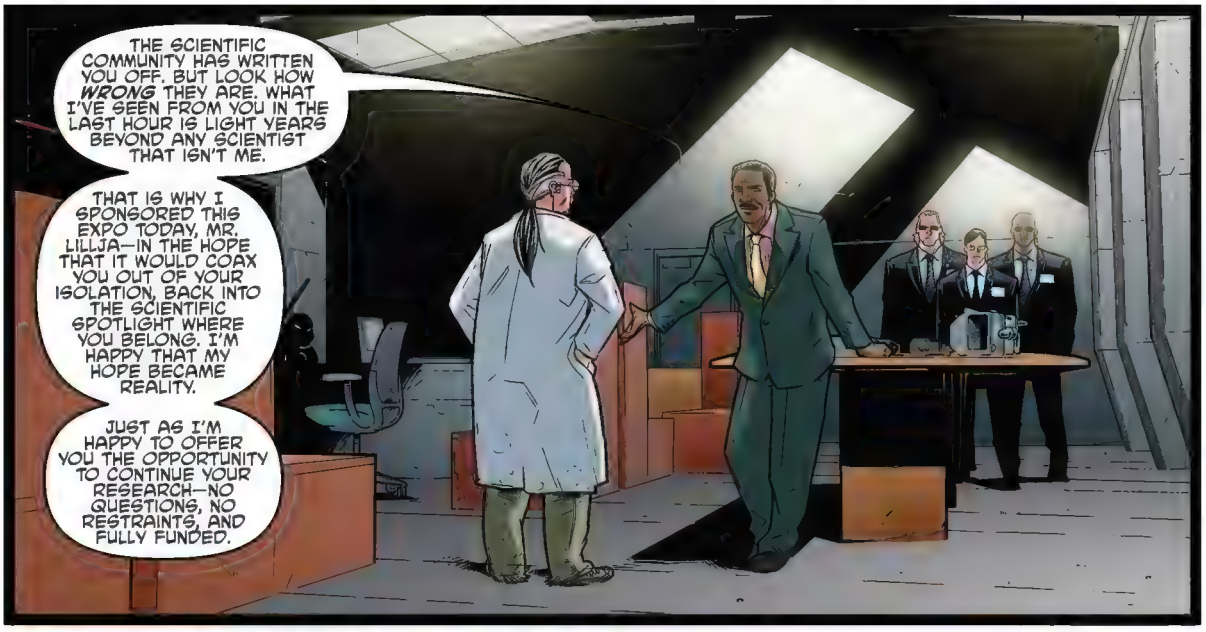
'COURSE, I'M NOT EXACTLY YOUR TYPICAL GEEK, EITHER.

TO ME, MY BO STAFF.
SIDENOTE: SOMEDAY I'M GONNA RIG IT SO IT FLIES RIGHT INTO MY HAND WHEN I COMMAND IT TO.

HEY!
I REALIZE IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING...
...NOT LIKE I'M GONNA CRASH THROUGH A SKYLIGHT AND PICK A FIGHT...
...BUT IT CAN'T HURT TO SEE WHAT'S UP.
MY BROTHER LEO WOULD CALL IT A RECKLESS STRATEGY. ME?
SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.
STAIRS


YOU CAN'T JUST SHOVE AN OLD MAN AROUND WILLY-NILLY. I HAVE RIGHTS!
THAT'S RIGHT, HAROLD. KEEP RANTING—
STAIRS
15
—YOUR SHRILL, ANGRY VOICE IS BETTER THAN BREADCRUMBS.
IF THIS IS ABOUT THE FOOD CART I BROKE DOWNSTAIRS, COME ON!
YOU WANT SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS?! SOMETIMES THAT MEANS A FEW BUMPS AND BRUISES!
SECURITY
SECURITY
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.
WHO THE—YOU?!
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MR. LILLJA—THE PATH TO ANY WORTHWHILE TECHNICAL DISCOVERY IS SO OFTEN RIFE WITH DANGERS...
...BUT TO THOSE WILLING TO CONFRONT AND OVERCOME THOSE RISKS COME THE GREATEST REWARDS. JUST LOOK AT THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, OR EINSTEIN. OR ME.
YOU.... YOU'RE BAXTER STOCKMAN.
GUILTY.
AND I AM... YOUR BIGGEST FAN.

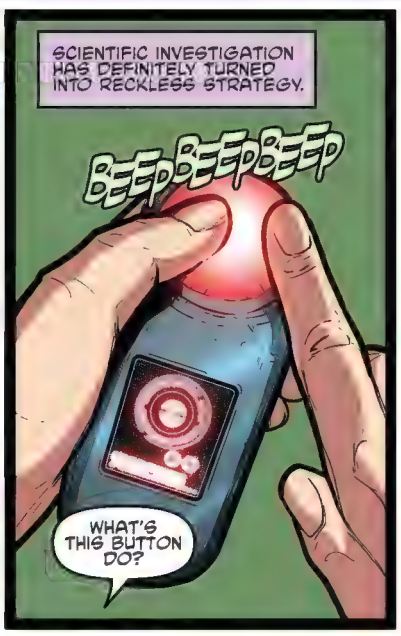

BAXTER STOCKMAN. THIS GUY USED ME AS A LAB EXPERIMENT.*
* SEE THE ONGOING TMNT - ED.
IT'S A SMALL WORLD. A SMALL, DANGEROUS WORLD THAT I AM TRAPPED IN, WITHOUT BACKUP.
OH YES, MR. LILLJA...
...I KNOW MANY INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT YOU.
YOU AND YOUR PARTNER USED TO BE ROCK STARS IN THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY. YOUR INVENTIONS WERE THE STUFF OF LEGEND. HIGHLY DESIRED BY ALL THE BIGGEST TECH COMPANIES AND AGGRESSIVELY RECRUITED—
CAN WE PRETEND THERE'S A FIRE IN THE NEXT ROOM AND YOU HAVE TO HURRY THIS UP?
—BUT THEN, YOU AND YOUR PARTNER BROKE UP. HIS STAR KEPT RISING, AND YOURS FIZZLED OUT.
THAT WAS A VERY LAZY SUMMATION OF MY LIFE, THANK YOU.
HEY, I'M ON YOUR SIDE. I DO THE RESEARCH, I KNOW MY HEROES. THAT HACK STOLE YOUR WORK. HE TOOK THE CREDIT AND HE HUNG YOU OUT TO DRY. SO YOU CRACKED, AND DISAPPEARED.


THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY HAS WRITTEN YOU OFF. BUT LOOK HOW *WRONG* THEY ARE. WHAT I'VE SEEN FROM YOU IN THE LAST HOUR IS LIGHT YEARS BEYOND ANY SCIENTIST THAT ISN'T ME.
THAT IS WHY I SPONSORED THIS EXPO TODAY, MR. LILLJA—IN THE HOPE THAT IT WOULD COAX YOU OUT OF YOUR ISOLATION, BACK INTO THE SCIENTIFIC SPOTLIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG. I'M HAPPY THAT MY HOPE BECAME REALITY.
JUST AS I'M HAPPY TO OFFER YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO CONTINUE YOUR RESEARCH—NO QUESTIONS, NO RESTRAINTS, AND FULLY FUNDED.

I'M NOT LIKING THE SOUND OF THIS.
DOESN'T STOCKGEN BIO-ENGINEER, YOU KNOW, MEAT? NOT MY FIELD.
WE'RE SLIGHTLY MORE THAN THAT. WE WANT THE TOP-NOTCH TECHNICAL TALENT. AND *THAT* IS YOU.

BOTTOM LINE? I BELIEVE IN YOU. AND I WANT TO BRING YOUR UNDENIABLE EXPERTISE INTO MY EMPLOY. AND YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT?
FIND ME A *TURTLE*.
NOT LIKING IT AT ALL.

A... TURTLE?
THE BLOOD OF A GIANT, MUTATED TURTLE, TO BE EXACT. THIS DEVICE WILL ASSIST YOU IN THAT EFFORT—IT IS DESIGNED TO SCAN FOR AND DETECT THE TRACE DNA OF SUCH A SPECIMEN.
I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.
LIKE, RIGHT NOW.
MUTATED... WHAT? I'M NOT FOLLOWING.
SIMPLY, I WISH TO HIRE YOU TO USE THIS TRACKER—AND YOUR OWN FANTASTIC INVENTIONS—TO RETURN TO ME THAT WHICH WAS LOST.


SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION HAS DEFINITELY TURNED INTO RECKLESS STRATEGY.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
WHAT'S THIS BUTTON DO?

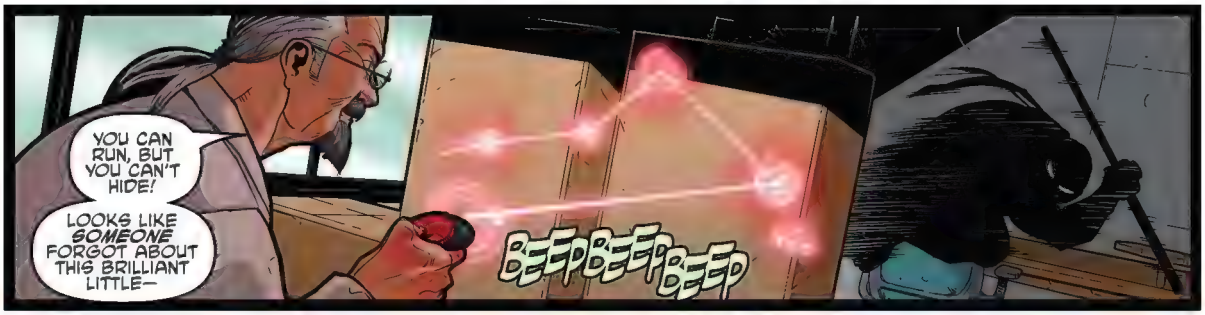
MR. LILLJA, YOU'VE SIGNIFICANTLY RAISED THE BAR FOR ALL MY FUTURE HIRES.
SECURITY

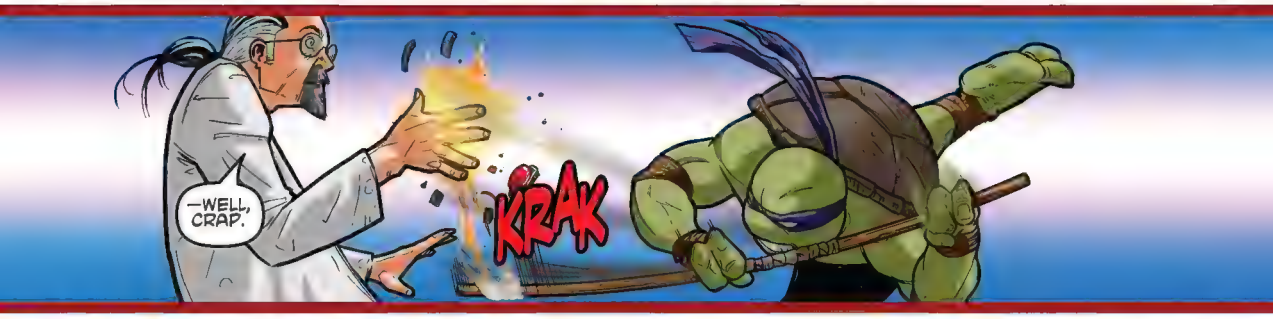
HAROLD. MR. LILLJA. YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE THINKING ABOUT JOINING UP WITH THESE YAHOOS, CAN YOU?
HUH?

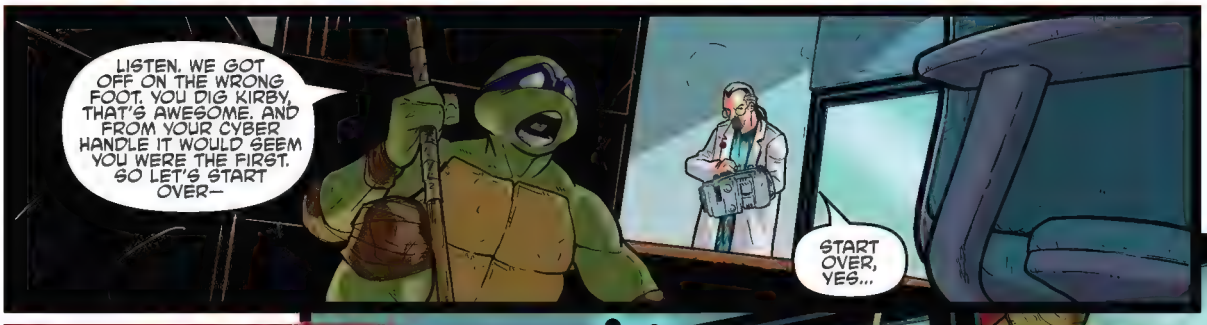
SURE. YOU NEED A COMEBACK. BUT THERE ARE *FAR BETTER* WAYS TO GO ABOUT IT.
SIR?
I WANT HIS BLOOD. HAVE FUN EXTRACTING IT.

GAH!
HYAA!
I MEAN, THEY TRICKED YOU INTO COMING HERE.
THEY FORCED YOU TO COME UP TO THEIR CREEPY LAB.
AND EVERYONE IS ARMED. DOESN'T THIS SEEM OFF TO YOU?
YOU MAY BE RIGHT. YOU'RE OBSTRUSE AS ALL HELL, BUT YOU GOT A POINT.
THANK YOU, SIR. BUT THAT'S NOT EVEN A WORD.
OH NO. NO, IT CAN'T BE.
MEH.
OH, COME ON.
KIRBY_FAN01?
DUZ_MACHINES_84?
I'M STANDING FACE-TO-FACE...
...WITH MY INTERNET ARCH-ENEMY.

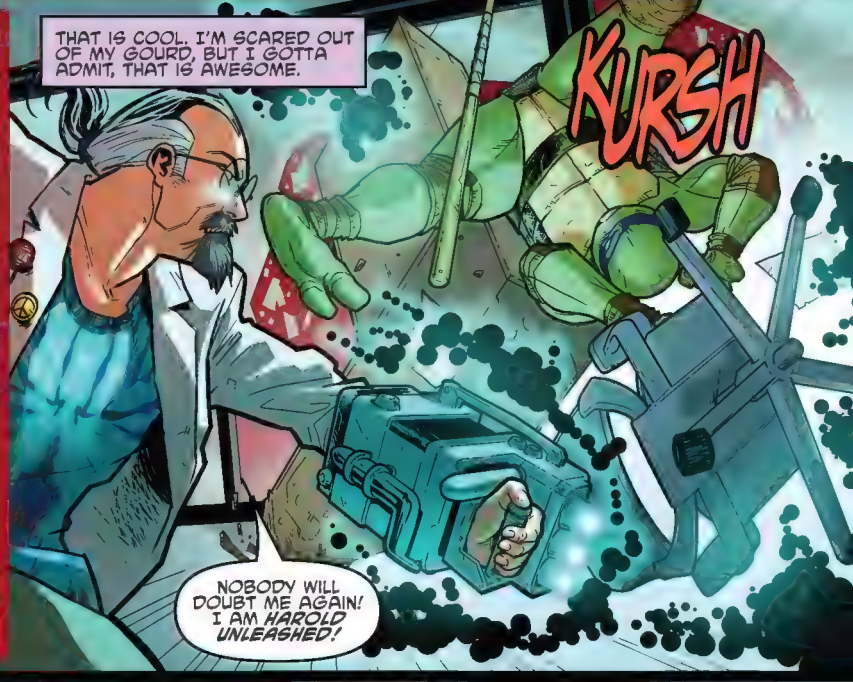
OKAY, WE DON'T GET ALONG ONLINE, IT'S TRUE. BUT THE INTERNET IS ONE THING, HAROLD—THIS IS REAL LIFE AND THESE PEOPLE ARE LOONY.
YOU'RE SECURE AT THIS DISTANCE, SIR.
FORGET ME, YOU FOOL—THAT REPTILE IS GOING TO SLINK AWAY IF WE DON'T STOP HIM! CALL FOR BACKUP!
YOU'VE ALREADY GOT BACKUP.
KABAM KABAM
YAH!
POCKET GRENADES.
IT WOULD APPEAR HAROLD IS TAKING THE JOB OFFER.


YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FORGOT ABOUT THIS BRILLIANT LITTLE—
BEEP BEEP BEEP

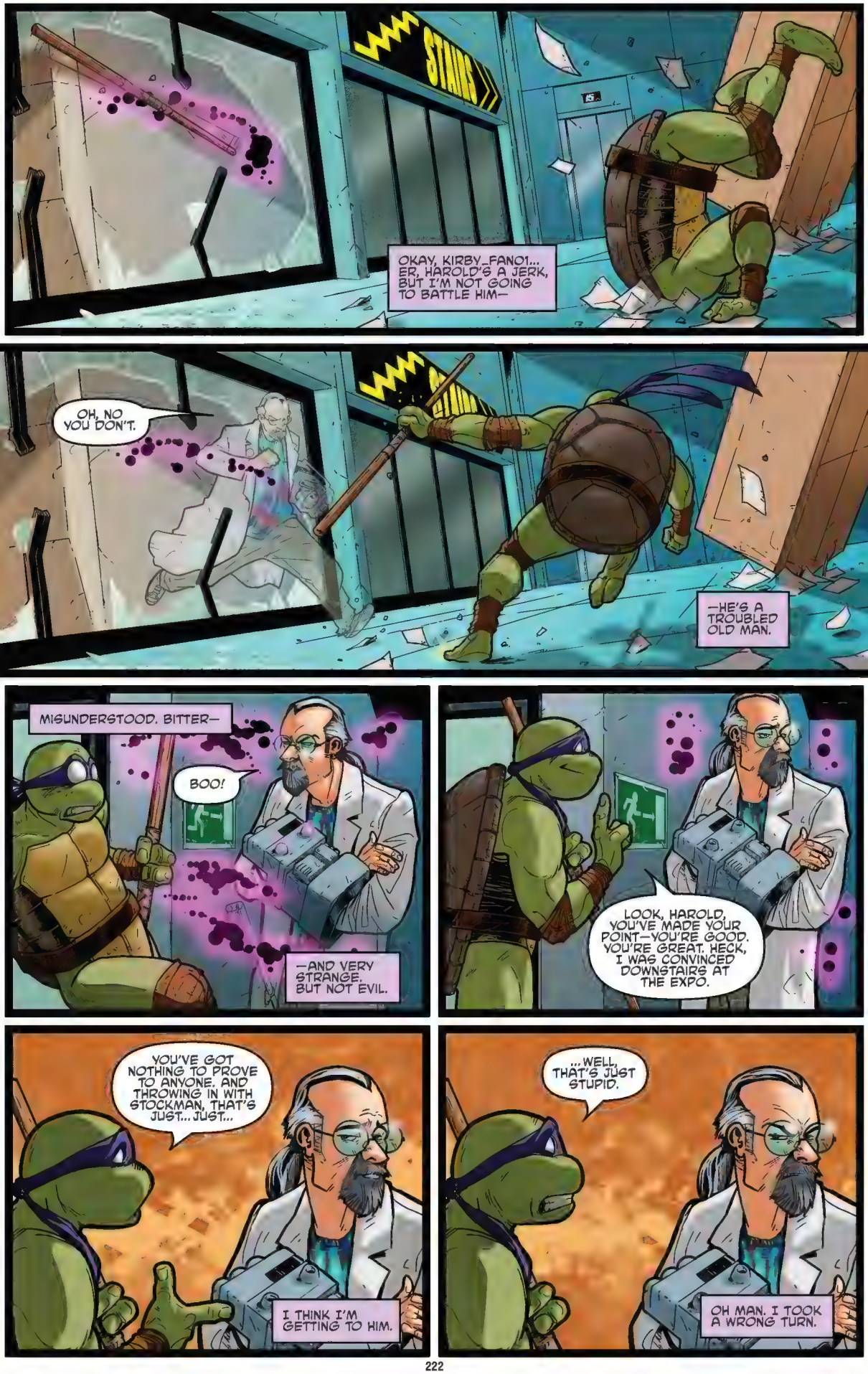

—WELL, CRAP.
KRAK

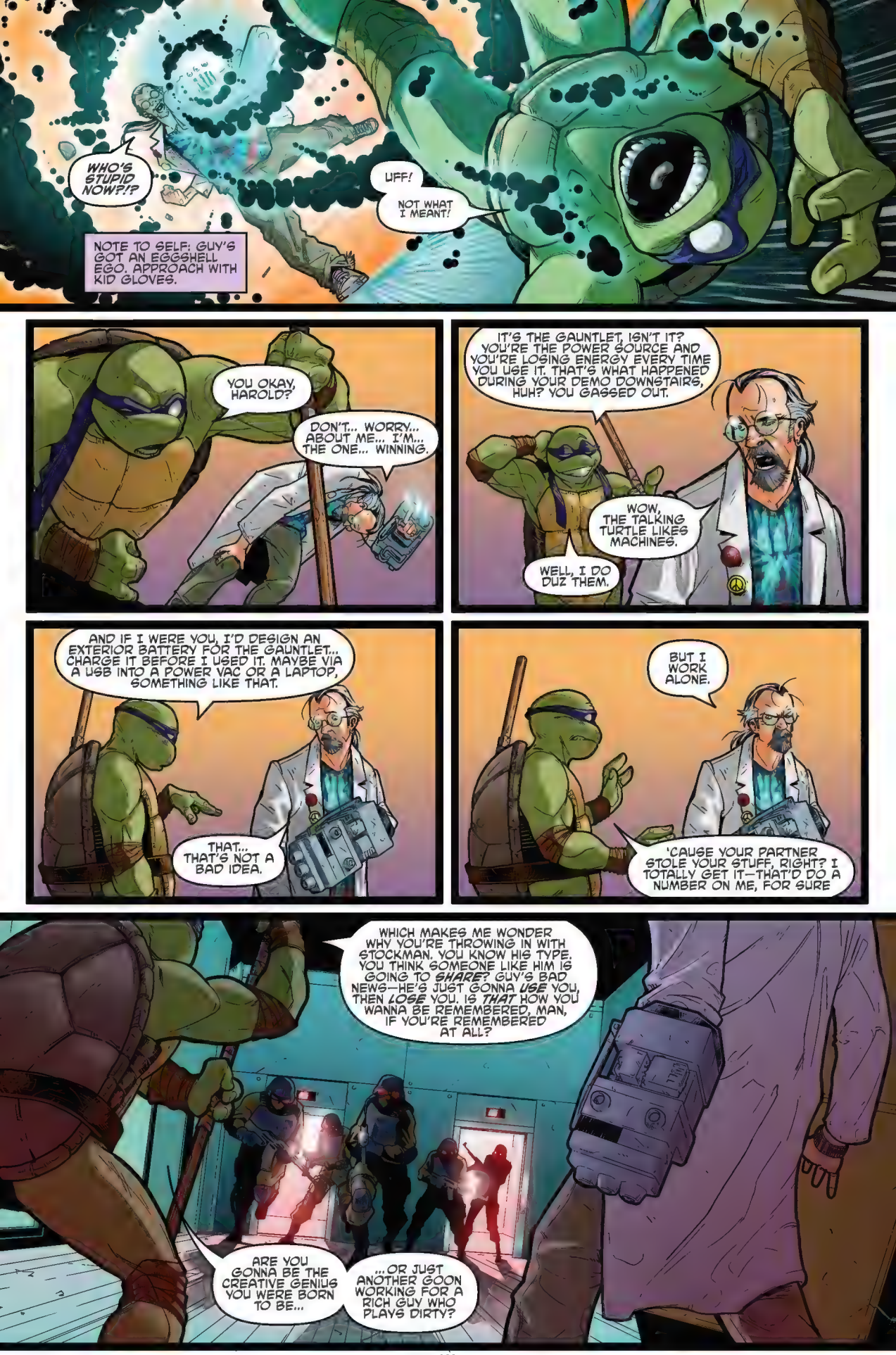

LISTEN. WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT. YOU DIG KIRBY, THAT'S AWESOME. AND FROM YOUR CYBER HANDLE IT WOULD SEEM YOU WERE THE FIRST. SO LET'S START OVER—
START OVER, YES...

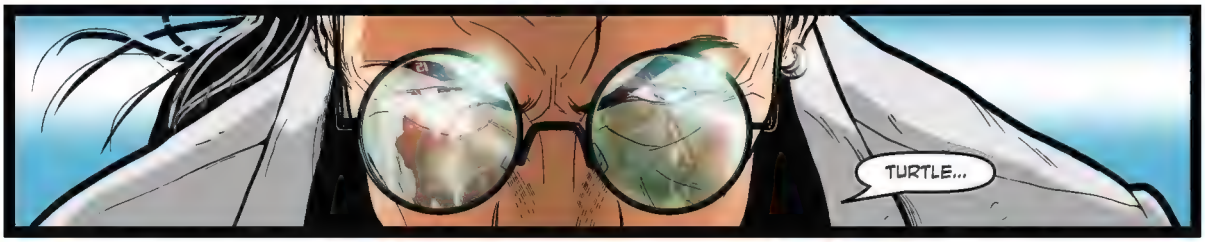
ROUND TWO!


THAT IS COOL. I'M SCARED OUT OF MY GOURD, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT, THAT IS AWESOME.
KURSH
NOBODY WILL DOUBT ME AGAIN! I AM HAROLD UNLEASHED!

TIME TO GO, SIR. REINFORCEMENTS ARE EN ROUTE.
BUT—


STAIRS
OKAY, KIRBY_FAN01... ER, HAROLD'S A JERK, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BATTLE HIM—
OH, NO YOU DON'T.
—HE'S A TROUBLED OLD MAN.
MISUNDERSTOOD. BITTER—
BOO!
—AND VERY STRANGE, BUT NOT EVIL.
LOOK, HAROLD, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT—YOU'RE GOOD. YOU'RE GREAT. HECK, I WAS CONVINCED DOWNSTAIRS AT THE EXPO.
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO PROVE TO ANYONE. AND THROWING IN WITH STOCKMAN, THAT'S JUST... JUST...
I THINK I'M GETTING TO HIM.
...WELL, THAT'S JUST STUPID.
OH MAN. I TOOK A WRONG TURN.


WHO'S STUPID NOW?!?
UFF!
NOT WHAT I MEANT!
NOTE TO SELF: GUY'S GOT AN EGGSHELL EGO. APPROACH WITH KID GLOVES.
YOU OKAY, HAROLD?
DON'T... WORRY... ABOUT ME... I'M... THE ONE... WINNING.
IT'S THE GAUNTLET, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE THE POWER SOURCE AND YOU'RE LOSING ENERGY EVERY TIME YOU USE IT. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED DURING YOUR DEMO DOWNSTAIRS, HUH? YOU GASSED OUT.
WOW, THE TALKING TURTLE LIKES MACHINES.
WELL, I DO DUZ THEM.
AND IF I WERE YOU, I'D DESIGN AN EXTERIOR BATTERY FOR THE GAUNTLET... CHARGE IT BEFORE I USED IT. MAYBE VIA A USB INTO A POWER VAC OR A LAPTOP, SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THAT... THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA.
BUT I WORK ALONE.
'CAUSE YOUR PARTNER STOLE YOUR STUFF, RIGHT? I TOTALLY GET IT—THAT'D DO A NUMBER ON ME, FOR SURE
WHICH MAKES ME WONDER WHY YOU'RE THROWING IN WITH STOCKMAN. YOU KNOW HIS TYPE. YOU THINK SOMEONE LIKE HIM IS GOING TO *SHARE*? GUY'S BAD NEWS—HE'S JUST GONNA *USE* YOU, THEN *LOSE* YOU. IS *THAT* HOW YOU WANNA BE REMEMBERED, MAN, IF YOU'RE REMEMBERED AT ALL?
ARE YOU GONNA BE THE CREATIVE GENIUS YOU WERE BORN TO BE...
...OR JUST ANOTHER GOON WORKING FOR A RICH GUY WHO PLAYS DIRTY?


TURTLE...

...YOU'RE MUCH SMARTER IN PERSON THAN YOU ARE ONLINE.
ALL RIGHT, HAROLD! WELCOME BACK FROM THE DARK SIDE!

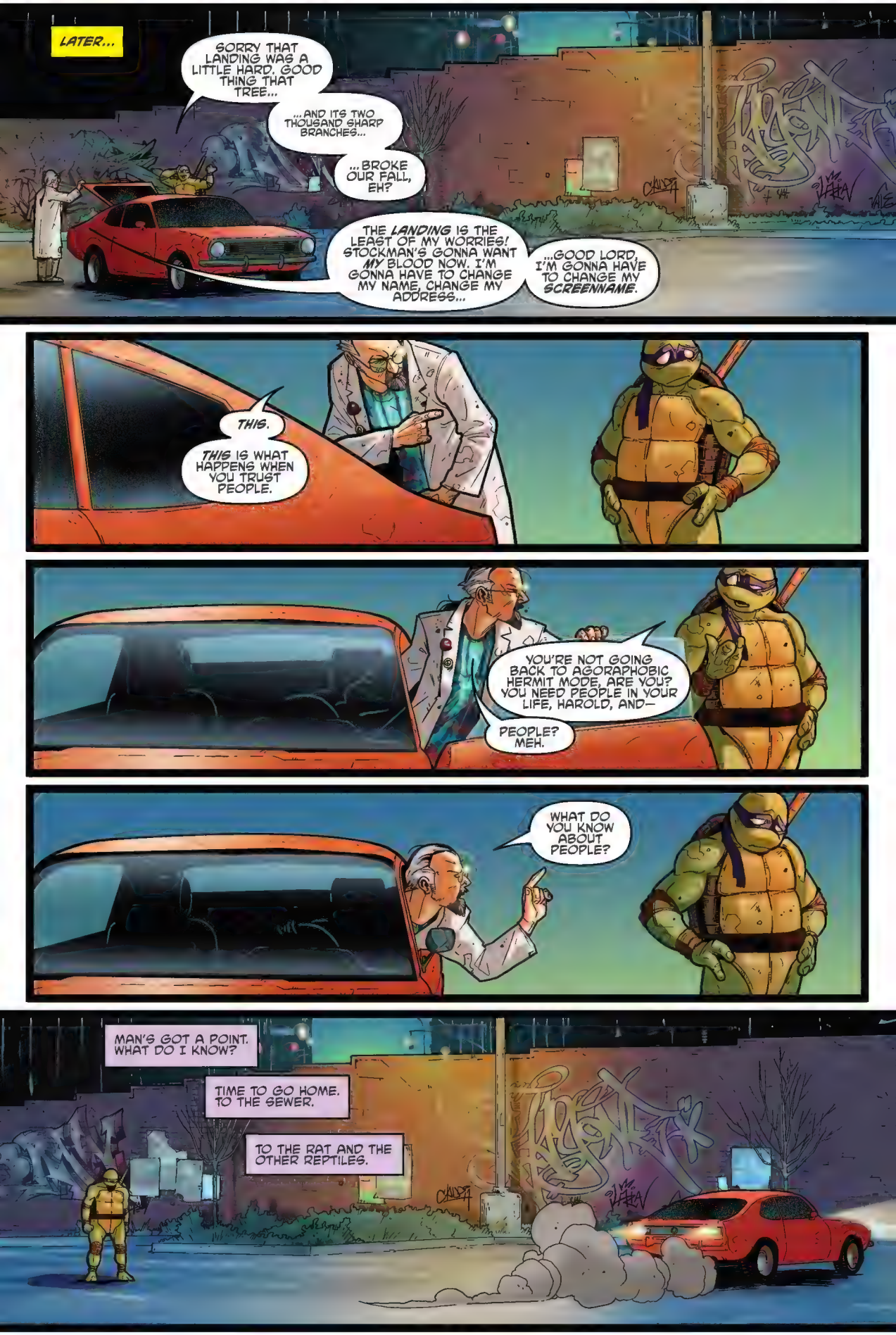
MEH. LET'S NOT MAKE THIS A MOMENT. STOCKMAN WANTS YOUR BLOOD?

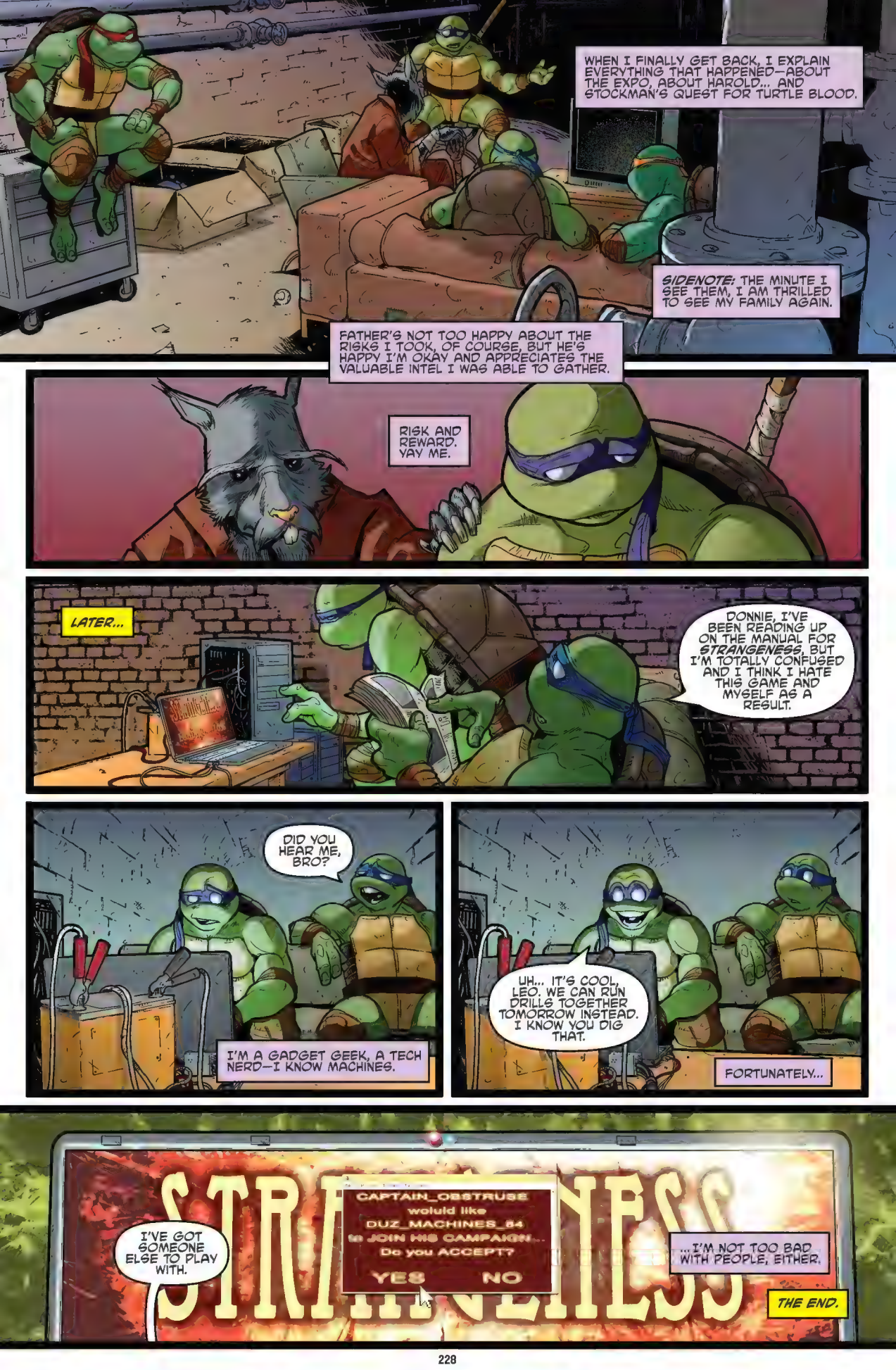
LET HIM GET IT *HIMSELF*.

KERACK
COOL.
I MEAN, NOT THE PART ABOUT HIM GETTING MY BLOOD, THAT WOULD SUCK.
BUT ALL THE OTHER STUFF. COOL.

UNF!
RAAGH!
HAROLD! HAROLD?!?!
RIGHT HERE. I THINK THAT BATTERY IDEA YOU HAD WOULD WORK GREAT FOR MY LIGHT REFRACTION MACHINE, TOO. MAN... I'M BEAT.
HAROLD! THANK GOD! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HIT.
OKAY, RECKLESS STRATEGY IS ABOUT TO TURN INTO TWO DEAD TECHY NERDS IF I DON'T GET US OUT OF HERE QUICK.
HAROLD, LET ME BORROW YOUR ANTI-GRAV GAUNTLET JUST FOR A SEC, OKAY?
TRUST ME. SO FAR, YOU'VE BEEN ITS BATTERY...
...LET'S SEE HOW IT RUNS ON TURTLE POWER.

BUT...
QUIET, KIRBY_FAN01...
...AND HOLD ON!
KRRSSH
SIR, SHOULD WE GO WITH THE RUNNER-UP, THEN?
SHUT UP. JUST... SHUT UP.


LATER...
SORRY THAT LANDING WAS A LITTLE HARD. GOOD THING THAT TREE...
...AND ITS TWO THOUSAND SHARP BRANCHES...
...BROKE OUR FALL, EH?
THE LANDING IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES! STOCKMAN'S GONNA WANT MY BLOOD NOW. I'M GONNA HAVE TO CHANGE MY NAME, CHANGE MY ADDRESS...
...GOOD LORD, I'M GONNA HAVE TO CHANGE MY SCREENNAME.
THIS.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRUST PEOPLE.
YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO AGORAPHOBIC HERMIT MODE, ARE YOU? YOU NEED PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE, HAROLD, AND—
PEOPLE? MEH.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PEOPLE?
MAN'S GOT A POINT. WHAT DO I KNOW?
TIME TO GO HOME. TO THE SEWER.
TO THE RAT AND THE OTHER REPTILES.

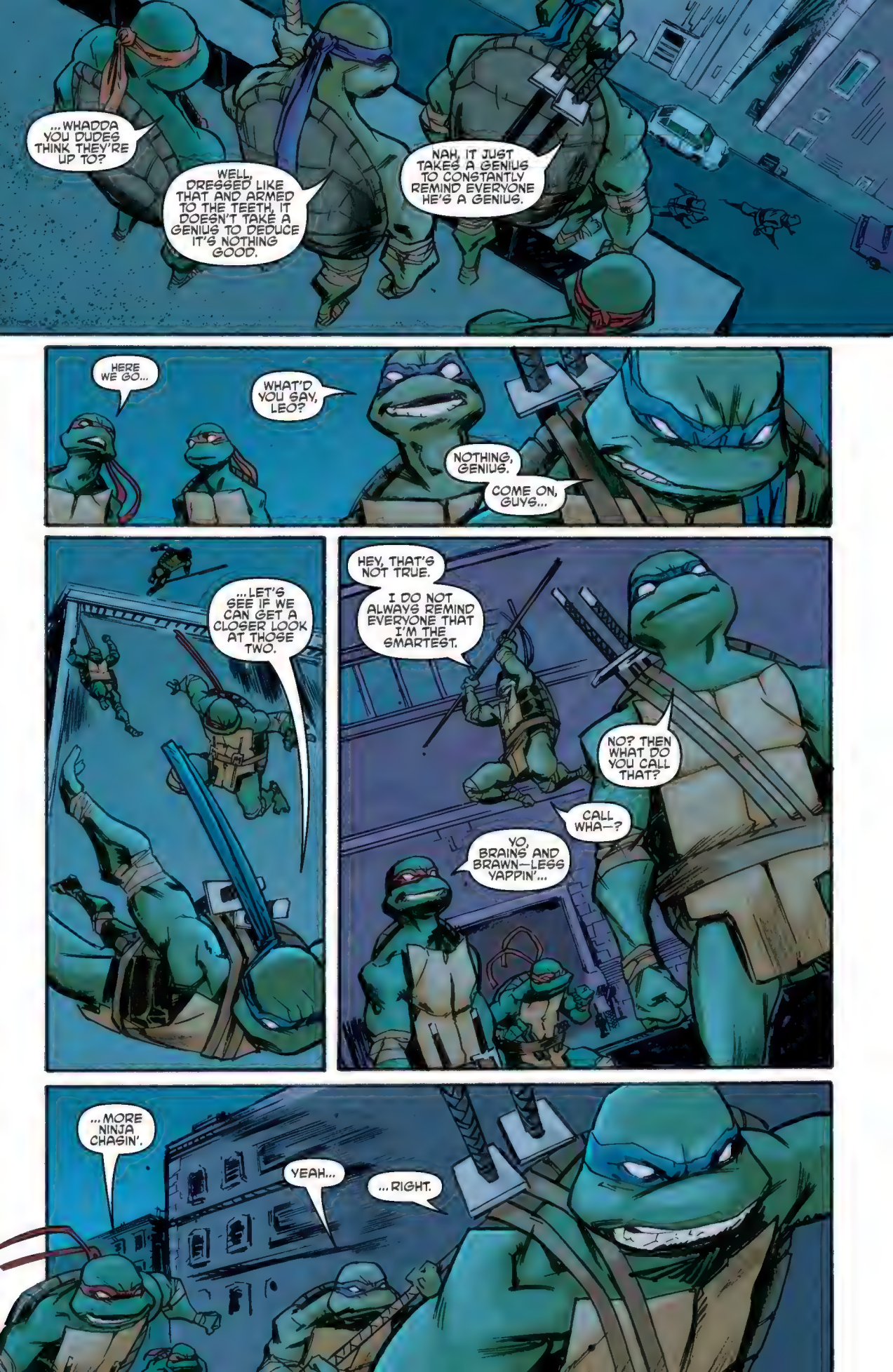

WHEN I FINALLY GET BACK, I EXPLAIN EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED—ABOUT THE EXPO, ABOUT HAROLD... AND STOCKMAN'S QUEST FOR TURTLE BLOOD.
SIDENOTE: THE MINUTE I SEE THEM, I AM THRILLED TO SEE MY FAMILY AGAIN.
FATHER'S NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT THE RISKS I TOOK, OF COURSE, BUT HE'S HAPPY I'M OKAY AND APPRECIATES THE VALUABLE INTEL I WAS ABLE TO GATHER.
RISK AND REWARD. YAY ME.
LATER...
DONNIE, I'VE BEEN READING UP ON THE MANUAL FOR STRANGENESS, BUT I'M TOTALLY CONFUSED AND I THINK I HATE THIS GAME AND MYSELF AS A RESULT.
DID YOU HEAR ME, BRO?
I'M A GADGET GEEK, A TECH NERD—I KNOW MACHINES.
UH... IT'S COOL, LEO. WE CAN RUN DRILLS TOGETHER TOMORROW INSTEAD. I KNOW YOU DIG THAT.
FORTUNATELY...
STRANGENESS
CAPTAIN_OBSTRUSE would like DUZ_MACHINES_84 to JOIN HIS CAMPAIGN... Do you ACCEPT?
YES
NO
I'VE GOT SOMEONE ELSE TO PLAY WITH.
...I'M NOT TOO BAD WITH PEOPLE, EITHER.
THE END.

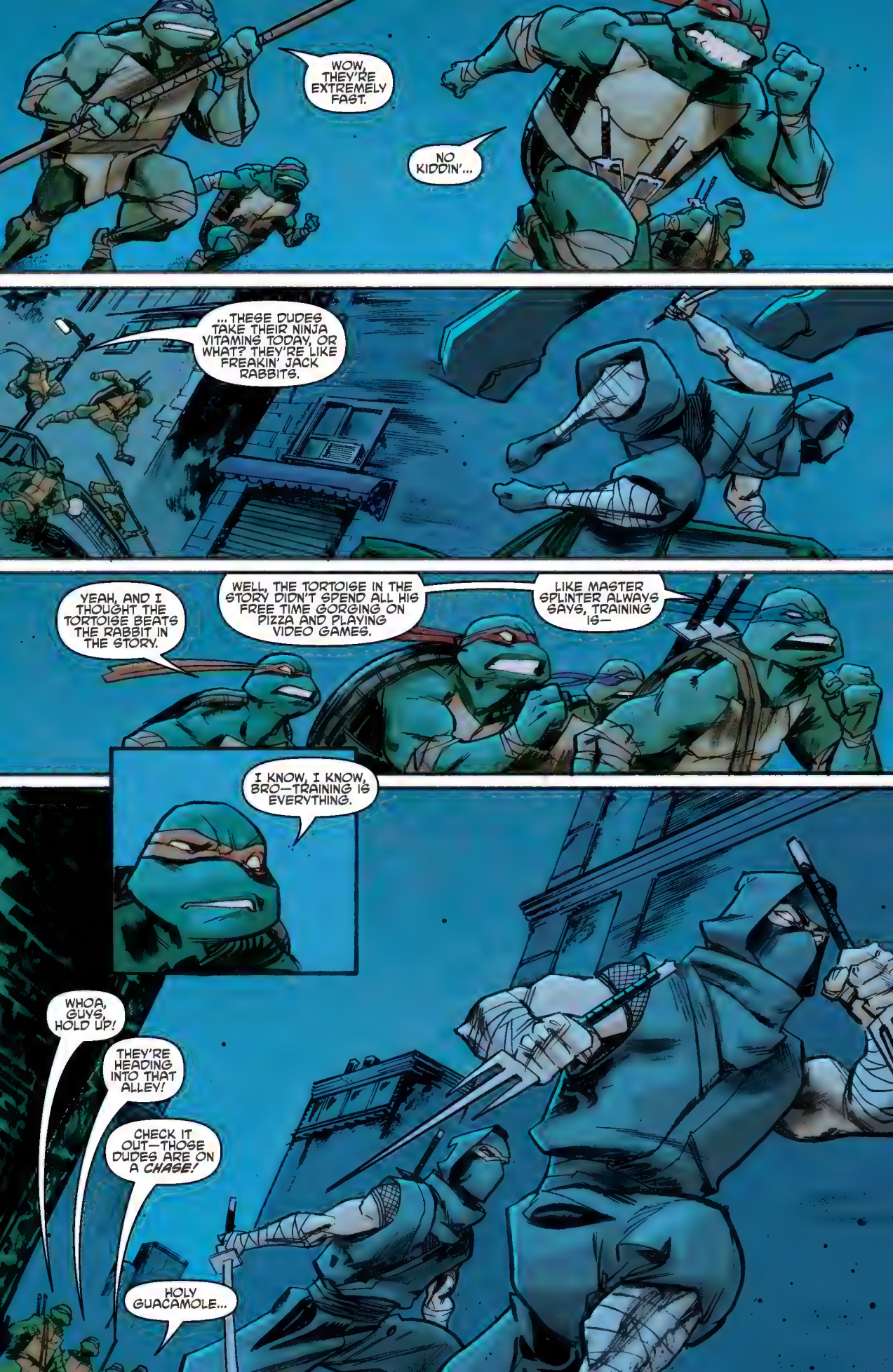
art by VALERIO SCHITI
colors by CLAUDIA SCARLETGOTHICA

a.c. by DAN DUNCAN

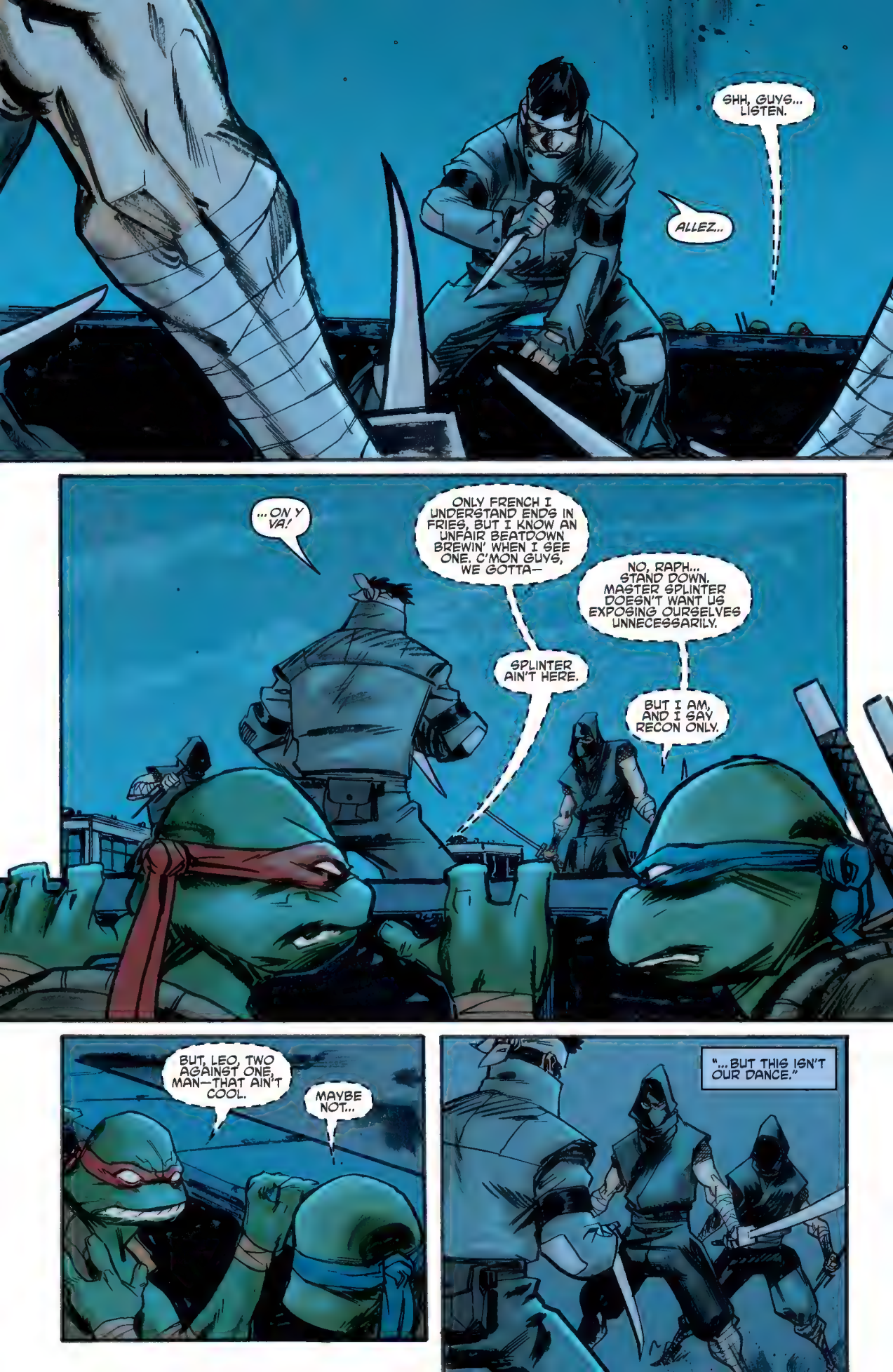
ISSUE #6

PRESENT DAY.
LOOK AT 'EM GO...


...WHADDA YOU DUDES THINK THEY'RE UP TO?
WELL, DRESSED LIKE THAT AND ARMED TO THE TEETH, IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO DEDUCE IT'S NOTHING GOOD.
NAH, IT JUST TAKES A GENIUS TO CONSTANTLY REMIND EVERYONE HE'S A GENIUS.
HERE WE GO...
WHAT'D YOU SAY, LEO?
NOTHING, GENIUS.
COME ON, GUYS...
...LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE TWO.
HEY, THAT'S NOT TRUE.
I DO NOT ALWAYS REMIND EVERYONE THAT I'M THE SMARTEST.
NO? THEN WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?
CALL WHA—?
YO, BRAINS AND BRAWN—LESS YAPPIN'...
...MORE NINJA CHASIN'.
YEAH...
...RIGHT.


WOW, THEY'RE EXTREMELY FAST.
NO KIDDIN'...
... THESE DUDES TAKE THEIR NINJA VITAMINS TODAY, OR WHAT? THEY'RE LIKE FREAKIN' JACK RABBITS.
YEAH, AND I THOUGHT THE TORTOISE BEATS THE RABBIT IN THE STORY.
WELL, THE TORTOISE IN THE STORY DIDN'T SPEND ALL HIS FREE TIME GORGING ON PIZZA AND PLAYING VIDEO GAMES.
LIKE MASTER SPLINTER ALWAYS SAYS, TRAINING IS—
I KNOW, I KNOW, BRO—TRAINING IS EVERYTHING.
WHOA, GUYS, HOLD UP!
THEY'RE HEADING INTO THAT ALLEY!
CHECK IT OUT—THOSE DUDES ARE ON A *CHASE!*
HOLY GUACAMOLE...

"...FIRST BUNNY RABBITS, NOW HUMAN PINBALLS!"
THE WAY HE'S MOVING... THAT LOOKS LIKE *PARKOUR.*
PAR-WHAT?
PARKOUR. IT'S FRENCH. BASICALLY MOVEMENTS THAT FOCUS ON NAVIGATING AROUND OBSTACLES WITH SPEED AND EFFICIENCY.
EXACTLY.
GREAT... SO YOU TWO FINALLY AGREE ON SOMETHIN'. BUT WHAT'S THIS PAR... PARK... UH, FRENCH GYMNAST GUY DOIN' RUNNIN' AWAY FROM TWO MYSTERY NINJA?
GREAT QUESTION, RAPH.
EXACTLY.
CRIPES, WHO'DA THOUGHT NERD NINJA AND CAPTAIN BUTT-KISS WOULD BE EVEN MORE ANNOYIN' WHEN THEY'RE NOT ARGUIN'?
EXACTLY.


SHH, GUYS... LISTEN.
ALLEZ...
...ON Y VA!
ONLY FRENCH I UNDERSTAND ENDS IN FRIES, BUT I KNOW AN UNFAIR BEATDOWN BREWIN' WHEN I SEE ONE. C'MON GUYS, WE GOTTA—
NO, RAPH... STAND DOWN. MASTER SPLINTER DOESN'T WANT US EXPOSING OURSELVES UNNECESSARILY.
SPLINTER AIN'T HERE.
BUT I AM, AND I SAY RECON ONLY.
BUT, LEO, TWO AGAINST ONE, MAN—THAT AIN'T COOL.
MAYBE NOT...
"...BUT THIS ISN'T OUR DANCE."

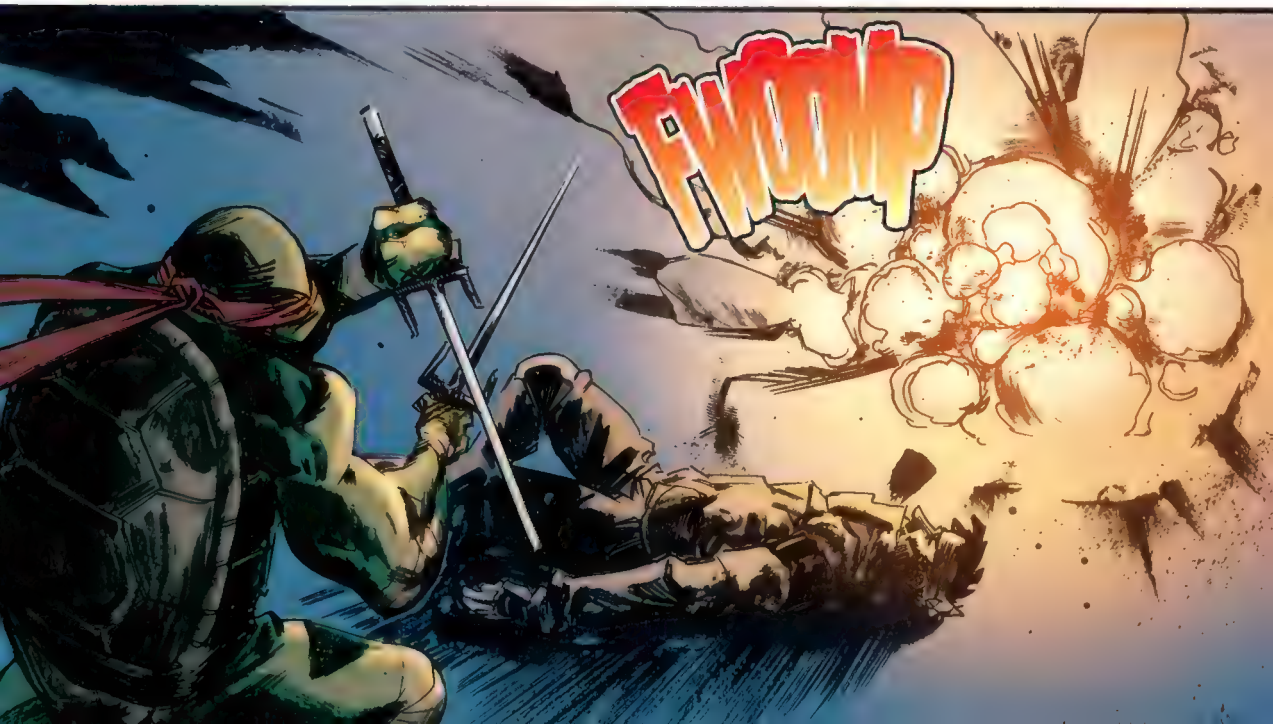
RAGH!
TROP DOUCEMENT!
GRRAHH!

DAAAAMN...
OFF ME!
MY TURN.
FWAK
BON...
...À TOI.
YAARGH!

DIE.
G-GHRLG...

OH, HELL NO!
RAPH! I SAID STAY OUT OF IT!

DO WHAT YOU WANT, MAN. I'M GONNA EVEN THE—

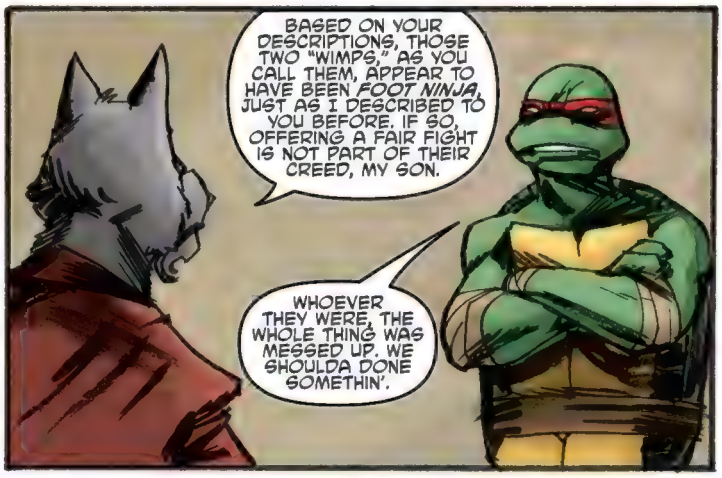

FWOOP

WHOA. NINJA GRENADE.
L... LA...
GUYS! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
DAMMIT! WHERE THE HELL'D THEY GO?!
IT'S OKAY, MAN, WE'LL GET YOU HELP. JUST HOLD ON.
LA... UNF... GUERRE...
...EST EN ROUTE.
HE'S... GONE.
BUT... WHAT WAS HE SAYIN'?
WELL, MY FRENCH ISN'T NEARLY AS GOOD AS MY HTML, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE HE SAID...
"...WAR IS COMING."

"HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED BASEBALL, MR. HOB?"
STOCKC
RESEAR
BASE... HUH?
AH, YES, I KEEP FORGETTING THAT YOU'VE JUST *RECENTLY* JOINED THE RANKS OF THE BIPEDAL AND COGNIZANT. THE ONLY TYPE OF BALL YOU'VE MOST LIKELY HAD EXPERIENCE WITH IS OF THE *ROLLED-YARN* VARIETY, I'M GUESSING.
YEAH, I KNOW WHAT BASEBALL IS—I AIN'T STUPID. WHAT'S YOUR POINT, STOCKMAN?
MY POINT IS, IN BASEBALL, ONE IS ALLOWED THREE STRIKES BEFORE ONE IS CONSIDERED OUT.
YOU HAVE CONFRONTED OUR RAT AND REPTILE FRIENDS TWICE NOW, MR. HOB, AND BOTH TIMES, DARE I SAY, YOU HAVE SWUNG AND YOU HAVE *MISSED*.
AS A RESULT, YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE ON THE CUSP OF YOUR VERY OWN THIRD STRIKE.
DON'T PUSH IT, STOCKMAN. I FOUND 'EM LIKE I SAID I WOULD, BUT TURNS OUT THE DOUGH YOU BEEN SUPPLYIN' ME AIN'T EXACTLY ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THE KINDA HELP I NEED TO TAKE THOSE CHUMPS DOWN.
HOW VERY INTERESTING THAT YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, MR. HOB...
AND WHAT, PRECISELY, DO YOU REQUIRE TO AVOID THE PROVERBIAL THIRD STRIKE, HM?
THE WAY THEM FREAKS FIGHT, I NEED AN ARMY. A BADASS FRIGGIN' ARMY.

ble immediately
break if interested
tact April
555-4775
555-4775
555-4775
WHAT THE HELL YOU GOT THERE, MUTT?
IT'S... NOTHIN'. JUST A PHONE NUMBER FOR A JOB I'M THINKIN' 'BOUT TAKIN'.
A JOB?! HA! WHO YOU KIDDIN', HUH? YOU CAN'T EVEN KEEP YOUR DUMB BUTT ON THAT DAMN HOCKEY TEAM.
JOB, MY ASS.
YEAH, WELL...
...WHAT THE HELL D'YOU KNOW, ANYWAYS?
STUPID, WORTHLESS DRUNK.

AND THE WARRIOR WHO WAS KILLED—YOU SAY HE WAS SPEAKING *FRENCH*?
YES, MASTER SPLINTER. AND BEFORE THAT, HE WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE THE OTHER TWO NINJA USING *PARKOUR* MOVES.
HIS FIGHTING STYLE WAS SOMETHING I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, THOUGH.
WHATEVER HE WAS USING, IT AIN'T RIGHT WHAT HAPPENED. WE SHOULDA HELPED THAT GUY OUT, LEO. THOSE OTHER WIMPS HAD 'IM OUTNUMBERED, MAN.


BASED ON YOUR DESCRIPTIONS, THOSE TWO "WIMPS," AS YOU CALL THEM, APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN *FOOT NINJA*, JUST AS I DESCRIBED TO YOU BEFORE. IF SO, OFFERING A FAIR FIGHT IS NOT PART OF THEIR CREED, MY SON.
WHOEVER THEY WERE, THE WHOLE THING WAS MESSED UP. WE SHOULDA DONE SOMETHIN'.

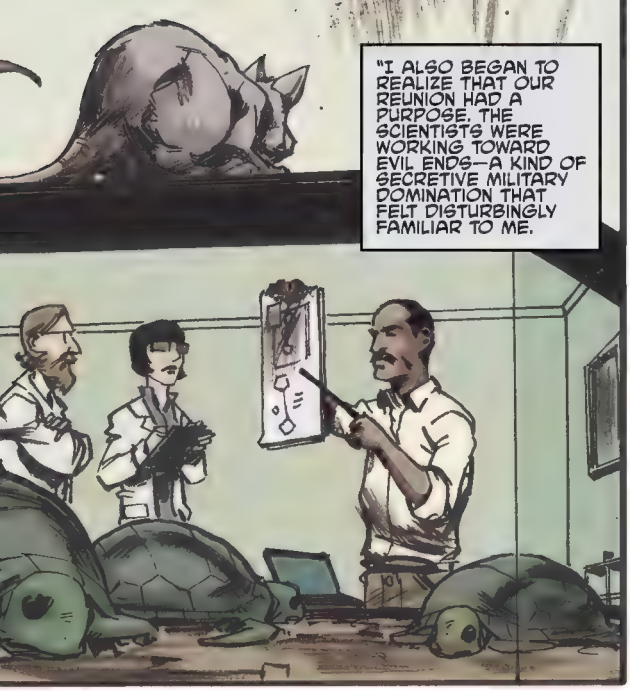
AS NOBLE AS YOUR INTENTIONS WOULD HAVE BEEN, RAPHAEL, I BELIEVE IT WAS FOR THE BEST THAT THE FOUR OF YOU REMAINED NEUTRAL AS YOU DID.
WE MAY KNOW WHO SOME OF OUR ADVERSARIES ARE, BUT WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN WHO ELSE MAY BE AN ENEMY TO US—OR AN ALLY, FOR THAT MATTER.

SAVATE!
SAY WHAT?
NO, MIKEY—*SAVATE*. THE FIGHTING STYLE THE FRENCH GUY WAS USING WAS *SAVATE*. IT'S A FRENCH MARTIAL-ARTS SYSTEM THAT'S BEEN AROUND SINCE AT LEAST THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY.

FRENCH DUDE ROCKIN' FRENCH FU. MAKES SENSE.

FRENCH MARTIAL ARTISTS, THE FOOT, OLD HOB... THE FOUR OF US—
—WHY WOULD THIS BE HAPPENING NOW, FATHER? AFTER ALL THIS TIME?
IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS TRUE, MY SON...
...THEN WE ARE FATED TO CONFRONT OUR FOES FROM OUR PREVIOUS LIVES ONCE AGAIN.
I... I JUST HAVE A HARD TIME BELIEVING THAT, MASTER.
FATE? DESTINY? IT ALL JUST SEEMS TOO *DEUS EX MACHINA* TO ME.
AND YET, DONATELLO, HERE WE STAND.
GENETIC MUTATIONS I CAN ACCEPT. HECK, MULTI-NATIONAL NINJA GANGS, TOO, FOR THAT MATTER. BUT *REINCARNATION?*
I'M SORRY, THERE'S JUST NO SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR THAT.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR DOUBTS, MY SON...

"...BUT SCIENCE DID *INDEED* PLAY A ROLE IN OUR RETURN.
"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I FIRST AWOKE IN THE LABORATORY.
"THE LAST THING I COULD REMEMBER WAS A SHADOWY IMAGE OF A SWORD BLADE SLASHING TOWARD MY NECK...
"...AND SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF PIERCED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF SWORD.
"A SWORD THAT DID NOT SLAY ME, BUT FREED ME INSTEAD.
"FOR, AS TIME PASSED, THE SCIENTISTS' INJECTIONS OPENED MY MIND, ENHANCING MY THOUGHTS AND UNLOCKING THE DOOR TO DISTANT MEMORIES, SHOWING ME I WAS MUCH MORE THAN A MERE RAT IN A CAGE.
"AND WHEN I DISCOVERED THE FOUR OF YOU—SMALL TURTLES LIVING CONTENTEDLY INSIDE A GLASS CONTAINER—I KNEW, IN MY HEART OF HEARTS, THAT MY PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED AND THAT, DESPITE OROKU SAKI'S MOST HEINOUS EFFORTS...
"...WE HAD FOUND EACH OTHER AGAIN."


"I ALSO BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT OUR REUNION HAD A PURPOSE. THE SCIENTISTS WERE WORKING TOWARD EVIL ENDS—A KIND OF SECRETIVE MILITARY DOMINATION THAT FELT DISTURBINGLY FAMILIAR TO ME.

"EVENTUALLY, THERE WAS ONE WHO CAME TO WORK AT THE LABORATORY WHO POSSESSED AN AURA OF GOODNESS, AND I DID MY BEST TO WARN HER OF THE DANGERS I BELIEVED SURROUNDED US ALL.

"DANGERS THAT WERE FURTHER CONFIRMED WHEN THE FOOT NINJA, OUR MORTAL ENEMY FROM THE DISTANT PAST, INFILTRATED THE LABORATORY..."

...WHICH BROUGHT US TO WHERE WE ARE TODAY—A FAMILY REUNITED THROUGH BOTH SCIENTIFIC WONDERS AND COSMIC MYSTERIES. DIFFERENT... AND YET THE SAME.
BUT WHY THIS WAY, FATHER? IF WE WERE HUMANS BEFORE, WHY ARE WE LIKE... LIKE *THIS* NOW?

I DO NOT KNOW, MY SON, BUT ULTIMATELY IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT MATTERS MOST, NOT THE VESSEL. WHATEVER THE REASON, I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE...

"...IT IS NOT A MISTAKE."
NY TECH DORM HALL H
THIS IS A MISTAKE...
...NO ONE'S GONNA HIRE ME FOR NO JOB.
MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH.
HELLO?
UM, HI. I... UH... CALLED EARLIER. ABOUT AN AD ON THE, UH, COMMONS BULLETIN BOARD.
OH... YEAH. YOU'RE HERE FOR MY ROOMMATE. HOLD ON A SEC.
HI. YOU MUST BE CASEY...

...I'M APRIL.
WHOA.

SO, MR. HOB, YOU SAY AN ARMY IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE TO FINALLY SUBDUE OUR RENEGADE RODENT AND HIS REPTILE *PROTÉGÉS*, HM?
UH, IF YOU'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT THAT SCRAWNY RAT AND THOSE SLIMY TURTLES, THEN, YEAH... AN ARMY'D BE REAL GOOD.
WELL, AS FORTUNE WOULD HAVE IT, STOCKGEN HAS BEEN DEVELOPING AN ARMY OF SORTS IN RECENT MONTHS, ONE THAT I BELIEVE CAN BE HELPFUL IN YOUR RECOVERY EFFORTS.
HOLY...
IMPRESSIVE, AREN'T THEY? WE'VE BEEN DEVELOPING THEM AS PART OF A PROGRAM TO LOCATE AND DESTROY I.E.D.S ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
I.E.D.S?
IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVICES.
...
A BOOBY TRAP THAT GOES BOOM.
AH. GOTCHA.

ANYWAY, I'VE ASKED THE TECHNICIANS TO RECALIBRATE THE DEVICES TO WORK IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR PARTICULAR MISSION.
THERE IS SOME MANUAL CONTROL REQUIRED, BUT EVEN SOMEONE WITH YOUR LIMITED ABILITIES CAN BE TRAINED TO MANIPULATE THEM AS NEEDED.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
PERHAPS A DEMONSTRATION IS IN ORDER.
SLAM
WHAT THE...?
NOW, MR. HOB, I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW MUCH I CAN *PUSH* THINGS, YOU IMPUDENT FOOL.
CLICK
ACTIVATE

AW... HELL.
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. HOB...
...HELL IS ABOUT TO BE UNLEASHED.
GAH!
SNAP
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', STOCKMAN?!
QUALITY ASSURANCE TESTING, MR. HOB...

...AFTER ALL, I WANT TO ENSURE YOUR NEW ARMY IS FULLY FUNCTIONAL.
I NEED TO CONFIRM THAT, UNLIKE YOUR OWN SERVICES TO THIS POINT, THEY COME TO ME AS ADVERTISED.
KRRSH
DAMMIT!
AHH!
CRNNCH
I JUST WANT TO KNOW THAT THIS TIME I'M GETTING EXACTLY WHAT I'VE PAID FOR.
CALL THESE CRAZY THINGS OFF!
PLEASE.
THESE "CRAZY THINGS," AS YOU DESCRIBE THEM, HAVE A NAME. THE LONG FORM IS "MINEFIELD ORDNANCE UNARMING SYSTEM ENHANCED ROBOTS."

I CALL THEM MOUSERS, FOR SHORT.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

ISSUE #7

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

THE PLANET NEUTRINO.
BLAST IT ALL!
HOW MANY *KIA* THIS TIME, CAPTAIN TRAGG?
SIX *STONE SOLDIERS*, GENERAL KRANG--SOME OF THE BEST FROM OUR SPEC-OPS GROUP. THEY'D RUN AT LEAST A DOZEN SUCCESSFUL RAIDS AGAINST THE *NRF* BEFORE THIS AMBUSH.
AMBUSH? IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL THIS, TRAGG? WE LOSE SIX GOOD SOLDIERS AND THE *NEUTRINO RESISTANCE FIGHTERS* LOSE ONE.
ME? I'D CALL IT A CATASTROPHE.
I WILL *NOT* STAND FOR THIS!
SERGEANT GRANITOR, GET US BACK TO BURNOW ISLAND *NOW!*
YES, SIR.
BURNOW COMMAND, THIS IS GRANITOR. ENGAGE *TELEPORTATION*.
COPY, SERGEANT. ENGAGING NOW.

BURNOW ISLAND.
WELCOME BACK, GENERAL KRA—
SAVE THE NICETIES, LIEUTENANT POGUE. HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO GET A HOLD OF THAT IMBECILE STOCKMAN YET?
N-NO, SIR. WE'VE TRIED NUMEROUS TIMES, BUT HE HAS YET TO RESPOND, GENERAL.
TELL MY PILOT TO GET MY PLANE READY—I'M GOING TO PAY THE DOCTOR A VISIT. IT'S HIGH TIME HE AND I GET TOGETHER...
FOOM
...FOR A LITTLE FACE-TO-FACE.

NEW YORK CITY.
MAN, I'M SO STOKED YOU'RE FINALLY GONNA MEET WOODY, BRO! HE'S SUCH A RIGHTEOUS DUDE—HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT?
YEAH, MIKEY, YOU MENTIONED IT...
...'BOUT A ZILLION TIMES.

RUPERT'S PIZZERIA
WHOA. I BEEN HERE BEFORE—BACK WHEN I WAS LIVIN' ON THE STREETS. USED TO BE A GOOD PLACE TO DUMPSTER DIVE.
NO WAY! YOU CAME THROUGH HERE WHEN WE WERE LOOKIN' FOR YOU AND WE NEVER BUMPED INTO EACH OTHER? THAT'S WAY BIZARRE, MAN.

TELL ME 'BOUT IT. I GOT A BUNCHA GOOD GRUB HERE UNTIL SOME GRUMPY OLD GUY FINALLY RAN ME OFF.
HA! THAT MUSTA BEEN OL' MAN RUPERT, DUDE WHO OWNS THE PLACE. YEAH, HE CAN BE PRETTY HARSH.
BUT DON'T WORRY, BRO, 'CAUSE WOODY'S SUPER COOL—HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT? HE CAUGHT US IN THE DUMPSTER, TOO, LIKE A YEAR AGO...

"...A DAY THAT WILL LIVE IN PIZZA-CHOMPIN' INFAMY!"
YO, WHADDA YOU DUDES THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?!

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THAT GARBAGE, MAN. WOULDN'T YOU RATHER DIG INTO...
...THIS?!
"IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. YOU NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO PRETTY, BRO... OR CHEESY."
RUPERT'S PIZZERIA
AND WOODY'S BEEN LIKE MY BFF EVER SINCE— BEST FOOD FRIEND!
AND IT DOESN'T BOTHER HIM THAT WE'RE... YOU KNOW...?
MEAN, GREEN, FIGHTIN' MACHINES? NAH, HE SAYS US WEIRDOES GOTTA STICK TOGETHER. 'SIDES, I'M PRETTY SURE HE THINKS WE'RE MARTIANS. HE'S TOTALLY RAD—HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
ZZERIA
YO, MIKESTER! BINGO...
...BONGO!

WOODY DIRKINS, I WANNA INTRO YOU TO MY BRO RAPHAEL—ONCE LOST BUT NOW FOUND... AND AN EXCELLENT DUDE TO BOOT.
ALL RIGHT, RAPH! MAN, YOUR BROTHERS WERE BUSTIN' THEIR HUMPS TRYIN' TO FIND YOU FOR THE LONGEST TIME. REALLY GLAD IT WORKED OUT.
YEAH, ME, TOO. AND IT'S COOL TO FINALLY MEET YOU—MIKEY TALKS ABOUT YOU... A LOT.
HEH. THAT'S 'CAUSE THE MIKESTER DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER.
PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU PUT SOME KINDA HYPNOTIC POTION IN THE PIZZA, MAN—MESSIN' WITH MY MIND AND MY TASTE BUDS.
YOU KNOW IT. SPEAKIN' OF TASTE BUDS, I THREW IN A LARGE ANTIPASTO SALAD FOR YOUR DAD, TOO—EXTRA OLIVES, JUST THE WAY THAT RAT-MAN DIGS IT.
SWEET. THANKS!
DON'T MENTION IT, AMIGO... ESPECIALLY TO OL' MAN RUPERT. HEH.
RUPERTS PIZZERIA
ALL RIGHTY, I GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK, FELLAS. WAS GOOD MEETIN' YOU, RAPH.
AND, MIKEY—YOU DA REPTILE!
YOU DA MAN!
THAT IS ONE KICK-BUTT DUDE. HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT?

I JUST DON'T BUY IT, LEO. I...
...I JUST CAN'T.
BUT YOU SAW IT FOR YOURSELF, DONNIE—THOSE WERE *FOOT NINJA* ON THAT ROOF FIGHTING AGAINST THAT FRENCH GUY.*
*As seen in TMNT #6 – B.C.
NO, I SAW NINJA FIGHTING THE *SAVATE* DUDE—IT WAS MASTER SPLINTER WHO SAID THEY WERE FOOT NINJA, AND HE WASN'T EVEN THERE.
YEAH, BUT WE DESCRIBED THEM TO HIM PRETTY ACCURATELY. IF ANYONE KNOWS WHAT A FOOT NINJA LOOKS LIKE, IT'S FATHER.
AND THERE'S *THAT*, TOO, MAN. FATHER SAYS HE KNOWS WHAT THE FOOT LOOK LIKE BECAUSE HE USED TO BE ONE IN FEUDAL JAPAN... WHICH IS CRAZY.
C'MON, LEO... *REINCARNATION?* THAT SOUNDS ABOUT AS BELIEVABLE AS ONE OF MIKEY'S GOOFY COMIC BOOK STORIES.
IF IT'S TRUE, WHY IS IT HE REMEMBERS THE PAST AND WE DON'T?
YOU KNOW, I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT.
I MEAN... SOMETIMES WHEN I'M DREAMING, I... SEE THINGS. LITTLE FLASHES THAT SEEM SO REAL, LIKE... LIKE THEY HAPPENED TO ME. SOMETIMES I EVEN SEE...
...HER.

WHO?
DOESN'T MATTER.
WHATEVER. ALL I KNOW IS, I'M WILLING TO GIVE FATHER THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT, BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT THINGS ON BLIND FAITH, EITHER. I NEED SOME KIND OF EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE FIRST.
MAYBE LOOKING INTO THIS OROKU SAKI LEGEND IS THE PLACE TO START. AT LEAST THAT GIVES US AN ACTUAL NAME TO CHASE, EVEN IF HE'S LONG DEAD.
LOOK, DON, I GET THAT YOU'VE GOT QUESTIONS. HECK, SO DO I—A BUNCH. BUT RIGHT NOW I THINK IT'S BEST TO RESPECT WHAT SENSEI SAYS AND WAIT FOR THINGS TO COME TO US.
COME TO US?
"LEO, WE LIVE IN THE SEWER...
"...WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU THINK IS GONNA COME TO US HERE?"

KRRRSH

NEW YORK TECH UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM.
HE-YAH!
GOOD!
THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD, APRIL—YOU'RE REALLY STARTIN' TO GET THE HANG OF THIS. YOU JUST GOTTA REMEMBER TO USE YOUR HIPS MORE, LIKE YOU'RE SWINGIN' A BASEBALL BAT. YOU CAN'T JUST USE YOUR ARM STRENGTH.
SO, ARE YOU SAYING I'VE GOT WIMPY ARMS?
UH... NO... I JUST MEANT—
I'M TEASING YOU, CASEY. THE ADVICE REALLY HELPS—THANKS.

NOW, JUST LET ME CHANGE AND THEN I CAN HELP *YOU* WITH THAT ENGLISH PAPER YOU NEED TO WRITE.
YEAH, WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD, UH... SKIP THAT. I... I DIDN'T BRING A PENCIL OR PAPER OR NOTHIN'.
YEP, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID LAST TIME.
LADIES
BUT DON'T WORRY, 'CAUSE I HAVE PLENTY FOR BOTH OF US IN MY BACKPACK TODAY... PLUS MY LAPTOP.
SO, GET SHOWERED, SLUGGER—WE GOT A PAPER TO KNOCK OUT!
AW, MAN.

MY SONS, PROTECT YOURSELVES!
WE'RE TRYING!
HYAAH!

HOW MANY OF THESE CRAZY THINGS ARE THERE?!

WHO CARES HOW MANY?! I JUST WANNA KNOW...

"...WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY COMING FROM?!"

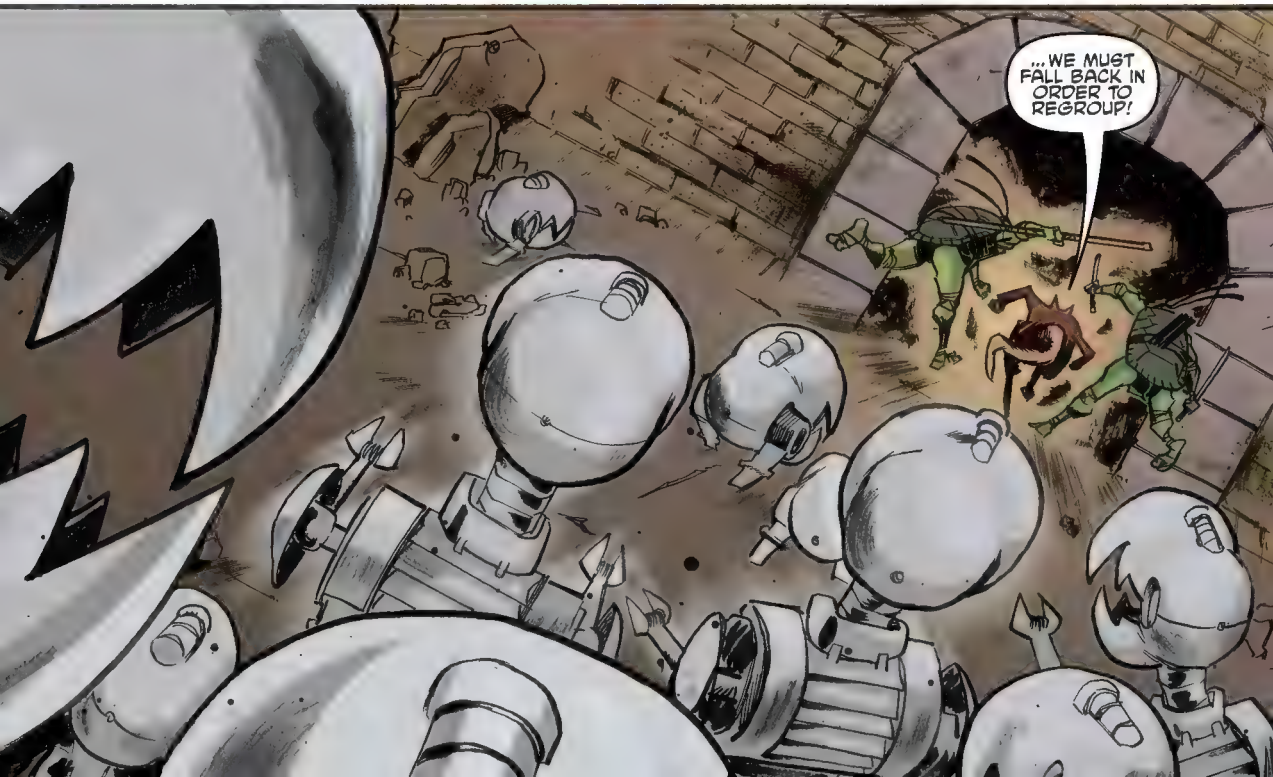
REMAIN FOCUSED ON THE BATTLE AT HAND, MY SONS...
...THE TIME FOR ANSWERS MUST WAIT!
YES, SENSEI!
GAH!
RAAGH!

BEAUTIFUL...
...SO FRIGGIN' BEAUTIFUL.

AND THE PARTY'S JUST GETTIN' STARTED.

SENSEI, THERE'S MORE OF THEM ATTACKING!

YES, I SEE THEM, LEONARDO! WE ARE FAR TOO OUTNUMBERED...


...WE MUST FALL BACK IN ORDER TO REGROUP!

HEY, HEY, HEY... WHERE D'YOU COWARDS THINK YOU'RE GOIN', HUH?
OLD HOB!
FIGURES.
YEP, HOB'S THE NAME AND KILLIN' SCUM'S THE GAME. THOUGHT YOU COULD RUN OUT ON MY NEW LITTLE TOYS, DIDYA?
WELL, I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU TWERPS.
GAME OVER.
KKRACK
CRAP! HOB'S MAKING THEM KNOCK THE PLACE DOWN!

BADOOM!!

MAN, I CAN'T WAIT TO CHOW ON THIS BABY. NOTHIN' LIKE PIZZA FOR DINNER AND VIDEO GAMES FOR DESSERT. LIFE IS GOOD!
WHOA, DID YOU FEEL THAT?
FEEL WHAT?
DUNNO... LIKE SOMETHIN' RUMBLIN' BELOW US IN THE SEWER.
HA! THAT'S JUST EVERYONE'S STOMACHS, BRO.
RIGHT ABOUT NOW I'LL BET THEY'RE PRACTICALLY TEARIN' DOWN THE WALLS FROM HUNGER.
HEH. NOW THAT'D BE FUNNY TO SEE.

UPPER WEST SIDE.
HOW IN THE WORLD...?
SECURITY, THIS IS DOCTOR BAXTER STOCKMAN IN THE PENTHOUSE SUITE!
MY PLACE HAS BEEN—
DING
—GUH!
DOCTOR STOCKMAN? ARE YOU STILL THERE, SIR? IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
UH... YES... YES, I'M FINE. P-PLEASE DIS... DISREGARD THIS CALL. THANK YOU.
AH, STOCKMAN, THERE YOU ARE. SORRY ABOUT THE MESS...

...BUT ALL THAT SECURITY YOU'VE GOT DOESN'T EXACTLY MAKE A PERSON FEEL WELCOME. ESPECIALLY YOUR *BIGGEST CLIENT*.
YET AGAIN, YOUR CUSTOMER SERVICE FALLS SHORT.
YES, WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DIFFER WITH YOU ON THAT ACCOUNT, GENERAL.
HAD I ANY PRIOR INDICATION YOU WOULD BE ARRIVING IN NEW YORK TODAY, I ASSURE YOU ALL THE PROPER ACCOMMODATIONS WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE AND THE "CUSTOMER SERVICE" PROVIDED WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR FROM SUBSTANDARD.
AT THE VERY LEAST, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO OPEN THE FRONT DOOR FOR YOU AND YOUR COHORTS—A QUITE VALUABLE DOOR, I MIGHT ADD. OR, RATHER, IT *WAS*.
NOW, THEN, TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS UNEXPECTED VISIT, HM?
YOU KNOW *DAMN WELL* WHY I'M HERE, STOCKMAN! IT'S BEEN MORE THAN A YEAR NOW AND I'M STILL WAITING ON THE SUPER-SOLDIER *MUTAGEN* I CONTRACTED YOUR *PATHETIC* EXCUSE FOR A COMPANY TO MAKE!

THE MUTAGEN... YES. WELL, AS YOU KNOW, THINGS HAVE BEEN *DELAYED* ON THAT FRONT FOLLOWING THE BREAK-IN WE EXPERIENCED LAST YEAR.
FOR WHICH I *IMMEDIATELY* RE-SUPPLIED YOU WITH THE OOZE COMPONENTS YOU SAID YOU NEEDED TO GET THINGS BACK ON TRACK!
BACK ON TRACK IN TERMS OF SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT DOES NOT NECESSARILY EQUATE TO *EXPEDIENCY*, GENERAL. THIS IS NOT ROCKET SCIENCE—IT'S FAR MORE *COMPLICATED* THAN THAT, AND IT TAKES TIME.
TIME I *DON'T HAVE*, STOCKMAN! I'M LOSING TROOPS FASTER THAN I CAN REPLACE THEM—I NEED REINFORCEMENTS AND I NEED THEM *NOW!*
I SEE OUR TERRAPIN EXO-ARMOR FORMULA IS WORKING WELL FOR YOU. NO BULLETS GETTING THROUGH THIS FELLOW'S STONY SKIN, EH?
STOW THE SMUGNESS, STOCKMAN—ONE SUCCESS OUT OF THREE CHANCES EQUALS UTTER FAILURE IN MY BOOK.
SO, THE MUTAGEN IS STILL IN DEVELOPMENT, EH? WHAT ABOUT THE PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUND, THEN? WHY HASN'T THAT BEEN DELIVERED TO ME?
THAT YOU SHALL SOON HAVE, GOOD GENERAL. I'VE INITIATED A PLAN...

"...ONE THAT WILL TAKE A HUGE BITE OUT OF THAT PARTICULAR SETBACK."
HOLY...
I TAKE IT BACK—AIN'T *NOTHIN'* FUNNY ABOUT THIS.
GET BACK, DAMMIT!
CRAP! THAT'S LEO! C'MON!
RAPH! MIKE! HURRY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN HOLD THEM OFF!

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by DAVID PETERSEN

LEONARDO

OUR FATHER WAS TAKEN.
I HAD A PLAN.
WE'LL SPLIT UP—WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND THAT WAY. IF YOU DON'T FIND ANYTHING IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, HEAD BACK HERE.
I'M RETRACING OUR STEPS.
EVERYWHERE WE'VE *BEEN*. ANYWHERE WE'VE *FOUGHT*.
I'M
LEONARDO
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE
AND I'M GOING TO GET SPLINTER BACK.

HEADED BACK TO STOCKMAN'S LAB. HOPEFULLY I'LL GET SOME ANSWERS THERE.
SHOULD I WAIT FOR MY BROTHERS? GO IN MYSELF?
I CAN HANDLE WHATEVER'S IN THERE. I CAN MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
I HAVE TO.
I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE SPLINTER.
EVER SINCE HE TOLD US ABOUT OUR PAST LIFE, MEMORIES HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THEIR WAY BACK INTO MY HEAD. MEMORIES OF A DIFFERENT TIME.
WE WERE A FAMILY. BROTHERS. FATHER.
MOTHER.

THEY'RE JUST QUICK GLIMPSES. FLASHES OF A WOMAN WHO LOVED ME. LOVED MY BROTHERS.
MY BIG BRAVE BOY. WATCH OVER THEM. PROTECT THEM.
COME ON, LEO. DON'T LET YOUR MIND DRIFT.
FOCUS.
YOUR FATHER IS STILL OUT THERE.
IT'S UP TO YOU TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
GOTTA GET A GRIP.

KLANG
NICE TRY.
GREAT, ONE OF THESE GUYS.
FOOT NINJA.
ENCOUNTERED SOME BEFORE. THIS TIME, I'M GONNA GET SOME ANSWERS.
WHO ARE YOU?
TALK.

WOW. THIS...
...THIS IS A LOT OF PEOPLE TO INTERROGATE.

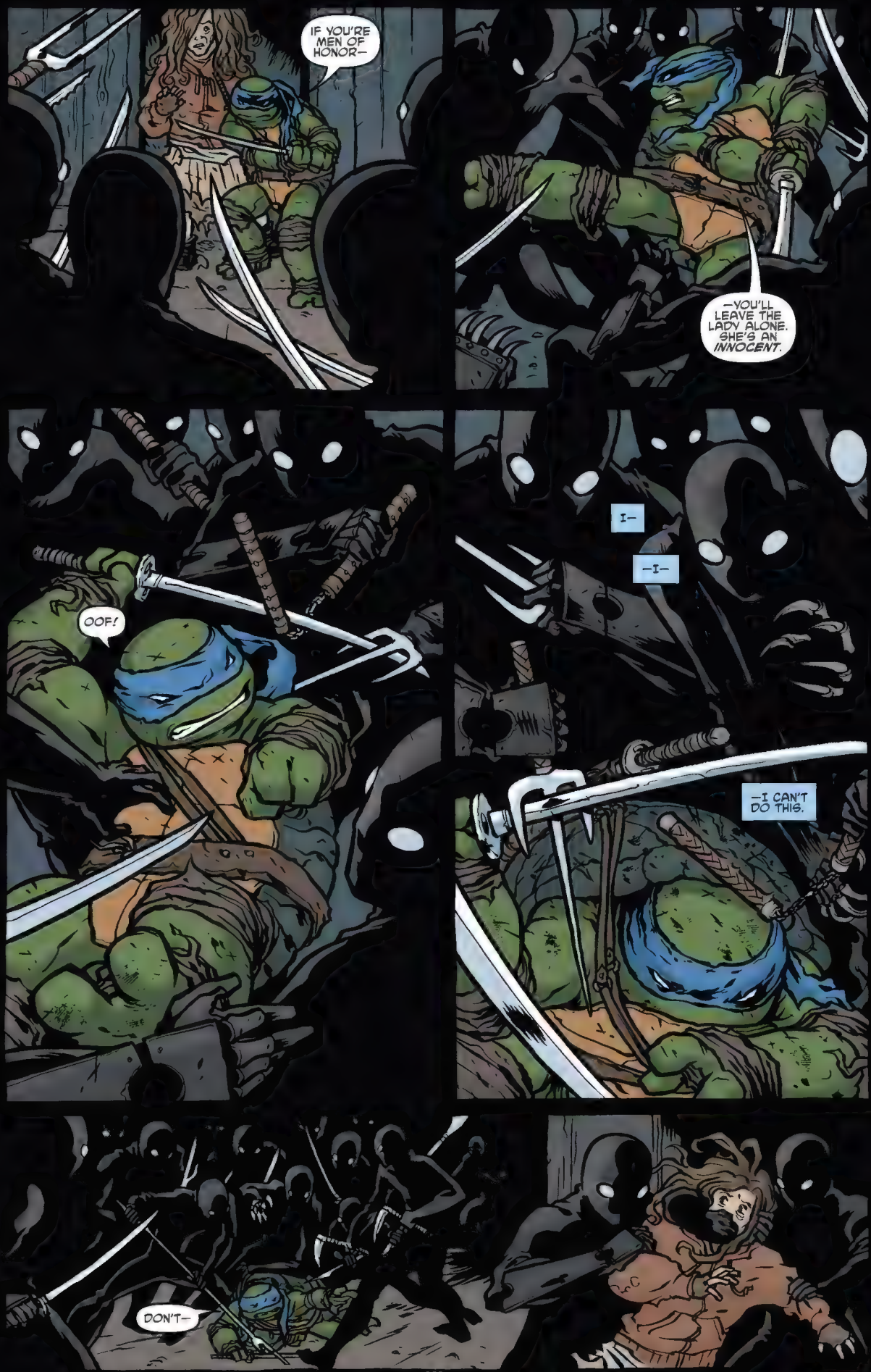
SO LET'S BEGIN...
WHO SENT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU?
WHO TRAINED YOU?
ARE YOU, UH, FROM NEW YORK ORIGINALLY?
ARE YOU A GANG? A CLAN?
A BUNCH OF BORED FRIENDS, WHAT?
SO— OOOF—
...KIDNAP ANYONE LATELY?
GET TO THE POINT. ARE THEY WORKING WITH HOB?
THEY'RE SILENT. NOT EVEN A PEEP WHEN THEY'RE HIT.
AND THEIR NUMBERS ARE INCREASING.

CHANGE OF STRATEGY.
CHANGE OF LOCATION.
OKAY. BOUGHT MYSELF SOME TIME.
BY THE TIME THEY CLIMB DOWN, RUN TO *THIS* BUILDING AND RUN UP THE STAIRS, I'LL BE—
AW, COME ON.

GUESSING THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD MAKE THE JUMP.
BEST TO DISPENSE WITH THEM QUICKLY.
STRIKE BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE.
WHUP WHUP WHUP
NOT GOOD.
THEY'RE HITTING EVERY FLOOR.
MIGHT BE TOO MANY FOR ME TO TAKE.
GET TO THE STAIRWELL. GET OUT. COME BACK WITH BROTHERS.
ALTHOUGH.
I LEAVE EMPTY-HANDED, I DON'T LEARN ANYTHING.

WHUMP
I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO BREAK YOUR VOW OF CREEPY SILENCE, AND TELL ME WHO YOU GUYS ARE...
I GOT A BROTHER WHO IS GONNA LOVE SQUEEZING YOU FOR INFORMATION. HE'S GOT ANGER ISSUES.
QUIET. HMMM? OKAY, I'LL DRAG YOU HOME.

SOMEONE COMING UP FAST. GOOD, BRING'EM ON.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S—
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!
—GO?
UH.
MA'AM, LISTEN...
NO, YOU LISTEN!
TOK
GREAT. QUICK EXIT IS OUT.


IF YOU'RE MEN OF HONOR—
—YOU'LL LEAVE THE LADY ALONE. SHE'S AN *INNOCENT*.
OOF!
I—
—I—
—I CAN'T DO THIS.
DON'T—

GET UP.
SAVE HER.
WAIT.
MOTHER.
SO SCARED.
NOT MY BABIES. PLEASE—
ERGK—

MOTHER.
THEY KILLED HER.
NO...
NO!
GRAAAAH!

CRUNCH
KRAK

WHAM
THEY'RE RETREATING.
NO.
NO ONE GETS AWAY.

COWARDS!
THERE'S NOWHERE YOU CAN GO--
ROOF
WHAM

RAH!
OOOF-

GOTTA PUSH RAGE ASIDE.
HE'LL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE IF I'M FLYING OFF THE HANDLE.
FOCUS—
HE'S FAST.
NO ORDINARY FOOT SOLDIER.
—UK!
COME ON.

RALLY.
FIGHT.
I'M...
I'M GOING TO LOSE...
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

I AM...
...UNIMPRESSED.
WHAM

SHUK
SHUK

I LIMP HOME.
I TELL MY BROTHERS ABOUT THE NINJA ARMY. I DON'T TELL THEM ABOUT THE FINAL BATTLE.
I DON'T KNOW IF THEY WERE WITH HOB OR IF THEY WERE SOMEONE NEW.
EH, EITHER WAY.
WHICH WOULD BE BETTER? ALL THESE GUYS WORKING FOR THE SAME GUY, OR A BUNCH OF UNRELATED GUYS WHO HATE US FOR INDIVIDUAL REASONS?
SO, UH...
...LOTS OF PEOPLE WANT US DEAD.
NOT JUST PEOPLE.
SO WHAT NEXT, LEO?
WE *FIGHT*, MIKE.
WE *KEEP* FIGHTING. NO MATTER WHAT. UNTIL SPLINTER IS BACK WITH US.
WE'RE *NEVER* LOSING A *FAMILY MEMBER* AGAIN.

ART by SOPHIE CAMPBELL

ISSUE #8

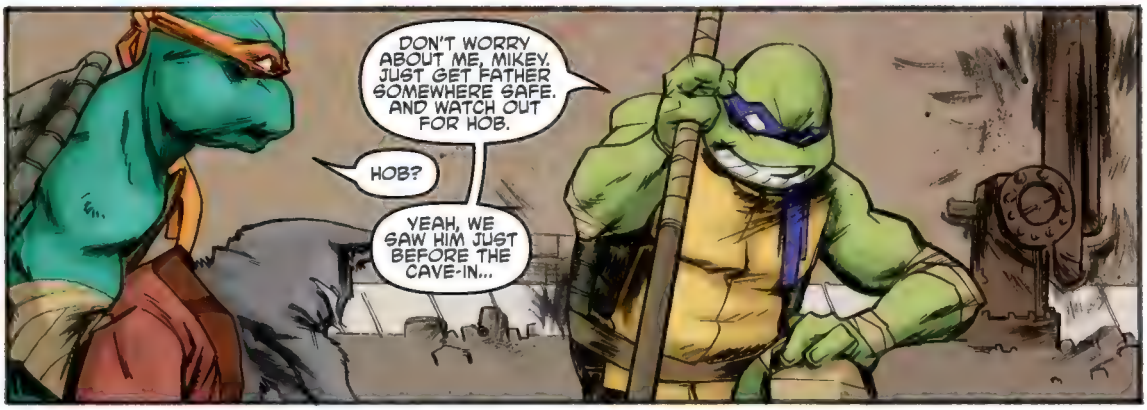
art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

HURRY, GUYS!
FATHER AND DONNIE ARE DOWN!
THESE DAMN THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE!
I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF MUCH LONGER!

MIKEY, I'VE GOT LEO—YOU GET DONNIE AND SPLINTER OUTTA THIS MESS!
GOTCHA!

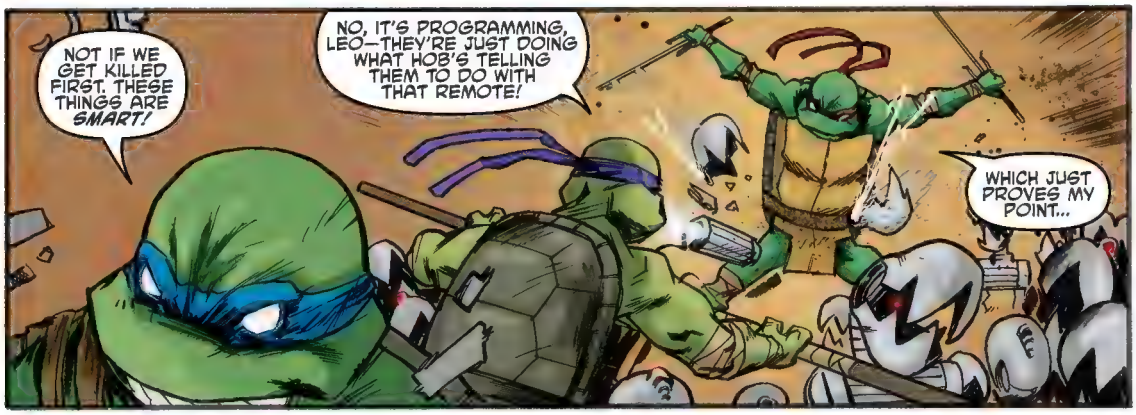
RAGH!

OH, MAN, ANYONE GET THE NUMBER OF THE BUS THAT FLATTENED ME?
DONNIE, THANK GOD! WE GOTTA GET YOU OUTTA HERE, BRO!


DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MIKEY. JUST GET FATHER SOMEWHERE SAFE. AND WATCH OUT FOR HOB.
HOB?
YEAH, WE SAW HIM JUST BEFORE THE CAVE-IN...

"...HE'S THE ONE CONTROLLING THESE CRAZY ROBOTS."

HOB?!
I'M GONNA KILL THAT BASTARD!


NOT IF WE GET KILLED FIRST. THESE THINGS ARE SMART!
NO, IT'S PROGRAMMING, LEO—THEY'RE JUST DOING WHAT HOB'S TELLING THEM TO DO WITH THAT REMOTE!
WHICH JUST PROVES MY POINT...

"...THE CAT'S GOTTA GO!"
PERFECT.

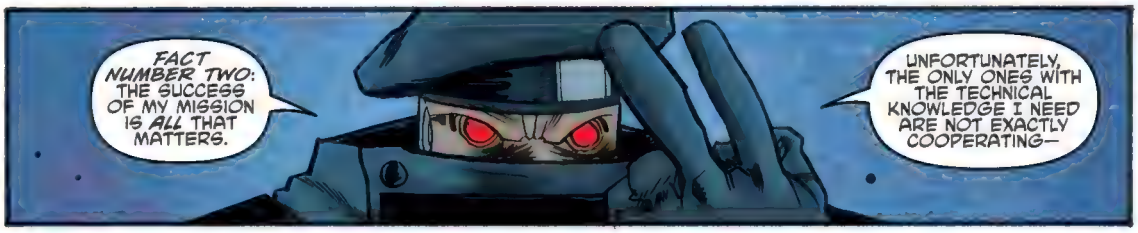
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY, MASTER. NOTHIN'S GONNA GET YOU, I PROMISE.
NOW.
I'VE GOT YOU COV—
—AW, CRUD.

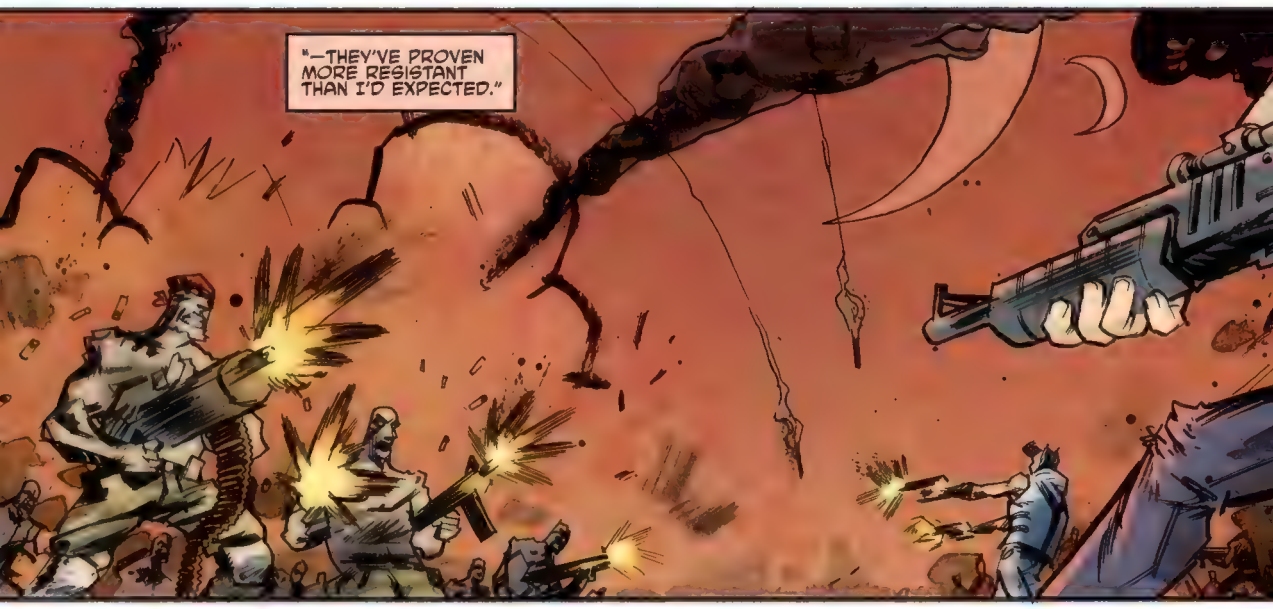
GAH!

UPPER WEST SIDE.
AND YOU SAY THIS MUTANT CAT OF YOURS WILL DELIVER THE COMPOUND SOON, STOCKMAN?
IF ALL IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN, GENERAL KRANG...
...MR. HOB WILL BE WELL ON HIS WAY TO PROCURING THE *SPECIMEN* AND RETURNING IT TO THE STOCKGEN LABS FOR RECLAMATION OF THE *PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUND*.
CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME SCOTCH?
I DON'T DRINK.
YOUR STONE SOLDIERS, THEN? ON THE *ROCKS*, PERHAPS, HM?
HEH.
FORGET YOUR FANCY BOOZE—I WANT *RESULTS*, STOCKMAN.
TELL ME, IF YOU NEED TO PULL THE COMPOUND FROM *BLOOD*, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TAKE IT FROM THAT BLASTED CAT? WHY THE NEED TO CHASE DOWN SOME ESCAPED RAT WHEN YOU'VE ALREADY GOT ANOTHER MUTANT IN YOUR HANDS?
YES, WELL... IF ONLY IT WAS SO SIMPLE A SOLUTION.
WE HAD CONSIDERED USING MR. HOB'S BLOOD—COVERTLY WITHDREW *SAMPLES* FROM HIM, NO LESS—BUT MY TECHNICIANS DISCOVERED PURITY ISSUES THAT COULD NOT BE OVERCOME.
ACCIDENTAL ABSORPTION OF THE COMPOUND FROM A FILTHY ALLEY FLOOR IN NO WAY COMPARES TO THE RAT'S CAREFULLY CONTROLLED *INJECTIONS*.
NOR WOULD THE MUTATED TURTLES WE'VE OBSERVED—THOUGH THEIR BLOOD MAY PROVIDE FOR *OTHER* UNIQUE RESEARCH OPPORTUNITIES.

BUT, AS FOR THE COMPOUND ITSELF, MENTAL STABILITY IN ALL TEST SUBJECTS WAS ONE OF YOUR *PREREQUISITES*, GENERAL, AND MR. HOB HAS PROVEN TO BE, SHALL WE SAY, *INFIRM* AT BEST. HARDLY THE DEMEANOR YOU'D WISH IN ONE OF YOUR OWN MUTANT SOLDIERS.
AS FAR AS WE KNOW, ONLY THE RAT HAS BEEN INJECTED WITH A NON-TAINTED FORM OF THE PSYCHOTROPIC. HENCE OUR DESIRE TO LOCATE AND RETRIEVE IT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "AS FAR AS WE KNOW"?
YOUR *COMPETITOR*—THIS *MYSTERY NINJA*—APPEARS TO HAVE HAD HIS OWN SUCCESS WITH THE SAMPLES HIS PEOPLE STOLE FROM OUR LABS LAST YEAR.
"I'VE RECEIVED WORD THAT ANOTHER MUTANT ANIMAL HAS BEEN OBSERVED.* THIS CREATURE IS SEEMINGLY IN FULL CONTROL OF ITS MENTAL CAPACITY..."
*see Raphael micro–B.C.
...THOUGH I'VE YET TO VERIFY THESE CLAIMS AS FACTS.
FACTS? I'LL GIVE YOU FACTS, YOU SMUG *BUFFOON.*

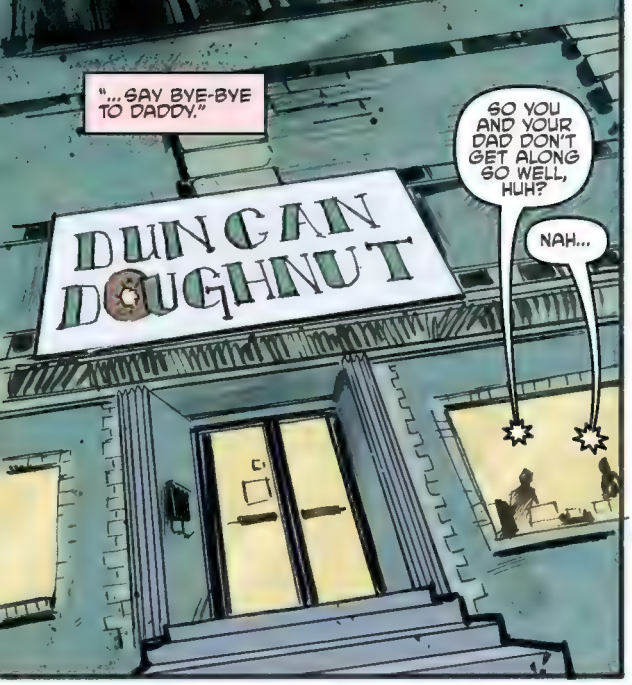
FACT NUMBER ONE: THIS PERSON YOU CALL MY COMPETITOR—THIS NINJA—IS NOTHING MORE THAN A NUISANCE—A BUG TO BE SWATTED WHEN THE TIME COMES.
MY INTEL SAYS HIS INTEREST IN THE MUTANT TECHNOLOGY YOU'RE DEVELOPING RELATES TO HIS OWN WAR, WHICH, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE ON THIS MUD BALL, WILL BE MEANINGLESS ONCE I'VE ACCOMPLISHED MY MISSION.
WHAT MY INTEL CAN'T TELL ME IS HOW THE HELL HE KNOWS ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY. BUT, LIKE I SAID, IT WON'T MATTER SOON ENOUGH.


FACT NUMBER TWO: THE SUCCESS OF MY MISSION IS ALL THAT MATTERS.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY ONES WITH THE TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE I NEED ARE NOT EXACTLY COOPERATING—


"—THEY'VE PROVEN MORE RESISTANT THAN I'D EXPECTED."

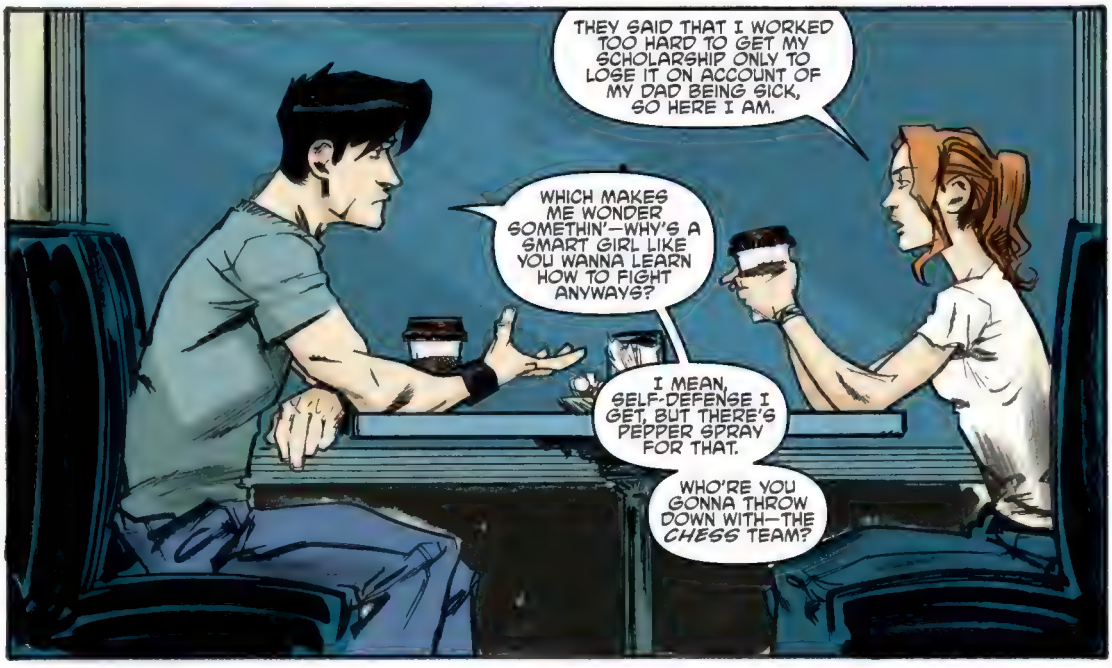
WHICH BRINGS US TO FACT NUMBER THREE: YOUR OWN PATHETIC EXISTENCE IS AT RISK.
I NEED DISCIPLINED, INTELLIGENT MUTANT SUPER-SOLDIERS. IF YOU SUCCEED, I WILL MAKE YOU A VERY RICH AND POWERFUL MAN. FAIL?
YOU DIE.
YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT, STOCKMAN, SO ALL I CAN SAY IS...

"...THAT DAMN CAT BETTER GET WHAT YOU SENT HIM FOR."
TIME TO GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.
FIRST, A LITTLE SMOKE ACTION.
FSSSSSHH
AND ALL THAT'S LEFT TO DO IS PUSH ONE MEAGLY, LITTLE AUTOPILOT BUTTON...
CLK
...AND SNAG ONE BIG, UGLY RAT.
SO LONG, GREEN FREAKS...


"...SAY BYE-BYE TO DADDY."
SO YOU AND YOUR DAD DON'T GET ALONG SO WELL, HUH?
NAH...
DUNCAN DOUGHNUT

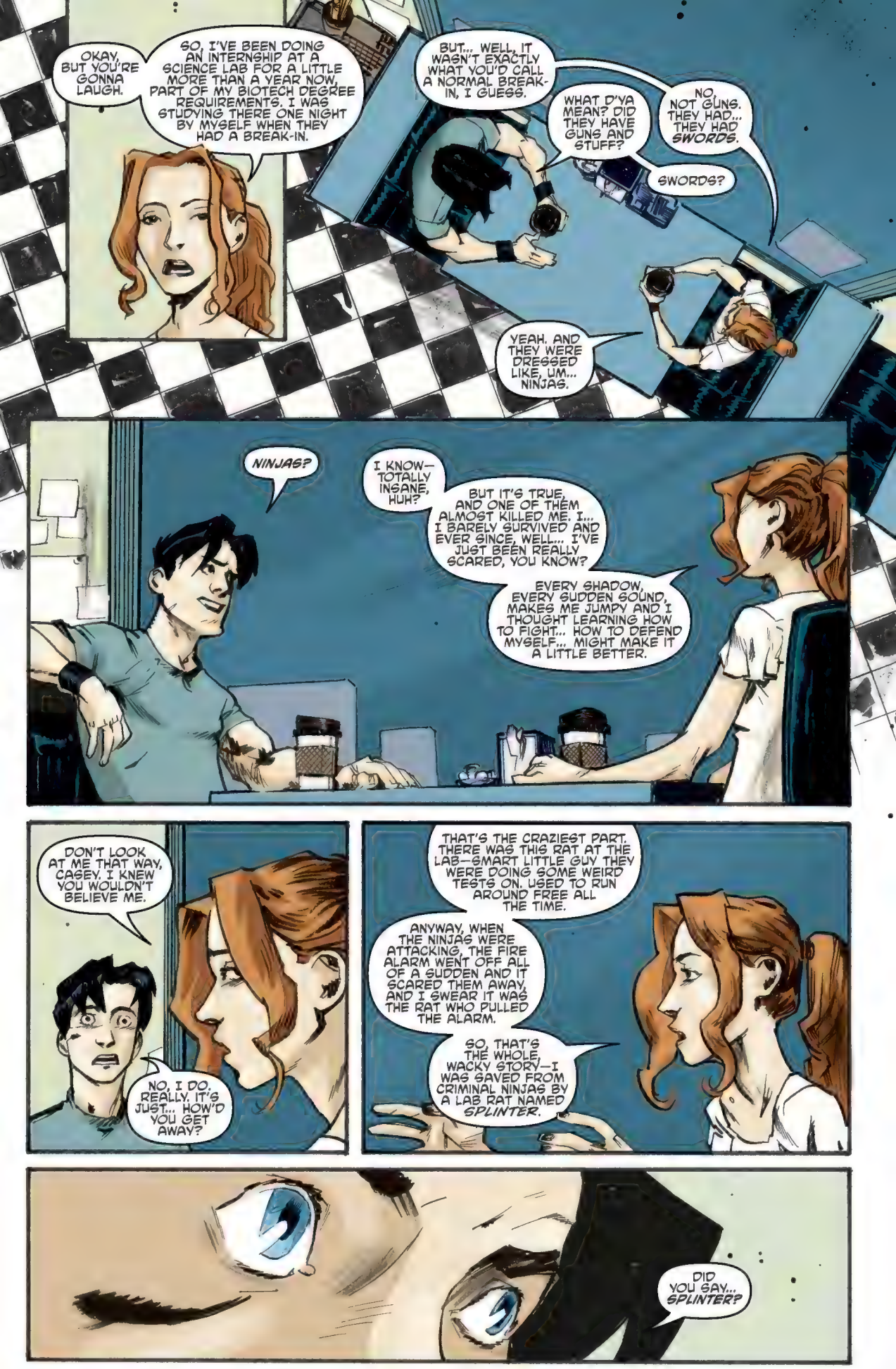
...NEVER DID, REALLY, BUT SINCE MY MOM DIED, WE PRETTY MUCH, UH... IGNORE EACH OTHER MOST OF THE TIME.

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT YOUR MOM. MY PARENTS ARE BOTH ALIVE, BUT MY DAD HAD A BAD STROKE A FEW YEARS AGO.
I ALMOST LEFT SCHOOL TO HELP MY MOM WITH HIM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T HAVE IT.


THEY SAID THAT I WORKED TOO HARD TO GET MY SCHOLARSHIP ONLY TO LOSE IT ON ACCOUNT OF MY DAD BEING SICK, SO HERE I AM.
WHICH MAKES ME WONDER SOMETHIN'—WHY'S A SMART GIRL LIKE YOU WANNA LEARN HOW TO FIGHT ANYWAYS?
I MEAN, SELF-DEFENSE I GET, BUT THERE'S PEPPER SPRAY FOR THAT.
WHO'RE YOU GONNA THROW DOWN WITH—THE *CHESS* TEAM?

WELL, SELF-DEFENSE IS A PART OF ALL THIS, BUT IT'S... IT'S MORE THAN THAT. IT'S...
...WELL, IT'S *CRAZY* IS WHAT IT IS. YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW, TRUST ME.

LOOK, ENGLISH LIT 101 KILLS ME, BUT CRAZY I CAN HANDLE, APRIL.
C'MON, WHAT'S THE SCOOP?


OKAY, BUT YOU'RE GONNA LAUGH.
SO, I'VE BEEN DOING AN INTERNSHIP AT A SCIENCE LAB FOR A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR NOW, PART OF MY BIOTECH DEGREE REQUIREMENTS. I WAS STUDYING THERE ONE NIGHT BY MYSELF WHEN THEY HAD A BREAK-IN.
BUT... WELL, IT WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A NORMAL BREAK-IN, I GUESS.
WHAT D'YA MEAN? DID THEY HAVE GUNS AND STUFF?
NO, NOT GUNS. THEY HAD... THEY HAD SWORDS.
SWORDS?
YEAH. AND THEY WERE DRESSED LIKE, UM... NINJAS.
NINJAS?
I KNOW— TOTALLY INSANE, HUH?
BUT IT'S TRUE, AND ONE OF THEM ALMOST KILLED ME. I... I BARELY SURVIVED AND EVER SINCE, WELL... I'VE JUST BEEN REALLY SCARED, YOU KNOW?
EVERY SHADOW, EVERY SUDDEN SOUND, MAKES ME JUMPY AND I THOUGHT LEARNING HOW TO FIGHT... HOW TO DEFEND MYSELF... MIGHT MAKE IT A LITTLE BETTER.
DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, CASEY. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME.
NO, I DO. REALLY. IT'S JUST... HOW'D YOU GET AWAY?
THAT'S THE CRAZIEST PART. THERE WAS THIS RAT AT THE LAB—SMART LITTLE GUY THEY WERE DOING SOME WEIRD TESTS ON. USED TO RUN AROUND FREE ALL THE TIME.
ANYWAY, WHEN THE NINJAS WERE ATTACKING, THE FIRE ALARM WENT OFF ALL OF A SUDDEN AND IT SCARED THEM AWAY, AND I SWEAR IT WAS THE RAT WHO PULLED THE ALARM.
SO, THAT'S THE WHOLE, WACKY STORY—I WAS SAVED FROM CRIMINAL NINJAS BY A LAB RAT NAMED SPLINTER.
DID YOU SAY... SPLINTER?

MASTER SPLINTER! WHERE ARE YOU?!
DUDES, I CAN'T FIND FATHER!
WHAT?!
SENSEI! I GOT JUMPED AND NOW HE'S GONE!
KEEP LOOKING, MIKEY!
I'M LOOKIN' AND I'M NOT FINDIN', LEO! I'M TELLIN' YOU, HE'S NOT HERE!

I'M NOT SEEING HOB ANYWHERE, EITHER! YOU THINK HE HAS FATHER?!

WE GOTTA GO AFTER THEM!
GRAH!

BUT THESE THINGS HAVE US SURROUNDED!
WAIT! HOB BEING GONE MIGHT ACTUALLY WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE!
HOW?!

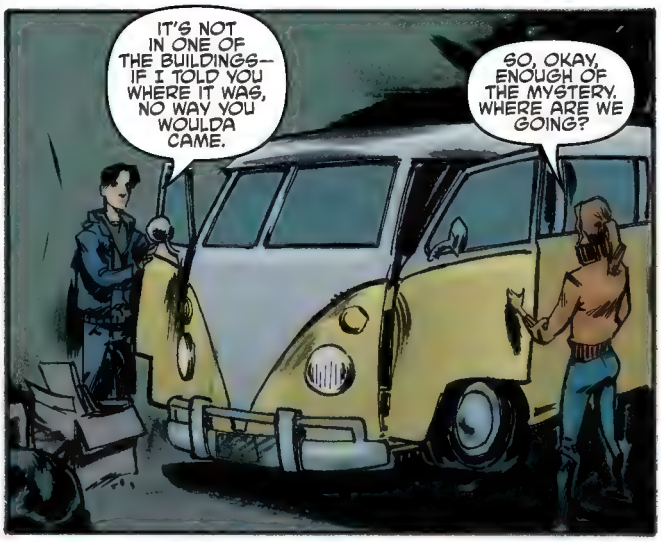
I THINK THESE THINGS OPERATE ON SOME KIND OF OBJECT-DETECTION PROTOCOL!

COME AGAIN?!
RADAR— THEY'RE HONING IN ON US BY PINGING OUR SHAPES!
GO?
WITH HOB GONE, THEY'VE GOTTA BE RUNNING ON AUTOPILOT NOW.
I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO GET THEM OUT OF THIS HELTER SKELTER FORMATION!
HURRY, GUYS, GET BEHIND ME IN A STRAIGHT LINE. LOW PROFILES SO THEY ONLY KEY ON ME!
WHAT THE HELL YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT, DONNIE?
JUST DO IT, RAPH! NOW!
THIS BETTER BE GOOD.
OKAY... ON MY SIGNAL.

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND, BRO, BUT WHY DOES THIS FEEL LIKE A *BUFFET* LINE...
...AND WE'RE WHAT'S ON THE *MENU*?

STOP HERE, APRIL...

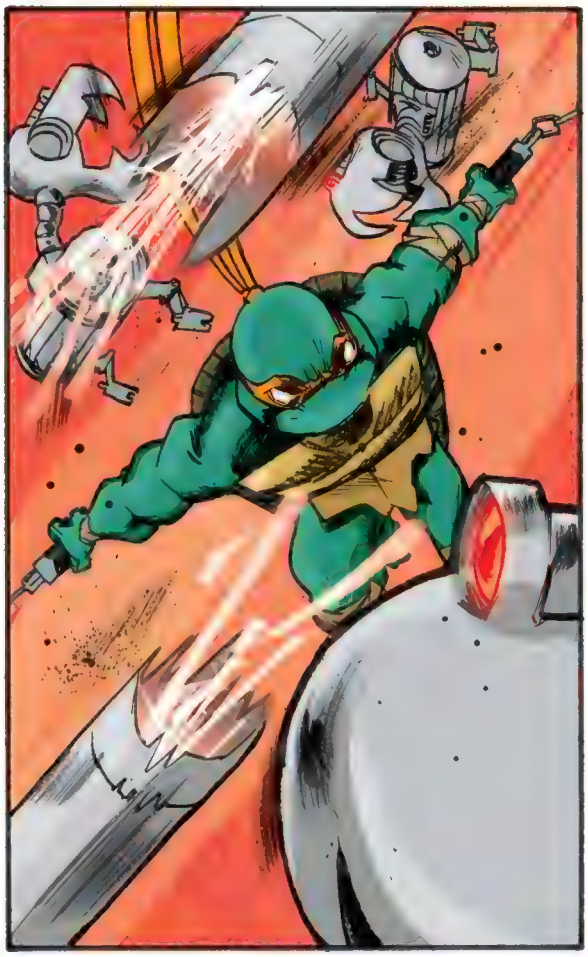
...THIS IS THE PLACE.
HERE? MOST OF THESE BUILDINGS LOOK ABANDONED, CASEY, AND, UM... NOT TOO SAFE.


IT'S NOT IN ONE OF THE BUILDINGS— IF I TOLD YOU WHERE IT WAS, NO WAY YOU WOULDA CAME.
SO, OKAY, ENOUGH OF THE MYSTERY. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TA-DA!

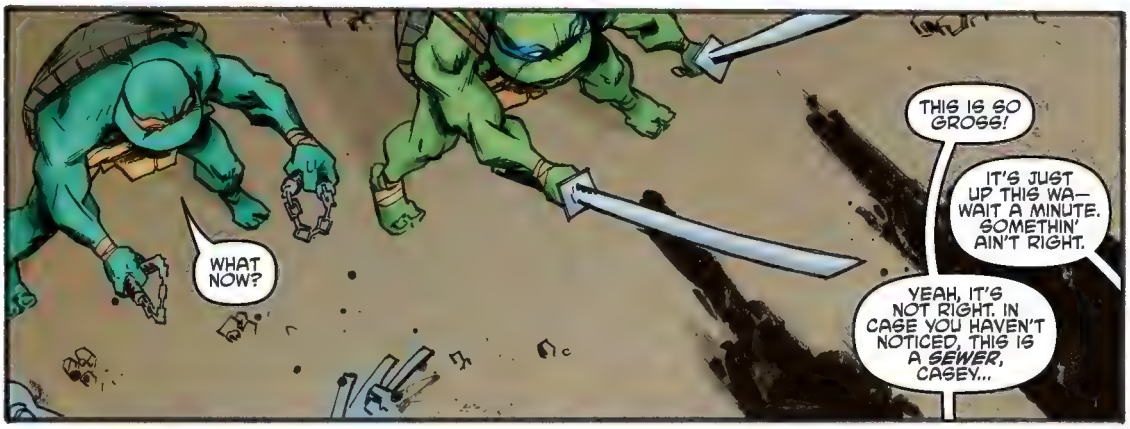
YOU'RE *JOKING*, RIGHT?
UH-UH.
AND IF YOU THOUGHT SEEIN' NINJA ROBBERS WAS CRAZY, WELL...

"...YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET."
OKAY... THEY'RE ONLY SEEING ME NOW, GUYS. STAND STEADY AND STAY BEHIND ME.
JUST ONE MORE SEC...
...NOW!
FLANK 'EM!
AND SPANK 'EM!



THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM. STUPID THINGS!
GREAT PLAN, DONNIE—THEY TOTALLY DIDN'T EXPECT US TO SURROUND THEM LIKE THAT.
YOU GUYS OKAY? ANYONE HURT BAD?
'CEPT FOR PSYCHO ROBOT SHELLSHOCK, I'M GOOD TO GO.
CHECK IT OUT.
HOB'S REMOTE—HE MUST'VE DROPPED IT OR SOMETHING, AND IT'S ON AUTOPILOT LIKE I THOUGHT. HE *DID* TAKE OFF.
AND NO SIGN OF SENSEI. HOB MUST'VE TAKEN HIM.
OR WORSE.
DAMMIT, WE GOTTA GO AFTER HIM. LIKE, RIGHT NOW!
RAPH'S RIGHT—WE CAN'T WASTE TIME. NO KNOWING WHAT HOB'S UP TO.
NOTHIN' GOOD, THAT'S FOR SURE.

WE'LL SPLIT UP—WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND THAT WAY. IF YOU DON'T FIND ANYTHING IN A COUPLE HOURS, HEAD BACK HERE, BUT BE CARE—
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS!


WHAT NOW?
THIS IS SO GROSS!
IT'S JUST UP THIS WA— WAIT A MINUTE. SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT.
YEAH, IT'S NOT RIGHT. IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, THIS IS A SEWER, CASEY...

CASEY!
...AND THOSE ARE FOUR GIANT TURTLE-MEN.

I CAN'T... DEAL WITH... THISSS...
CRAP!

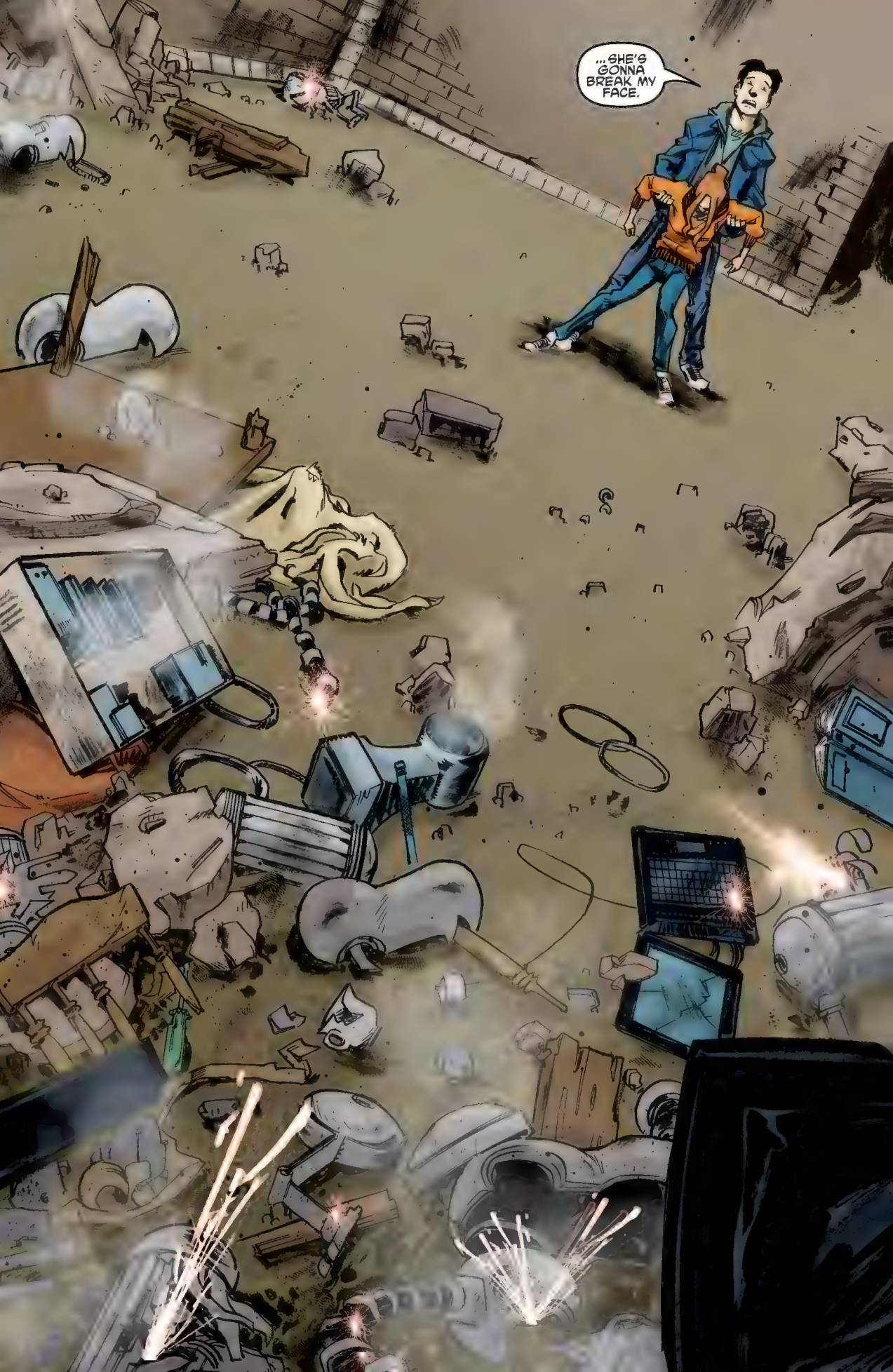
SORRY, CASEY, NO TIME TO TALK. LET'S GO, GUYS.

SHE OKAY?
YEAH—I GUESS SEEIN' YOU GUYS WAS TOO MUCH. I PROBABLY SHOULDA WARNED HER.
I THINK SHE KNEW YOU FOUR AND YOUR DAD IN THAT LAB BEFORE YOU ALL.... YOU KNOW, GREW UP.
BROUGHT HER TO MEET YOU, BUT... NOT A GOOD TIME, HUH?

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, BRO.

WE'LL BE BACK. CUTE GIRL.
YEAH... THANKS.

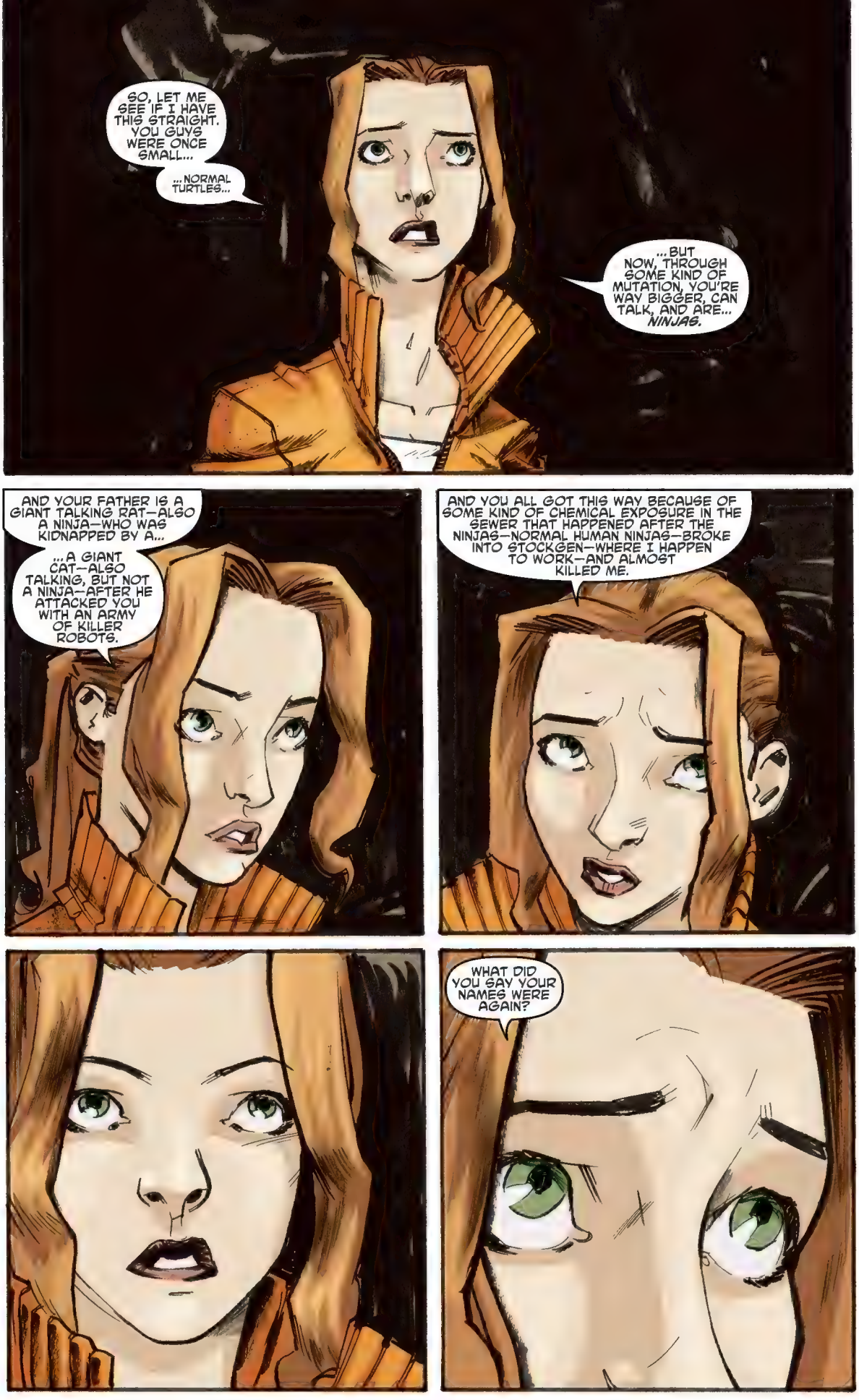
I JUST WISH I NEVER TAUGHT HER HOW TO PUNCH, 'CAUSE SOMETHIN' TELLS ME WHEN SHE WAKES UP...


...SHE'S GONNA BREAK MY FACE.

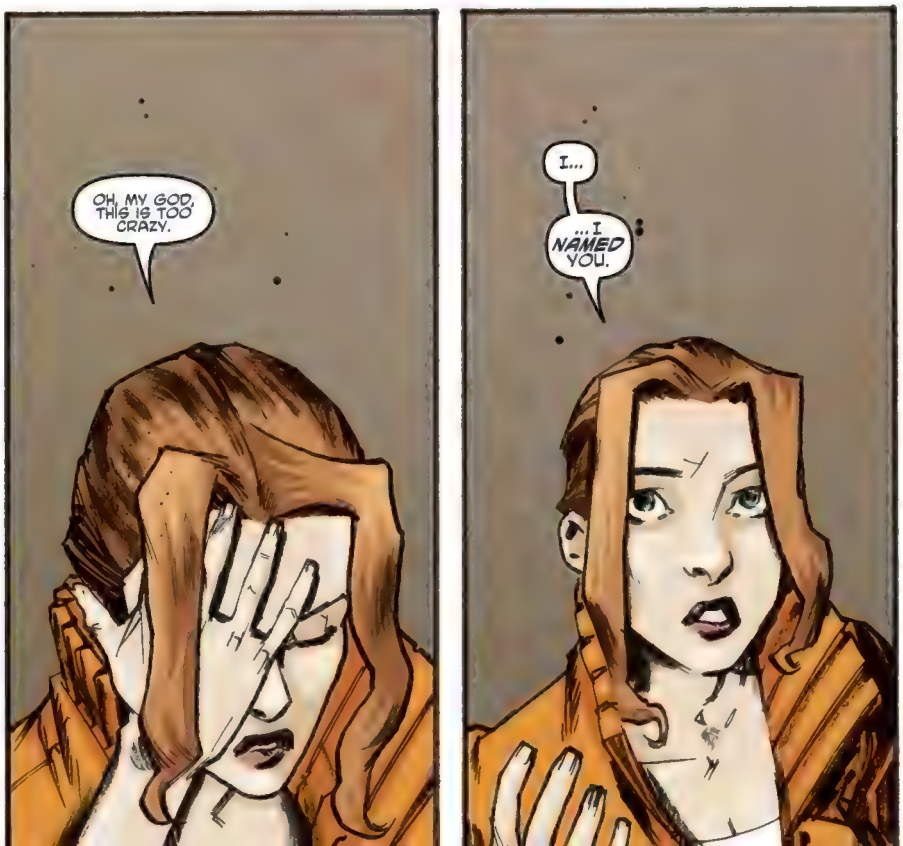
art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

ISSUE #3

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON


SO, LET ME SEE IF I HAVE THIS STRAIGHT. YOU GUYS WERE ONCE SMALL...
...NORMAL TURTLES...
...BUT NOW, THROUGH SOME KIND OF MUTATION, YOU'RE WAY BIGGER, CAN TALK, AND ARE... NINJAS.
AND YOUR FATHER IS A GIANT TALKING RAT—ALSO A NINJA—WHO WAS KIDNAPPED BY A...
...A GIANT CAT—ALSO TALKING, BUT NOT A NINJA—AFTER HE ATTACKED YOU WITH AN ARMY OF KILLER ROBOTS.
AND YOU ALL GOT THIS WAY BECAUSE OF SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL EXPOSURE IN THE SEWER THAT HAPPENED AFTER THE NINJAS—NORMAL HUMAN NINJAS—BROKE INTO STOCKGEN—WHERE I HAPPEN TO WORK—AND ALMOST KILLED ME.
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAMES WERE AGAIN?

MICHELANGELO.
DONATELLO.
RAPHAEL.
LEONARDO.


OH, MY GOD, THIS IS TOO CRAZY.
I...
...I NAMED YOU.

SO... YOU'RE THE ONE.
WHAT ONE?
FATHER SAID THERE WAS SOMEONE AT THE LABS, SOMEONE WITH AN AURA OF GOODNESS, THAT HE TRIED TO WARN ABOUT THE DANGERS THERE. THAT WAS *YOU*, WASN'T IT?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY "AURA OF GOODNESS," BUT, YES, IF SPLINTER IS YOUR FATHER, HE DID HELP ME. I MEAN... AT LEAST I'M PRETTY SURE HE DID.
NOT THAT I'M SURE OF *ANYTHING* ANYMORE.

DONNIE, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HER THE PART ABOUT US BEING REINCARNATED AND STUFF.
TRUST ME, MIKEY, I DIDN'T FORGET.

WHOA, WHOA... REINCARNATION? LET'S... LET'S NOT GO THERE, OKAY? I'VE GOT ENOUGH INSANITY TO DEAL WITH ALREADY.

YEAH, WELL, ALL THE SCIENCE AND COSMIC MUMBO-JUMBO AIN'T IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.

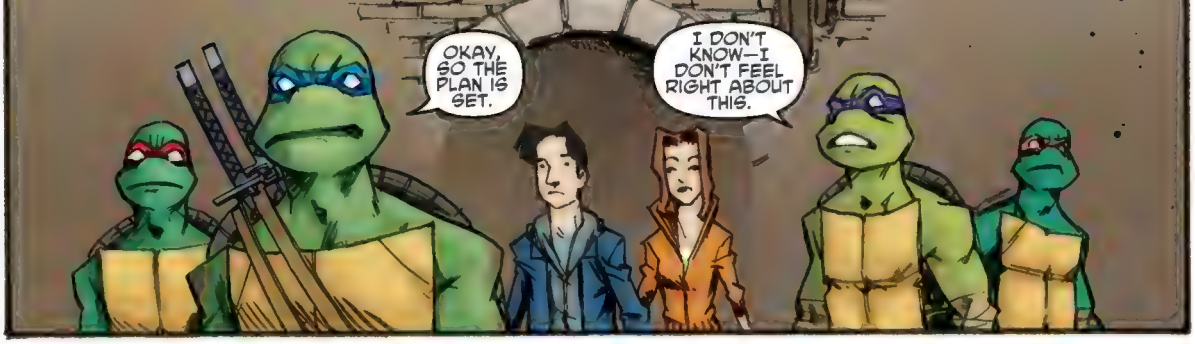
WE GOTTA FIND MASTER SPLINTER, AND SINCE HOB'S IN THE MIX, I'M GUESSIN' STOCKGEN'S BEHIND ALL THIS.
NO GUESSING ABOUT IT, RAPH— STOCKMAN USED A DEVICE WITH SIMILAR MARKINGS AGAINST ME AT THE EXPO.*
*AS SEEN IN *TMNT DONATELLO:MICROSERIES #3* - B.C.

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT APRIL HERE, GUYS—ONCE I FIGURED OUT SHE WORKED AT STOCKGEN AND KNEW YOU DUDES BEFORE YOU CHANGED, I THOUGHT MAYBE SHE COULD HELP OR SOMETHIN'.
THE KINDA HELP WE NEED RIGHT NOW IS THE GETTIN' INSIDE KIND. WE GOTTA CHECK THINGS OUT AT STOCKGEN—SEE IF MASTER'S THERE. CAN YOU GET US IN?
I'M JUST AN INTERN. I DON'T REALLY HAVE AFTER-HOURS ACCESS TO THE LABS ANYMORE, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE THING WITH THE NINJAS, BUT... YEAH, I GUESS I COULD TRY.
WE'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO JUST WALTZ INTO THE PLACE, RAPH—I'VE SEEN FIRSTHAND WHAT STOCKMAN'S CAPABLE OF. WE SHOULD ASSUME SECURITY IS GONNA BE CRAZY DEADLY IF HE'S HOLDING FATHER.
AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHER NINJA DUDES WHO ATTACKED LEO TONIGHT?*
*AS SEEN IN TMNT LEONARDO: MICROSERIES #4 - B.C.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE JERKS...
...THEY WON'T CATCH US OFF-GUARD AGAIN.
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST...

"...OUR FATHER NEEDS US."
NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, FREAK...
...SO QUIT STRUGGLIN' AND FACE THE COLD, HARD FACTS—
—YOU'RE SCREWED.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, OLD HOB... OR, PERHAPS YOU *OVERESTIMATE* THE CONTROL YOU HOLD OVER THIS MOMENT IN TIME.
OVERESTIMATE?! HA! YOU'RE EVEN *STUPIDER* THAN YOU LOOK, RAT.
YOU'RE RACKED AND STRAPPED AND YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE. EVEN IF YOU DID GET OUTTA THOSE SHACKLES, THE SECURITY THEY GOT IN THIS JOINT WOULD TEAR YOU TO BLOODY SHREDS OF RAT MEAT.
NAH, IF ANYONE'S OVERESTIMATIN'...
BREEP BREEP BREEP
WE SHALL SEE.
...IT'S YOU.
ANSWER THE STINKIN' PHONE, DAMMIT!
YE-YES, S-SIR!

CH-CHET ALLEN S-SPEAKING.
YES, DOCTOR. HE'S, UM... HERE.
IT... IT'S FOR Y-YOU.
GIVE ME THAT, YOU JUMPY IDIOT!
HOB.
MR. HOB, THE CLIENTS AND I ARE EN ROUTE TO THE LABS. EVERYTHING CONTINUES TO BE SATISFACTORY ON YOUR END, I HOPE?
DON'T GET YOUR PANTIES IN A BUNCH, STOCKMAN—THE RAT-FREAK AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE. BUT THIS PARTY'S GETTIN' *BORING*—TIME TO CUT THE CAKE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'.
INDEED, MR. HOB—ALL IN DUE TIME. FOR NOW, BE SURE TO TELL MR. ALLEN NOT TO PROCEED WITH ANY TESTS UNTIL WE ARE PRESENT. STOCKMAN OUT.
YO, EGGHEAD, BOSSMAN SAYS TO LAY OFF THE RAT UNTIL HE GETS HERE. WE'LL JUST HAFTA LET THIS SCRAWNY FREAK SWEAT IT OUT A LITTLE MORE BEFORE WE START HAVIN' OUR FUN.
MY SONS WILL NOT FORGET ME, OLD HOB.
YOU KNOW WHAT, RAT?
WITH ALL THE STUFF THEY GOT IN THIS JOINT FOR MAIMIN' AND KILLIN'...
...I'M *COUNTIN'* ON IT.


OKAY, SO THE PLAN IS SET.
I DON'T KNOW—I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT THIS.

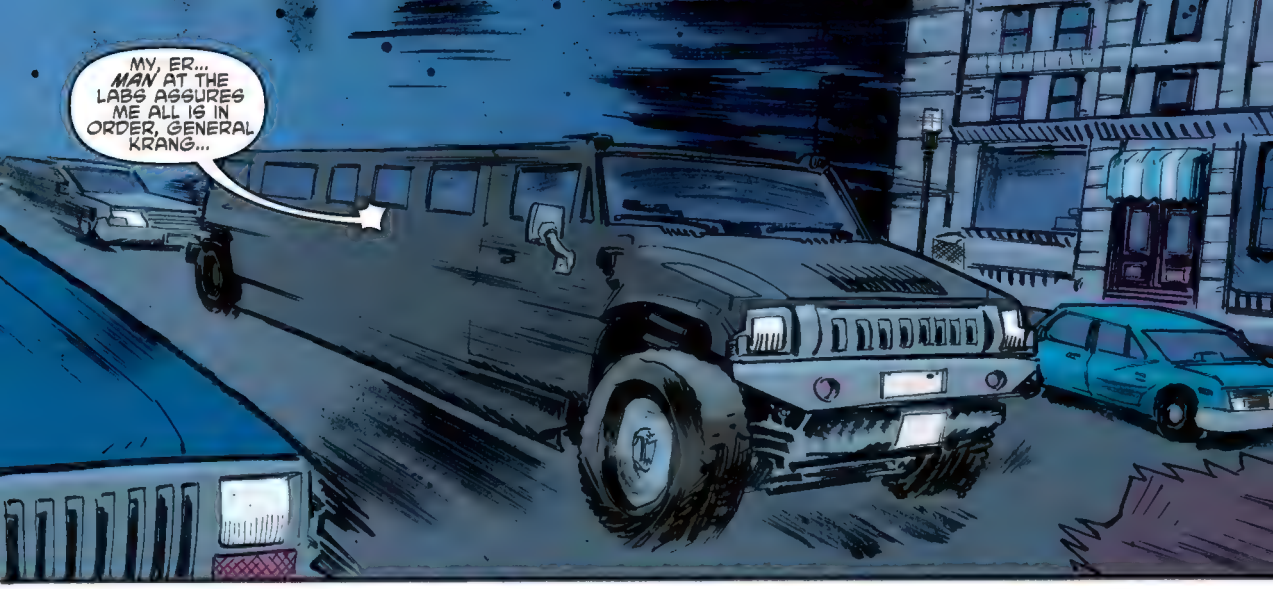
APRIL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO HELP US—YOU WANT TO BACK OUT, WE'LL TOTALLY UNDERSTAND. THIS STUFF CAN GET SCARY.
I APPRECIATE YOU SAYING THAT, BUT... NO... I *WANNA* HELP.

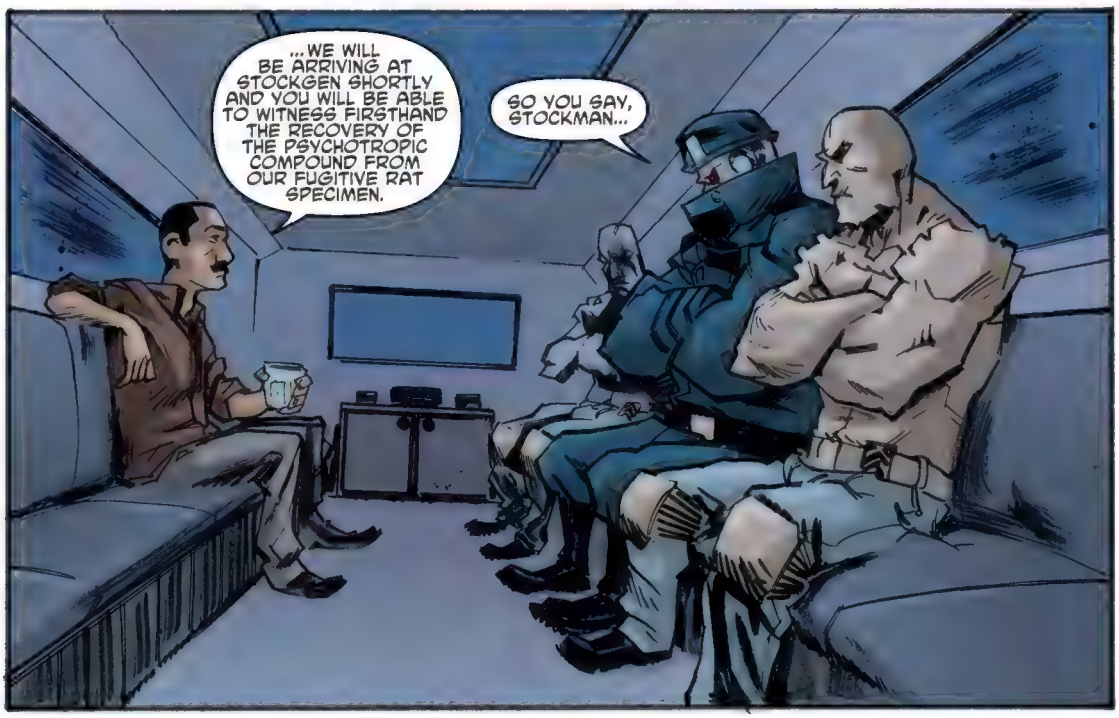
EVER SINCE THOSE NINJAS ATTACKED ME, I'VE FELT HELPLESS. BUT, I FEEL LIKE THINGS ARE FALLING BACK INTO PLACE.
LIKE I'M GETTING THE *CONTROL* BACK, LITTLE BY LITTLE.

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S *REALLY* GOING ON AT STOCKGEN. MAYBE TONIGHT WE'LL FIND OUT.
YOU'RE SURE?
YEAH.... I'M SURE.

THEN LET'S QUIT STALLIN' AND GO GET OUR DAD.
HOLD UP A SEC, GUYS—I NEED TO GRAB SOMETHING REAL QUICK.

APRIL'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP US TONIGHT.


MY, ER... MAN AT THE LABS ASSURES ME ALL IS IN ORDER, GENERAL KRANG...


...WE WILL BE ARRIVING AT STOCKGEN SHORTLY AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO WITNESS FIRSTHAND THE RECOVERY OF THE PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUND FROM OUR FUGITIVE RAT SPECIMEN.
SO YOU SAY, STOCKMAN...

...BUT I'VE GOTTEN TOO MANY FALSE PROMISES FROM YOU IN THE PAST TO HOLD MY BREATH.

DULY NOTED.
BUT THIS TIME I CAN ASSURE YOU, MY FRIEND...

"...WE HAVE THE SITUATION WELL UNDER CONTROL."
OKAY, GUYS, THERE IT IS—THE LEAST GUARDED ENTRANCE THAT LEADS TO THE HIGH-SECURITY LAB CHAMBERS I MAPPED OUT FOR YOU. IF SPLINTER'S ANYWHERE, HE'S THERE.
SO, NOW WHAT?
NOW WE *KICK SOME ASS.*
WE REALLY APPRECIATE YOU SHOWING US THE WAY IN, APRIL, BUT IT'S BEST THAT YOU AND CASEY LEAVE NOW. THIS IS A FAMILY MATTER.
WHAT? AND I AIN'T FAMILY? NO WAY I'M STAYIN' OUTTA THIS, LEO.
YEAH, LEO. JONES IS ONE OF US.
OKAY, OKAY... I JUST DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT, CASEY. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GONNA RUN INTO INSIDE.
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, MAN—I DO *JUST FINE.*
UH... YEAH.
LONG STORY. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.

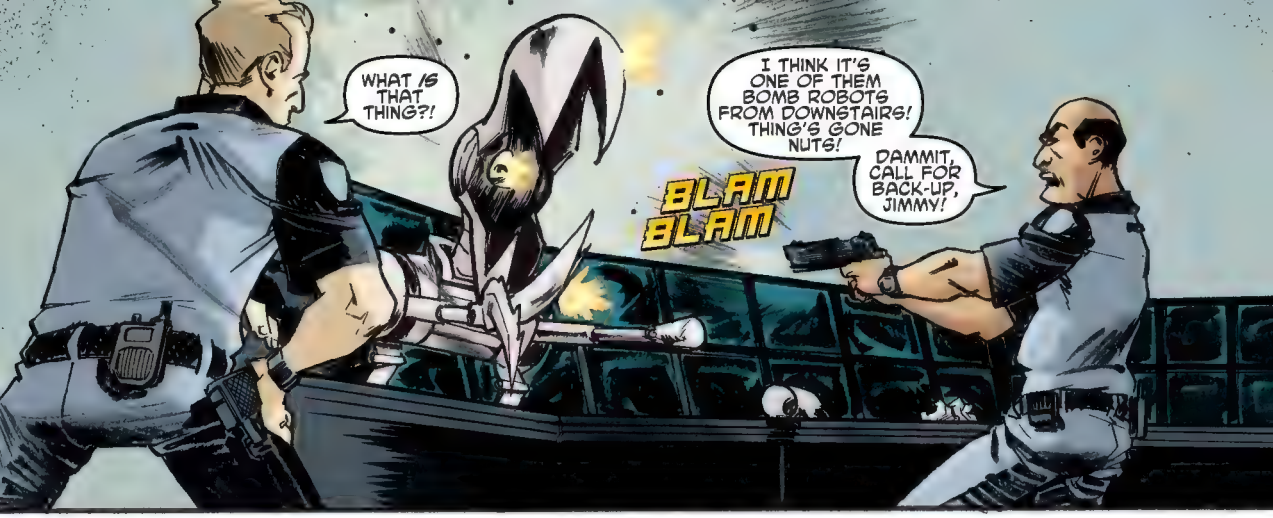
WELL, IF CASEY'S NOT LEAVING, THEN NEITHER AM I.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S A G—

THAT'S FINAL. I WANT TO HELP YOU GUYS—I CAN AT LEAST KEEP WATCH OUT HERE AND RUN INTERFERENCE IF ANYONE SHOWS UP.
SHEESH. FINE. JUST DO *NOT* GET IN THE WAY OF ANYONE WITH WEAPONS. IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, YOU'LL GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
DEAL?
DEAL.

OKAY, WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF DARKNESS. DONNIE, THAT THING READY?
JUST ONE MORE ADJUSTMENT AND... PRESTO!

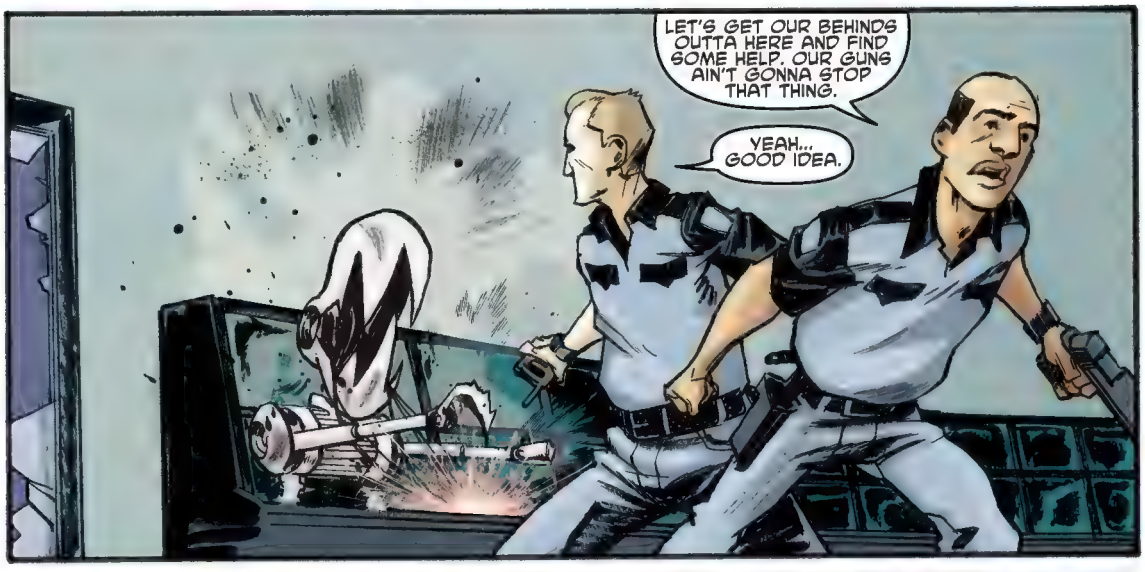
LET'S DO THIS.

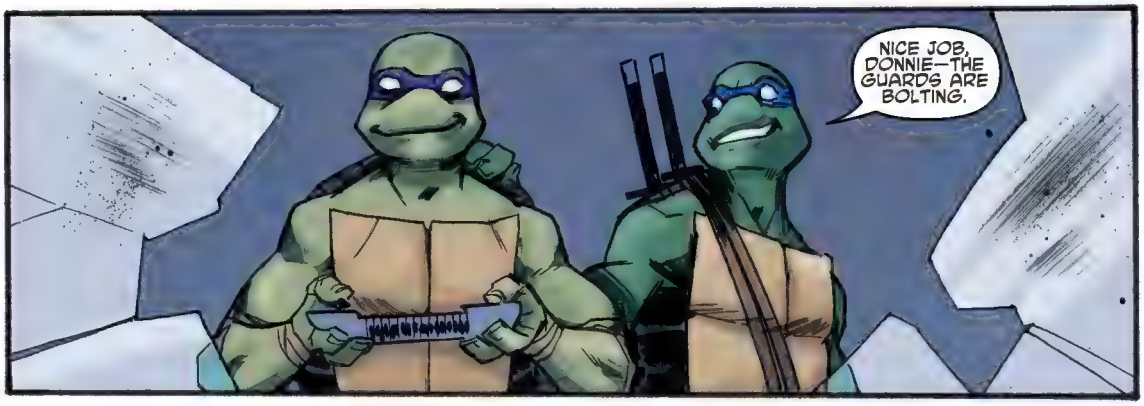
YOU SEE THAT GAME YESTERDAY, LEWIS? YOU BELIEVE ALL THEM INTERCEPTIONS?
DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT, JIMMY.
I MEAN, C'MON, THAT TEAM'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT DOWN TO LAST PLACE IF THEM CHEAPSKATES DON'T ANTE UP FOR A NEW QUARTERBACK SOON. AM I RIGHT?
I SAID I DIDN'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT, JIMMY. I'M TRYIN' TO EA—
—HEY... YOU SEE THAT?
SEE WHAT?
ON MONITOR 2...
...THAT A DOG OR SOMETHING?
UH, THAT AIN'T NO DOG, LEWIS.
KSSSSH


WHAT IS THAT THING?!
I THINK IT'S ONE OF THEM BOMB ROBOTS FROM DOWNSTAIRS! THING'S GONE NUTS!
DAMMIT, CALL FOR BACK-UP, JIMMY!
BLAM BLAM

I CAN'T..,
...FREQUENCY'S DEAD.

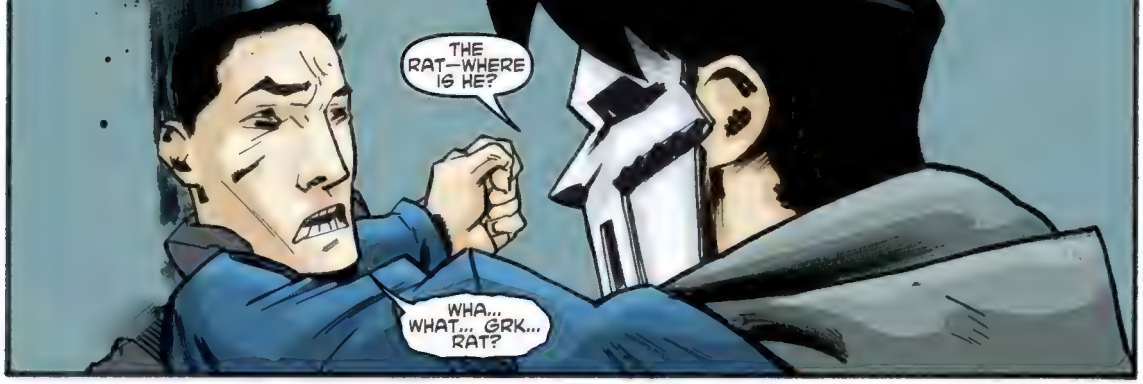
THAT THING'S EATIN' THE TRANSMITTER!


LET'S GET OUR BEHINDS OUTTA HERE AND FIND SOME HELP. OUR GUNS AIN'T GONNA STOP THAT THING.
YEAH... GOOD IDEA.


NICE JOB, DONNIE—THE GUARDS ARE BOLTING.

OKAY, THE ROBOT DID ITS JOB...
...TIME TO DO OURS.
SKZZ
ZZK

YO, DIAZ, IT'S ROGERS FROM D-SECTION. YOU HEAR FROM LEWIS OR JIMMY LATELY? OVER.
NAH, BUT I HEARD SOME NOISE UP THAT WAY A LITTLE BIT AGO. PROBABLY THEM JUST BLASTING THAT DAMN TV THEY GOT. I'LL GO TEAR 'EM A NEW ONE. OUT.
GRRGK!
THIS GUY'S PACKING WAY MORE HEAT THAN THOSE GUYS AT THE FRONT DESK. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
YEAH—THE BIGGER THE GUNS...
...THE CLOSER WE ARE.
CLOSE ENOUGH! NOT ONE MORE MOVE!
GAHH!
YOU MEAN LIKE *THIS?!*
KRAK
AND *THIS?!*

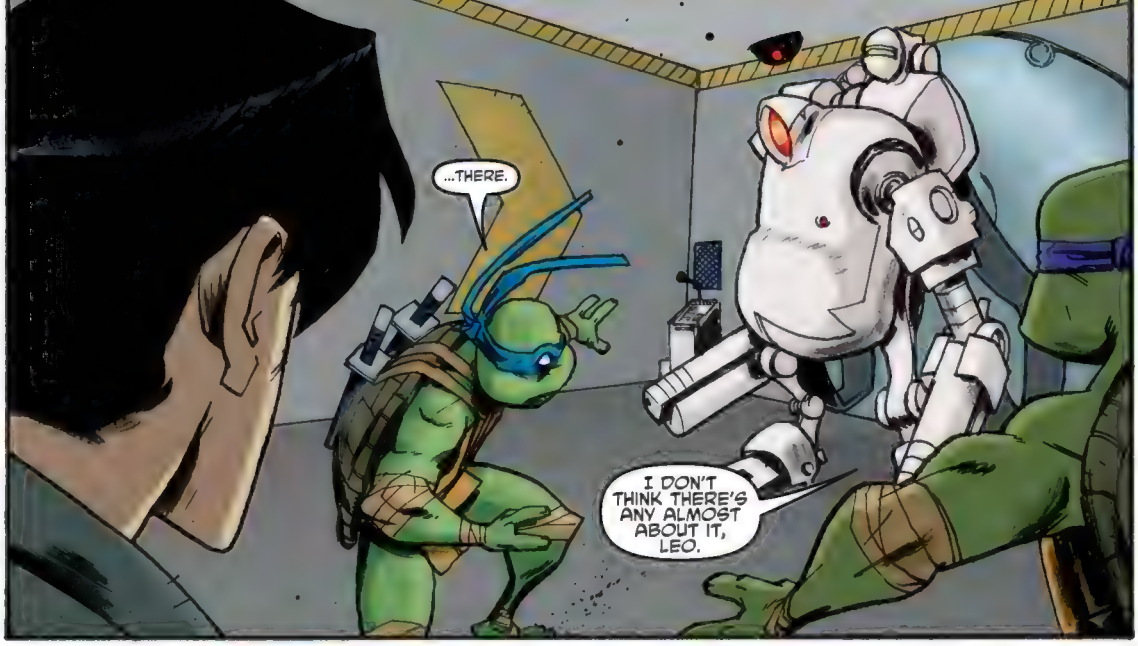

THE RAT—WHERE IS HE?
WHA... WHAT... GRK... RAT?

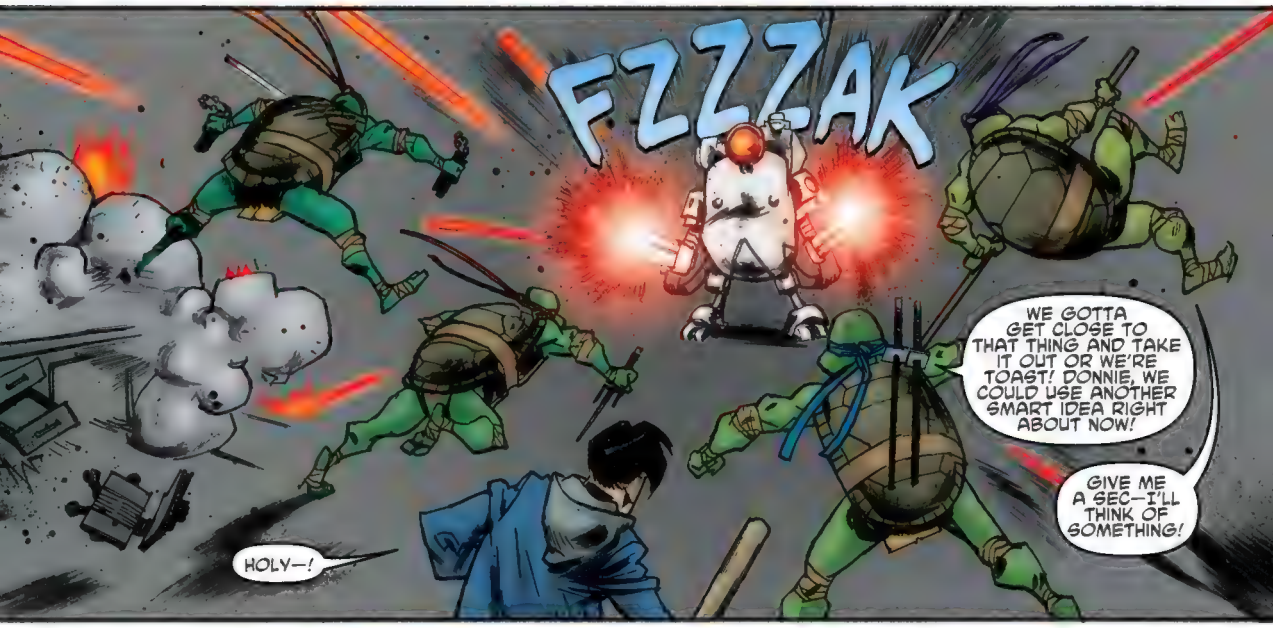
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHAT RAT, PUNK. WHERE?!

DOWN... STAIRS.

WHACK
THANKS.

DOWN THIS WAY, GUYS! I THINK WE'RE ALMOST...


...THERE.
I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY ALMOST ABOUT IT, LEO.


FZZZAK
WE GOTTA GET CLOSE TO THAT THING AND TAKE IT OUT OR WE'RE TOAST! DONNIE, WE COULD USE ANOTHER SMART IDEA RIGHT ABOUT NOW!
GIVE ME A SEC—I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
HOLY—!

YOW!
CHOOM

REST YOUR BRAINS, DON... I GOT MY *OWN* IDEA.
YO, CASEY... CATCH!

THESE DAMN THINGS HAVE CHOMPED AND BLASTED US ALL STINKIN' NIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT...
...I'M SICK OF IT!
RAAGH!
HELL YEAH!
KZZZKZZKZZZZ

NO OFFENSE, DON, BUT RAPH'S IDEA ROCKED PRETTY HARD, BRO.
THAT WAS MY FAVORITE BAT, STUPID ROBOT!
KONK

YEAH, WELL...
...WE'RE NOT DONE YET.
GET READY, GUYS—I'M OPENING THE DOOR.

OH, MAN, THIS JUST KEEPS GETTIN' BETTER.

HOB'S ALIVE.
YEAH, BUT *WHERE'S FATHER?*

LET'S ASK HOB HERE.
YO, CASEY, HOW MANY WAYS YOU THINK THERE ARE TO SKIN A CAT?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, BRO.
NO!
BACK OFF, YOU TWO.
NOW.
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE RAT?
HE... THE O-OTHERS T-TOOK HIM.
WHAT OTHERS?
THE OTHERS LI-LIKE Y-YOU...
... THE OTHERS WITH THE S-SWORDS AND M-MASKS.

WE HAVE RETURNED, GRANDFATHER, AND WE HAVE BROUGHT THE MUTANT WITH US.
HEAR ME, AND HEAR ME WELL, RAT.
I AM KARAI, OF THE FOOT CLAN, AND YOU ARE A PRISONER. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.
JUST AS YOU WOULD DO WELL TO SHOW RESPECT, RODENT, AND BOW DOWN BEFORE...

...MASTER SHREDDER!

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by DAVID PETERSEN

SPLINTER

SPLINTER

MY SONS THINK ME *UNSHAKABLE*...
...A PILLAR OF *EFFORTLESS* CALM AND CONTROL.
I WISH THAT IT WERE SO.
IN TRUTH, THERE IS A RAGE BURIED DEEP WITHIN ME, A RAGE I AM TRYING *VERY* HARD TO SUPPRESS...

...AND IT IS ALL THE HARDER BECAUSE I *WANT* TO GIVE IN TO IT.

MY LONG-BURIED ANGER IS RESURRECTED BY *OROKU SAKI*, WHO HIMSELF HAS SOMEHOW RETURNED TO LIFE.

WHEN WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER, IN *ANOTHER LIFE*, HE HAD KILLED MY BELOVED WIFE AND SONS.
WITH MY LAST WORDS, I *PROMISED* HIM THAT WHEN NEXT WE MET, I WOULD *DESTROY* HIM.

BUT DESPITE MY ANGER, I KNOW I CANNOT SIMPLY GIVE IN TO VIOLENT IMPULSE. THINGS HAVE *CHANGED*.
I HAVE CHANGED.

THOUGH I POSSESS THE SPIRIT AND MEMORIES OF HAMATO YOSHI, I HAVE NEVER TAKEN A LIFE WITH THESE HANDS.
I HAVE TAUGHT MY SONS TO USE VIOLENCE ONLY AS A LAST RESORT, TO *AVOID KILLING* AT ALL COSTS.
I DO NOT WANT TO DESECRATE THE GIFT WE WERE GIVEN--OUR SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE--WITH *MURDER*.

YET STILL I FEEL THE ANGER WITHIN, CALLING OUT FOR SAKI'S *BLOOD.*
A SMALL VOICE WHISPERS: "IT IS NOT SIMPLY VENGEANCE. OROKU SAKI MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD HIS EVIL IN *THIS* TIME.
"HE MUST BE STOPPED, EVEN IF OTHERS MUST BE SACRIFICED TO REACH HIM..."
MY TEMPER URGES THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ACTIONS.
NO.
I MUST REGAIN COMPLETE CONTROL IF I AM TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE. I CANNOT ALLOW ANGER TO CLOUD MY JUDGMENT, AS IT DID IN MY YOUTH...
...MY YOUTH.
SUDDENLY, MEMORIES WASH OVER ME...
...MEMORIES OF MY YOUNGER DAYS AND THE ANGER I COULD NOT CONTROL...

HAMATO YOSHI!
WHAT?!
OH! MASTER MASATO! I—WE— I—
COME WITH ME. NOW.
BUT MASTER, I WAS JUST...
SILENCE, PLEASE.

THIS IS NOT THE *FIRST* TIME I HAVE CAUGHT YOU FIGHTING WITH THE OTHER STUDENTS.
I KNOW, MASTER, AND I'M *SORRY*. BUT—
NOW IS *NOT* THE TIME FOR YOU TO *TALK*, HAMATO YOSHI. NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO *LISTEN*.
FIRE... IS A USEFUL TOOL.
WHEN CONTROLLED, IT BRINGS US *LIFE*. WE CAN COOK OUR FOOD, SHAPE OUR WEAPONS, WARM OURSELVES DURING THE HARSHEST OF WINTERS.
BUT THERE *MUST* BE *CONTROL*.

THERE MUST ALWAYS BE...
...CONTROL.
THERE IS A GREAT FIRE WITHIN YOU, HAMATO YOSHI.
ONCE SET FREE, FIRE DOES NOT CARE WHAT IT DESTROYS. IF YOU CANNOT LEARN TO MASTER IT, THEN THIS FIRE IS AS LIKELY TO DESTROY YOU AS IT IS TO SERVE.
I WANT YOU TO MEDITATE, TO SEEK SOME BALANCE DEEP WITHIN. IF YOU CANNOT FIND BALANCE, YOU WILL NEVER FIND CONTROL—AND YOU WILL BE WORTHLESS TO THE FOOT.
BUT MASTER, I DON'T THINK...
PLEASE DO NOT CONFUSE THIS WITH A REQUEST.

FOCUS ON THE SOUND OF THE STREAM. PERHAPS IT WILL REVEAL TO YOU A WAY TO DOUSE THE FIRE WITHIN, EH? YOU MAY RETURN TO US IN THE MORNING.
BUT MASTER!
TOMORROW!
SIGH.
AT FIRST, I WANTED TO LASH OUT AT MASTER MASATO FOR THE INDIGNITY OF BEING SENT OFF ALONE.
AND THEN I REALIZED— THE FACT THAT I EVEN CONSIDERED ATTACKING A MASTER SWORDSMAN WITH MY BARE HANDS OVER NOTHING MORE THAN A BRUISED EGO?
IT PROVED HIS POINT. SUCH A THOUGHT SHOULD NEVER HAVE EVEN CROSSED MY MIND.
AND SO, I SAT. I SAT AND LISTENED TO THE RUSH OF THE CURRENT, AND TO THE SOUND OF MY OWN BREATH.
IT WAS HYPNOTIC.
I NEVER HEARD ANYONE APPROACH.
HELLO?

HNH? I— WHOOP!
KSPLSSH
WHO DARES?
I WILL...
OH.
ALL YOU WILL DO IS FREEZE IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF THAT WATER...
...COME, I WILL BUILD YOU A FIRE.

HER NAME WAS TANG SHEN, AND SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I HAD EVER SEEN. WE SAT QUIETLY BY THE FIRE SHE HAD MADE BEFORE SHE FINALLY DECIDED TO ASK:
WHY WERE YOU SITTING OUT ON THE ROCK?
I... I WAS MEDITATING.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WERE DOING IT PROPERLY?
I THINK THAT... I... WELL, PERHAPS NOT.
HMMM. AND WHY WERE YOU MEDITATING, HAMATO YOSHI?
MY TEACHER THOUGHT PERHAPS IT WOULD HELP ME TO CONTROL MY ANGER.
...YOU DO NOT SEEM VERY ANGRY TO ME.

AS WE TALKED, THE SPARK OF RAGE I HAD ALWAYS CARRIED WITHIN ME BEGAN TO DIM.
THE CONVERSATION WITH TANG SHEN HAD ITSELF BECOME A KIND OF MEDITATION—AND I WAS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE—AT PEACE.
WE BEGAN TO SEE EACH OTHER MORE AND MORE OFTEN IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED.
EACH TIME THE MERE SIGHT OF TANG SHEN WOULD BANISH ANY ANGER LURKING WITHIN ME, REPLACING IT WITH A CALM THAT LASTED FOR DAYS, AT FIRST... AND THEN, FOR MUCH LONGER.
WITH CALM CAME MORE FOCUS.
WITH FOCUS, MORE SKILL.
SHE MADE ME BETTER IN ALL WAYS, AND I NEVER WANTED TO LOSE THAT.
THANKFULLY, SHE CONSENTED TO BECOME MY WIFE.

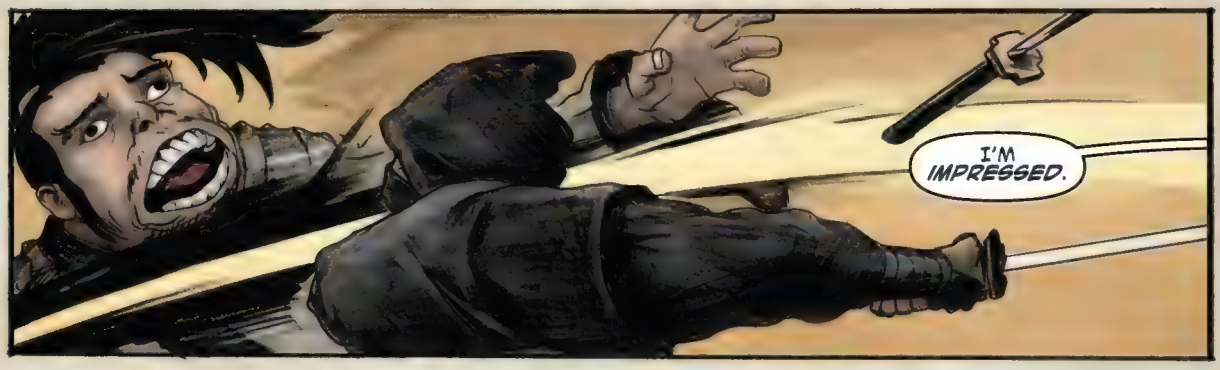
I AM *PLEASED*, HAMATO YOSHI.
YOU HAVE NOT STARTED A SINGLE FIGHT IN MONTHS, AND I HAVE NOTICED YOUR INCREASED FOCUS WHILE TRAINING, AS WELL. TRULY, REMARKABLE PROGRESS. I AM QUITE PROUD THAT THE MEDITATION I SUGGESTED HAS HELPED SO MUCH.
FFT.
YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, OROKU SAKI?
PERHAPS YOU THINK MY RECOGNITION OF ANOTHER PUPIL'S WORTH IS A SLIGHT AGAINST YOUR OWN?
OR YOU THINK ME TOO OLD AND FEEBLE TO KNOW MERIT WHEN I SEE IT?
NO, SENSEI, I MEANT NO DISRESPECT TO YOU... OR HAMATO YOSHI. PLEASE, FORGIVE MY INTERRUPTION.
...VERY WELL.
THE CLAN HAS ACCEPTED A CONTRACT ON BEHALF OF THE MERCHANT KANEKO; HIS SON WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD BY A *LORD OCHI.*
NOW, OCHI IS A VERY DANGEROUS MAN, BUT KANEKO INSISTS ON *IMMEDIATE* VENGEANCE... DO YOU TWO THINK YOU'RE UP TO IT?
YES, SENSEI.
EXCELLENT. NOW, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, I HAVE A PLAN...

"...YOU WILL EXECUTE IT TONIGHT."
HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO...
I THOUGHT MASTER MAGATO'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE PERFECTLY CLEAR.
HAH. HIS STRATEGY IS PERFECTLY *INEFFECTIVE*; IT WILL GO FAR BETTER IF WE DIVIDE OUR EFFORTS.
I WILL DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE GUARDS, AS MY SPEED AND SKILL ARE SUPERIOR. *YOU* WILL SNEAK IN THROUGH THE NORTH WALL AND PUT AN *END* TO THE TARGET...
I DON'T KNOW...
...COME NOW, YOSHI—YOU CAN HANDLE *ONE* OLD MAN, CAN'T YOU?
IF IT'S *TOO MUCH* FOR YOU, GO HOME TO YOUR *WOMAN*... UNLESS SHE'S COME TO HER SENSES AND LEFT YOU.
I HAD BEEN NAÏVE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT MY ANGER HAD BEEN *BANISHED*, BUT IN FACT IT HAD ONLY BEEN *BURIED*...
...AND SAKI HAD A TALENT FOR CALLING IT FORTH.

WITH MY MIND IN A FOG, I IGNORED ALL MY TRAINING AND LEAPT *BLINDLY* INTO A ROOM...
...NEGLECTING TO MAKE CERTAIN MY TARGET WAS *ALONE.*
WELL, WELL. IT APPEARS THE RUMORS OF KANEKO HIRING AN ASSASSIN WERE *NOT* UNFOUNDED AFTER ALL.
KILL HIM.
I HAD CARELESSLY THROWN AWAY THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE. I SHOULD HAVE RETREATED... OR THROWN A SMOKE PELLET TO SOW CONFUSION.
I SHOULD HAVE DONE *ANYTHING*...

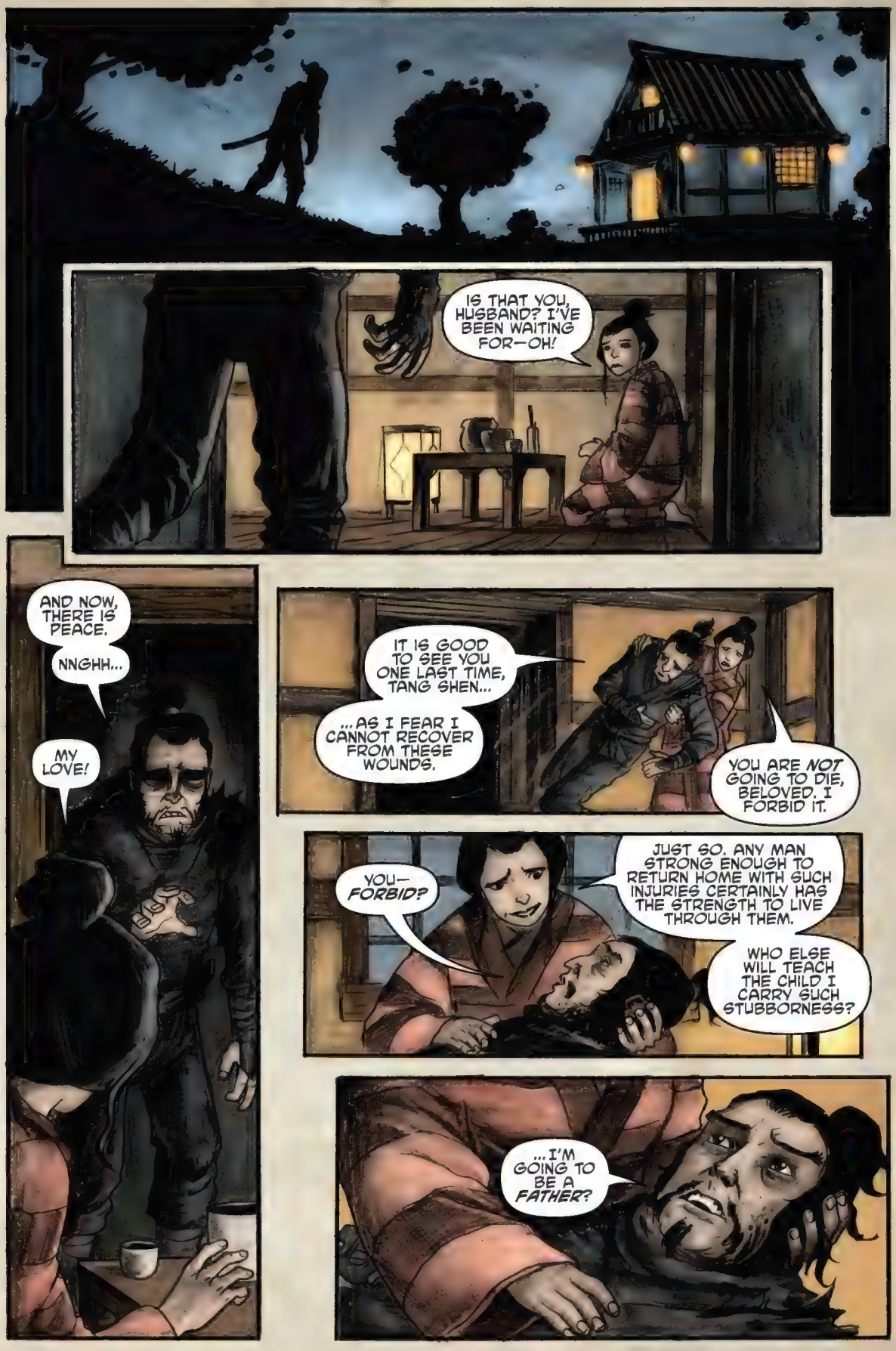
...OTHER THAN FACE TWO ARMED MEN IN BATTLE.
KTANG
IT WAS A POOR CHOICE, AND NOT ONE MADE BY A CLEAR MIND.

LUCKILY, MY OPPONENTS MADE MISTAKES AS WELL.


I'M IMPRESSED.

I DIDN'T EXPECT KANEKO TO HIRE ANYONE EVEN REMOTELY COMPETENT.
SHRP
NGH!

LORD OCHI WAS EVERY BIT A MASTER SWORDSMAN.
THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO DISHONOR IN FALLING TO HIS BLADE UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES.
BUT I WOULD NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO DIE UNTIL I SAW TANG SHEN ONCE MORE.
THAT DESIRE GAVE ME THE FOCUS NEEDED TO TRIUMPH.
BARELY.


IS THAT YOU, HUSBAND? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR—OH!
AND NOW, THERE IS PEACE.
NNGHH...
MY LOVE!
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU ONE LAST TIME, TANG SHEN...
...AS I FEAR I CANNOT RECOVER FROM THESE WOUNDS.
YOU ARE *NOT* GOING TO DIE, BELOVED. I FORBID IT.
YOU— *FORBID?*
JUST SO. ANY MAN STRONG ENOUGH TO RETURN HOME WITH SUCH INJURIES CERTAINLY HAS THE STRENGTH TO LIVE THROUGH THEM.
WHO ELSE WILL TEACH THE CHILD I CARRY SUCH STUBBORNESS?
...I'M GOING TO BE A *FATHER?*

TANG SHEN GAVE BIRTH TO FOUR SONS OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS, AND EACH ONE SOFTENED MY HEART A LITTLE MORE.
PEACE AND CALM WERE MINE AT LAST...

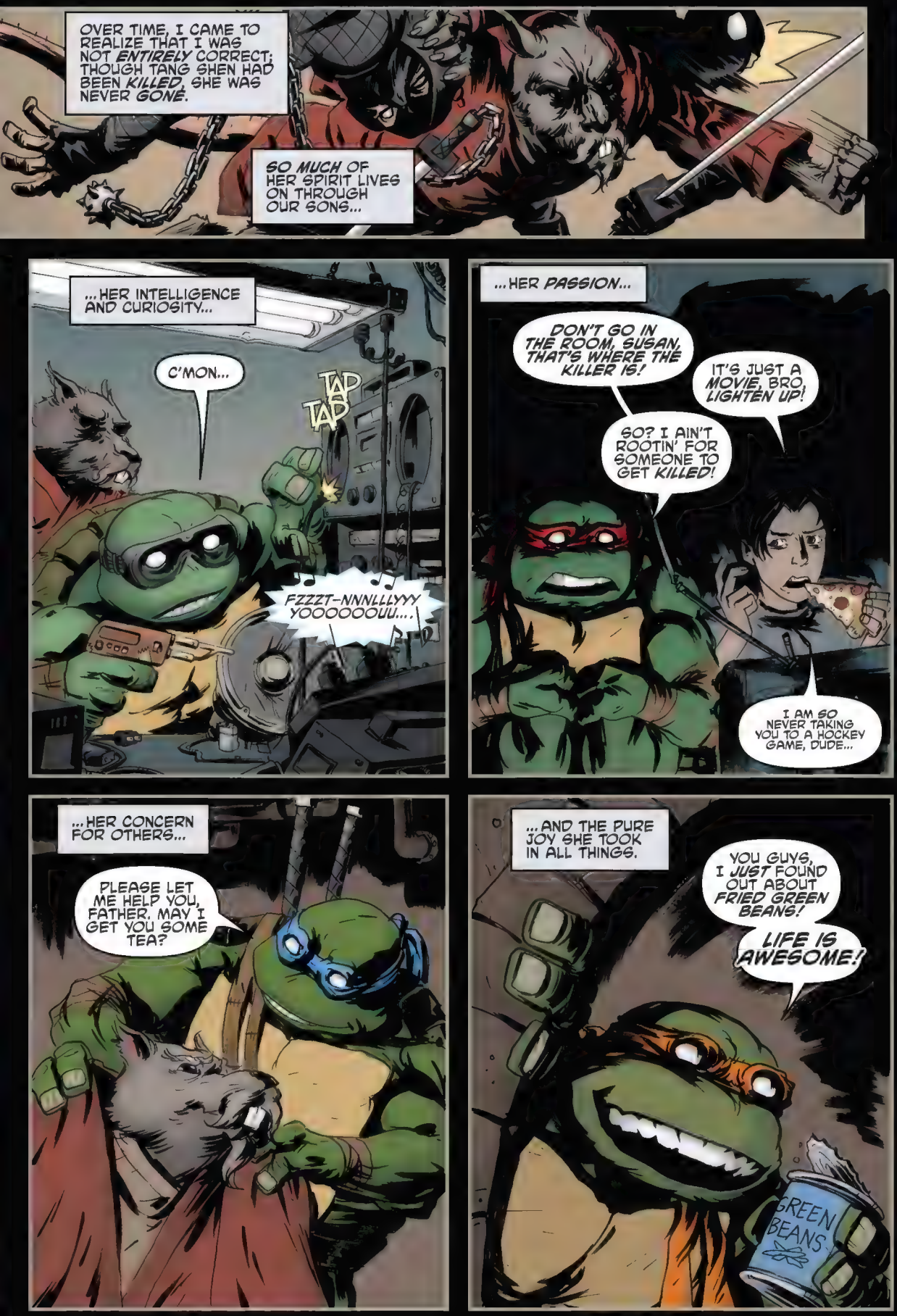
...UNTIL OROKU SAKI ROSE TO BECOME JONIN OF THE FOOT CLAN.
THE FIRE WITHIN ME STIRRED, AND AGAIN I ACTED IMPULSIVELY...
—YOU *SHAME* YOURSELF AND YOU *DEFILE* THE FOOT CLAN.

I WILL NOT BE PARTY TO THIS DISGRACE.
MY ANGER OVER SAKI'S DECISION HAD BEEN *RIGHTEOUS*, BUT STILL, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO *OPENLY DEFY* THE HEAD OF THE CLAN...

...AND TANG SHEN PAID THE PRICE FOR MY ACTIONS.

SHEN'S LAST WISH WAS THAT I FORSAKE VENGEANCE AND FLEE TO SAFETY WITH OUR CHILDREN.
IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, BUT DESPITE MY PROMISE TO RESPECT HER WISH, THE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE BURNED HOT IN MY CHEST, AND DARKENED MY MOOD.
FATHER...?
FATHER, WHY DO WE HAVE TO EAT BERRIES FOR DINNER? I *HATE* BERRIES. MOTHER WOULD NEVER MAKE US EAT BERRIES FOR DINNER.
WHY CAN'T WE HAVE SOMETHING BETTER?
BECAUSE THERE IS *NOTHING ELSE*, YOU FOOLISH *CHILD! THERE ISN'T—*

"ONCE UNLEASHED, FIRE DOES NOT CARE WHAT IT DESTROYS."
MASATO'S WORDS RETURNED TO ME IN A MOMENT OF PURE CLARITY AND UNDERSTANDING.
OH, MY SON. I AM SORRY. I AM SO SORRY.
YOUR MOTHER IS GONE, AND I MISS HER.
WE WILL GRIEVE FOR HER TOMORROW, MY SONS, BUT TONIGHT... I MUST FIND YOU SOMETHING PROPER TO EAT FOR DINNER.
BUT FATHER, YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO COOK!
PERHAPS NOT...
...BUT I HAVE TIME TO LEARN.


OVER TIME, I CAME TO REALIZE THAT I WAS NOT ENTIRELY CORRECT; THOUGH TANG SHEN HAD BEEN KILLED, SHE WAS NEVER GONE.
SO MUCH OF HER SPIRIT LIVES ON THROUGH OUR SONS...
...HER INTELLIGENCE AND CURIOSITY...
C'MON...
TAP TAP
FZZZT-NNNLLLYYY YOOOOOOUU....
...HER PASSION...
DON'T GO IN THE ROOM, SUSAN, THAT'S WHERE THE KILLER IS!
IT'S JUST A MOVIE, BRO, LIGHTEN UP!
SO? I AIN'T ROOTIN' FOR SOMEONE TO GET KILLED!
I AM SO NEVER TAKING YOU TO A HOCKEY GAME, DUDE...
...HER CONCERN FOR OTHERS...
PLEASE LET ME HELP YOU, FATHER. MAY I GET YOU SOME TEA?
...AND THE PURE JOY SHE TOOK IN ALL THINGS.
YOU GUYS, I JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT FRIED GREEN BEANS!
LIFE IS AWESOME!
GREEN BEANS

SAKI DOES NOT KNOW THAT MY SONS LIVE AGAIN...
...BUT DOES THAT MATTER? HE IS SEARCHING FOR MUTANTS. IF HE FINDS THEM, HE WILL EITHER BEND THEM TO HIS WILL OR DESTROY THEM.
ALLOWING EITHER OF THESE THINGS TO HAPPEN WOULD BE AN *INSULT* TO THE MEMORY OF TANG SHEN.
IT WOULD BE MORE THAN MY HEART COULD BEAR.
MY CHOICE IS MADE— NOT OUT OF ANGER AT OROKU SAKI, BUT OUT OF LOVE FOR MY FAMILY.

EVEN IF IT MARS MY SOUL...
...THE SHREDDER MUST *DIE*.
TELL ME, OROKU SAKI, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN LAST WE MET? BEFORE YOU ENDED MY LIFE AS HAMATO YOSHI?
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I PROMISED YOU?

ART BY CHARLES PAUL WILSON III

ISSUE #10

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

FROM THE MOMENT I BECAME AWARE IN MY NEW RAT BODY, I HAVE SENSED AN ANCIENT SHADOW LOOMING—A GHOSTLY SILHOUETTE THAT IS DISTURBINGLY FAMILIAR.
I HAVE FELT THE SHADOW'S DARK TENDRILS CREEPING IN—REACHING OUT FOR ME... FOR MY FAMILY.
BUT OF THIS FOE—THIS SHADOW—WE HAVE WITNESSED NO BETTER THAN FLEETING GLIMPSES AND UNCERTAIN HINTS.
UNTIL NOW.
I AM KARAI OF THE FOOT CLAN, RODENT. AND THIS...

AND AS I SUSPECTED, ITS NAME IS ONE I HAVE KNOWN THROUGH TWO LIFETIMES. BUT LIKE SO MANY OTHER THINGS IN THIS SECOND LIFE...

...ITS FACE IS FRIGHTENINGLY NEW.
...IS MASTER SHREDDER!

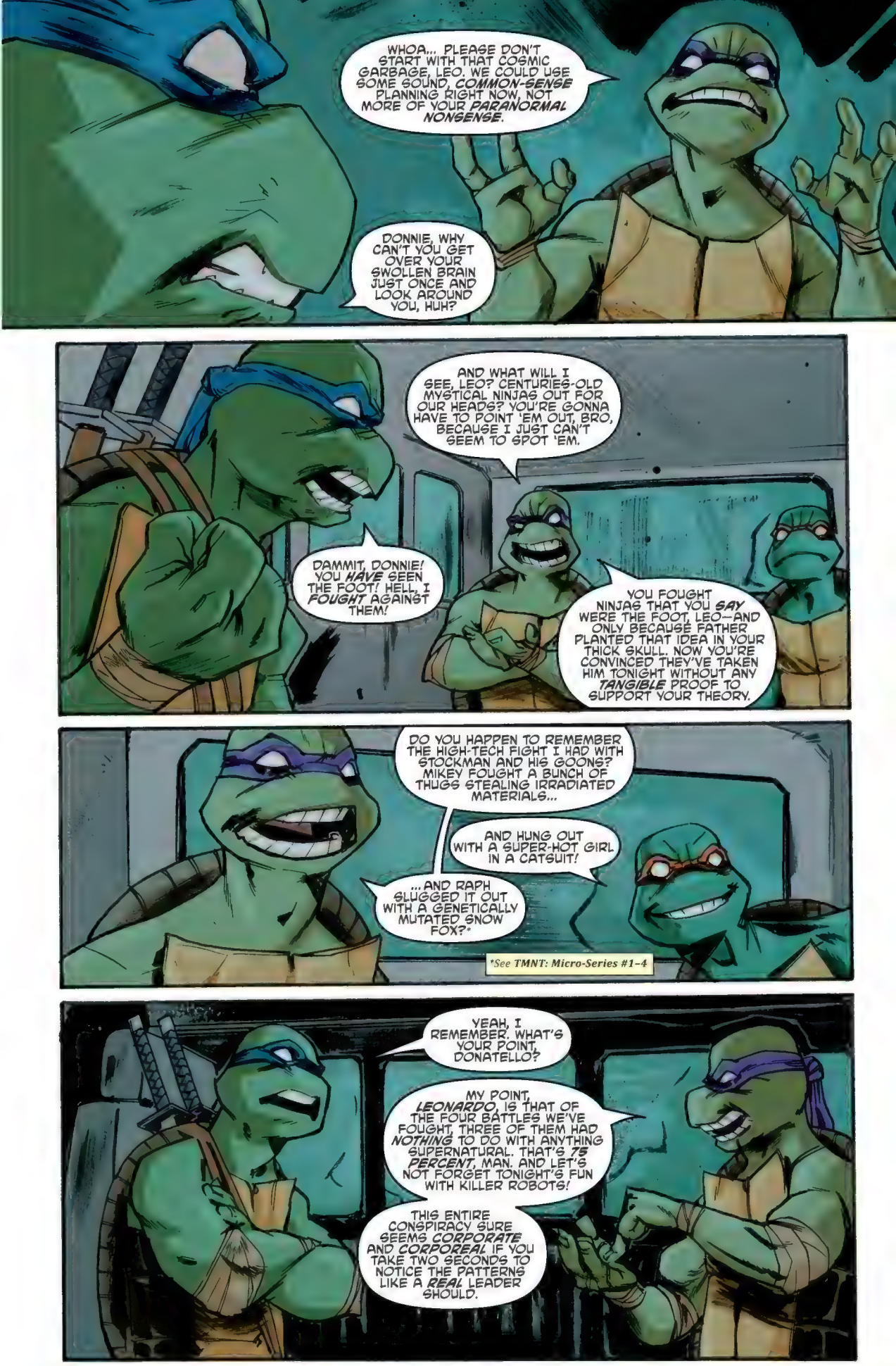
THE FOOT HAVE EXISTED FOR CENTURIES, RODENT—HIDDEN IN THE DEEPEST DARK, STRIKING OUT AT OUR ENEMIES WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT IT, THEN VANISHING INTO THE NIGHT UNTIL CALLED UPON BY OUR MASTER TO STRIKE AGAIN.
WE ARE ASSASSINS. WE ARE THIEVES. WE ARE WARRIORS.
WE ARE *NINJA*.
I *KNOW* WHAT YOU ARE.
DO YOU?

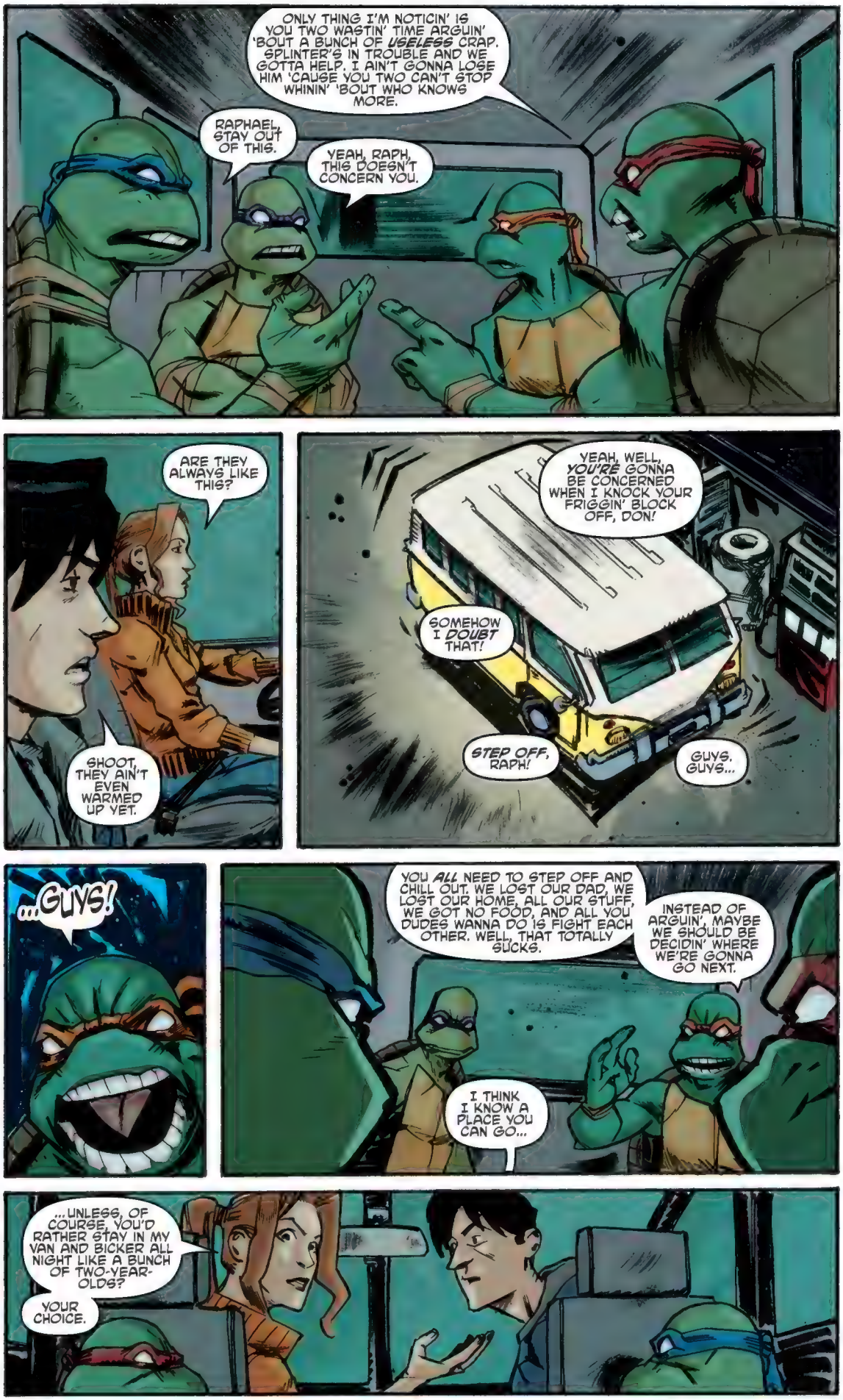
THEN, DO YOU ALSO KNOW WHY WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE?
A WAR IS COMING, RODENT— ONE THAT WILL BEGIN IN THE FILTHY STREETS OF THIS CITY AND SPREAD TO ENGULF THE ENTIRE WORLD. A WAR FOR POWER AND CONTROL—A WAR THE FOOT CLAN HAS PLANNED FOR AGES.
AND, WITH MASTER SHREDDER LEADING US...
...A WAR THE FOOT CLAN WILL DOMINATE.
AND WHAT HAS THIS WAR TO DO WITH ME?
THE FOOT CLAN IS COMPRISED OF THE MOST HIGHLY TRAINED, DISCIPLINED AND DEADLY SOLDIERS ON THE PLANET. BE THAT AS IT MAY, WE WILL NOT REST ON LAURELS.
OUR ENDURING STRENGTH LIES IN OUR ABILITY TO ADAPT AND OVERCOME.

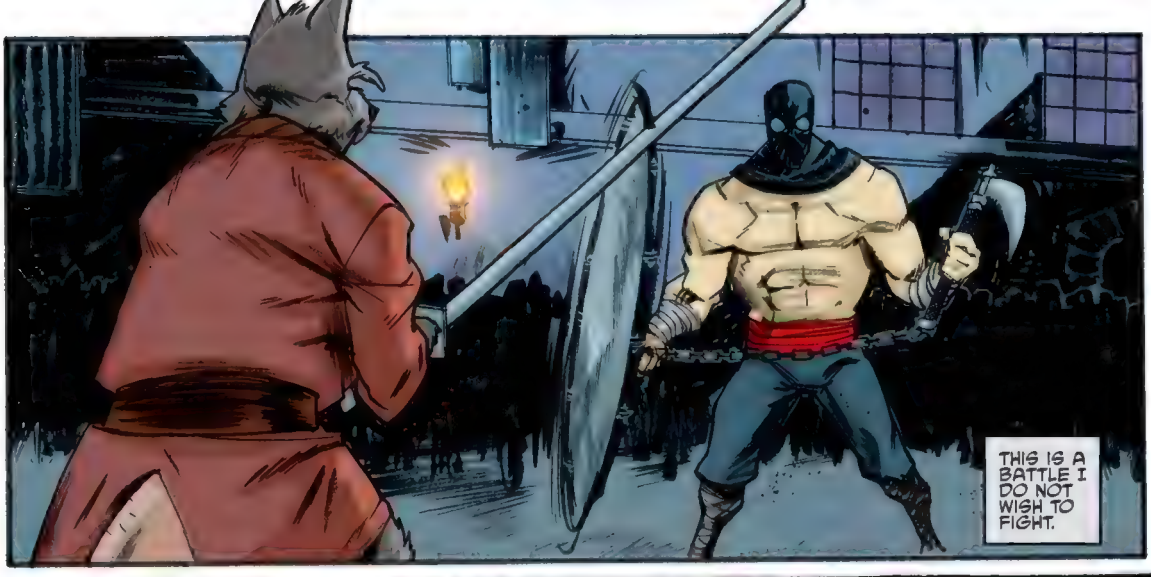
YOU ARE LIVING PROOF THAT OUR FOES HAVE BEGUN ENHANCING THEIR STANDING ARMIES WITH *MUTATED SOLDIERS* OF REMARKABLE ABILITIES...
...AS HAVE *WE*.
YOU HAVE NOT ANSWERED MY QUESTION—WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME?
YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO JOIN US TODAY, MUTANT. TO BECOME A SOLDIER FOR THE FOOT CLAN.
BUT FIRST...
...A *TEST!*
SHH

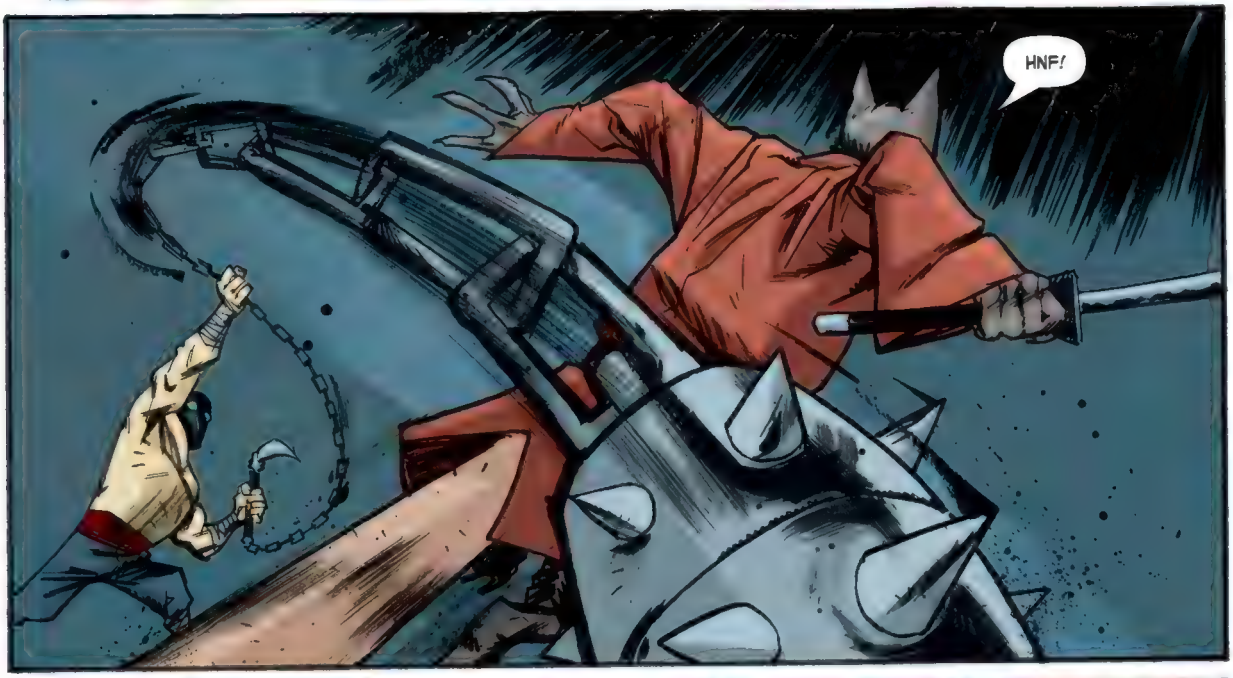
DEFEND YOURSELF, RODENT...
...OR DIE.

GAS
REG 4.13
PREM 4.23
SUPER 4.33
ARKET
GUYS, I'M GONNA PULL INTO THIS STATION FOR A BIT...
...WE'VE BEEN DRIVING AROUND IN CIRCLES FOR AN HOUR NOW AND I'M ALMOST OUT OF GAS.
JOIN THE CLUB, APRIL. BETWEEN THOSE STUPID ROBOTS IN THE SEWER AND STOCKGEN, I'M TOTALLY POOPED. OH, MY ACHIN' SHELL.
SHE'S TALKING ABOUT THE VAN, DOOFUS.
AND SHE'S RIGHT—WE'RE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE. WE NEED TO STOP AND FIGURE OUT WHAT STEPS TO TAKE NEXT.
WHAT'S TO FIGURE? SOME OTHER NINJA JACKASSES GOT SPLINTER AND NOW WE GOTTA GET HIM BACK.
FOOT CLAN.
HUH?
THE ONES WHO TOOK FATHER—IT'S GOT TO BE FOOT NINJA. IT ALL MAKES SENSE...
...ALL THE STUFF MASTER SPLINTER HAS BEEN TELLING US, IT ALL FITS. OROKU SAKI, OUR REINCARNATION, THE ROBOTS, EVEN STOCKMAN AND THAT JERK HOB—IT'S ALL LEADING US TO THE FOOT CLAN... OUR ANCIENT ENEMIES...
...JUST LIKE FATHER SAID.


WHOA... PLEASE DON'T START WITH THAT COSMIC GARBAGE, LEO. WE COULD USE SOME SOUND, COMMON-SENSE PLANNING RIGHT NOW, NOT MORE OF YOUR PARANORMAL NONSENSE.
DONNIE, WHY CAN'T YOU GET OVER YOUR SWOLLEN BRAIN JUST ONCE AND LOOK AROUND YOU, HUH?
AND WHAT WILL I SEE, LEO? CENTURIES-OLD MYSTICAL NINJAS OUT FOR OUR HEADS? YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO POINT 'EM OUT, BRO, BECAUSE I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SPOT 'EM.
DAMMIT, DONNIE! YOU HAVE SEEN THE FOOT! HELL, I FOUGHT AGAINST THEM!
YOU FOUGHT NINJAS THAT YOU SAY WERE THE FOOT, LEO—AND ONLY BECAUSE FATHER PLANTED THAT IDEA IN YOUR THICK SKULL. NOW YOU'RE CONVINCED THEY'VE TAKEN HIM TONIGHT WITHOUT ANY TANGIBLE PROOF TO SUPPORT YOUR THEORY.
DO YOU HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THE HIGH-TECH FIGHT I HAD WITH STOCKMAN AND HIS GOONS? MIKEY FOUGHT A BUNCH OF THUGS STEALING IRRADIATED MATERIALS...
AND HUNG OUT WITH A SUPER-HOT GIRL IN A CATSUIT!
...AND RAPH SLUGGED IT OUT WITH A GENETICALLY MUTATED SNOW FOX?*
*See TMNT: Micro-Series #1–4
YEAH, I REMEMBER. WHAT'S YOUR POINT, DONATELLO?
MY POINT, LEONARDO, IS THAT OF THE FOUR BATTLES WE'VE FOUGHT, THREE OF THEM HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL. THAT'S 75 PERCENT, MAN. AND LET'S NOT FORGET TONIGHT'S FUN WITH KILLER ROBOTS!
THIS ENTIRE CONSPIRACY SURE SEEMS CORPORATE AND CORPOREAL IF YOU TAKE TWO SECONDS TO NOTICE THE PATTERNS LIKE A REAL LEADER SHOULD.


ONLY THING I'M NOTICIN' IS YOU TWO WASTIN' TIME ARGUIN' 'BOUT A BUNCH OF USELESS CRAP. SPLINTER'S IN TROUBLE AND WE GOTTA HELP. I AIN'T GONNA LOSE HIM 'CAUSE YOU TWO CAN'T STOP WHININ' 'BOUT WHO KNOWS MORE.
RAPHAEL, STAY OUT OF THIS.
YEAH, RAPH, THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.
ARE THEY ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
SHOOT, THEY AIN'T EVEN WARMED UP YET.
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE GONNA BE CONCERNED WHEN I KNOCK YOUR FRIGGIN' BLOCK OFF, DON!
SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT!
STEP OFF, RAPH!
GUYS. GUYS...
...GUYS!
YOU ALL NEED TO STEP OFF AND CHILL OUT. WE LOST OUR DAD, WE LOST OUR HOME, ALL OUR STUFF, WE GOT NO FOOD, AND ALL YOU DUDES WANNA DO IS FIGHT EACH OTHER. WELL, THAT TOTALLY SUCKS.
INSTEAD OF ARGUIN', MAYBE WE SHOULD BE DECIDIN' WHERE WE'RE GONNA GO NEXT.
I THINK I KNOW A PLACE YOU CAN GO...
...UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'D RATHER STAY IN MY VAN AND BICKER ALL NIGHT LIKE A BUNCH OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS?
YOUR CHOICE.


THIS IS A BATTLE I DO NOT WISH TO FIGHT.


HNF!

VICTORY WOULD VIOLATE THE PEACEFUL TENETS I NOW HOLD SACRED.

SUCCUMBING TO DEFEAT, HOWEVER...
HYAA!
OOF!
...IS AN EVEN *LESS* APPEALING OPTION.
MY CAPTORS BELIEVE THEY HAVE AN ADVANTAGE OVER ME—THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.
LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE, I SPENT AN ENTIRE *LIFETIME* FIGHTING ALONGSIDE AND, LATER, AGAINST THE FOOT CLAN.

THEIR FIGHTING STYLE IS SECOND NATURE TO ME—THEIR MOVES AND THEIR TECHNIQUES FAMILIAR.
AND THOUGH THE FACES AND NAMES MAY HAVE CHANGED IN THIS NEW REALITY...
...THE METHODS, IT APPEARS, HAVE *NOT*.
OLD HABITS, AS IT HAS BEEN SAID...
...DIE HARD.

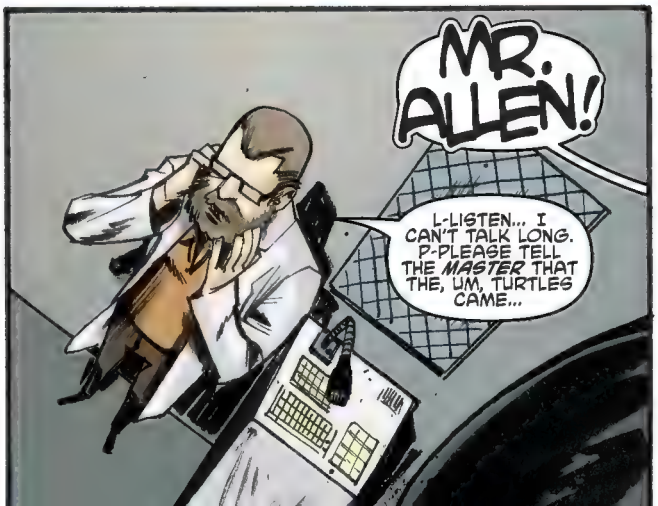
AND, AS HAS ALSO BEEN SAID, THE BIGGER THEY ARE...
...THE HARDER THEY FALL.
WHY DO YOU HESITATE, MUTANT? KILL...
...OR BE KILLED!

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
THE RAT WAS SECURE, YOU SAID. THE RAT'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE, YOU ASSURED ME. AND YET, MR. HOB, I SEE NO RAT IN THIS ROOM, MUTATED OR OTHERWISE.
HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN, YOU IDIOTIC FREAK OF NATURE?!
QUIT YELLIN', WILLYA? MY HEAD'S THROBBIN' ENOUGH AS IT IS.
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU STILL HAVE A HEAD, IMBECILE!
AND YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO HAVE TEN FINGERS IF YOU DON'T QUIT WAVIN' 'EM IN MY FACE.
YOU KNOW, IT'S SURPRISING THIS ESCAPE COULD HAVE OCCURRED, STOCKMAN, CONSIDERING THE RESPECT AND DISCIPLINE YOU SEEM TO INSPIRE IN YOUR SUBORDINATES.

PLEASE, GENERAL... YOUR SNIDE REMARKS ARE UNNECESSARY. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

ONCE MORE—WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RAT, MR. HOB?
WHY YOU ASKIN' ME? I ALREADY TOLD YOU I WAS OUT COLD THE WHOLE TIME.
ASK THAT WIMP *CHET*— HE SAW EVERYTHING.
MR. ALLEN?

WHERE THE HELL IS THAT FOOL, ANYWAY?

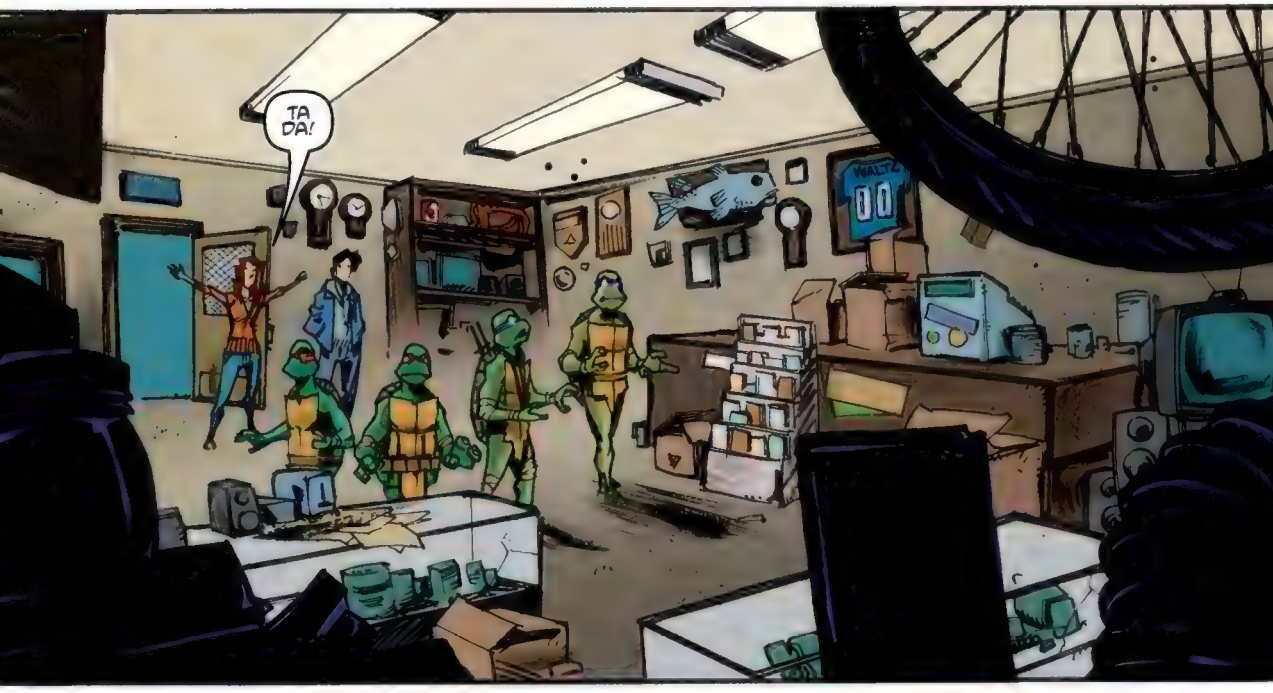

MR. ALLEN!
L-LISTEN... I CAN'T TALK LONG. P-PLEASE TELL THE *MASTER* THAT THE, UM, TURTLES CAME...

...RI-RIGHT AFTER *KARAI* TOOK THE RAT.

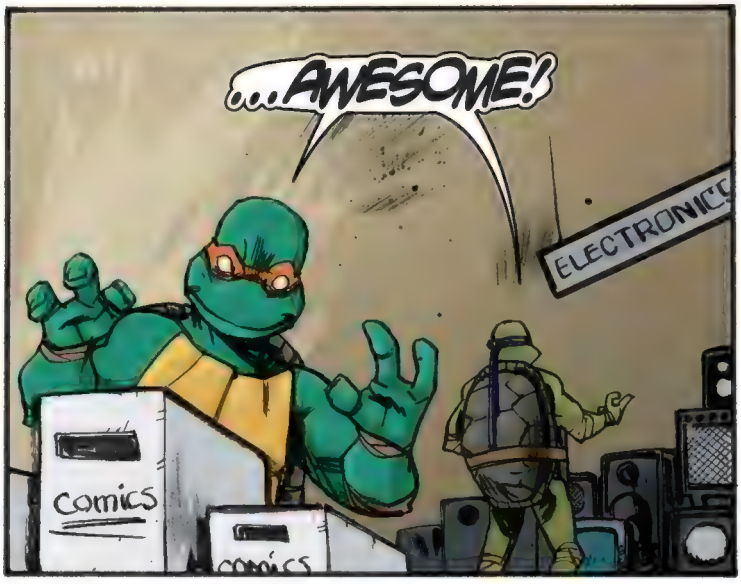
THIS IS IT.
TIQUES
THE SECOND TIME AROUND SHOP!S
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
IT'S... SOMETHIN', ALL RIGHT.
HEY, I NEVER SAID IT WAS THE RITZ.
IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR AGES. MY DAD WAS GONNA REFURBISH IT BUT HE HAD A STROKE. IT'S BEEN SITTING HERE UNUSED FOR A FEW YEARS NOW.
IS THERE ELECTRICITY AND RUNNING WATER?
YEP—MY PARENTS NEVER STOPPED PAYING FOR THEM.
THERE'S A FEW EMPTY APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS, TOO, THOUGH I DOUBT THERE'S MUCH FURNITURE OR STUFF LIKE THAT.
THAT'S NOT A CONCERN—WE WON'T BE HERE LONG. WE JUST NEED TO REST AND MAKE PLANS.
I CAN USE MY SAI TO JIMMY OPEN THE WINDOW.
OR, WE CAN JUST USE MY KEY.
NINJAS. YEEGH.

I WAS HOPING TO FIX UP THE PLACE MYSELF, BUT BETWEEN SCHOOL AND MY INTERNSHIP, THERE JUST HASN'T BEEN ANY FREE TIME.

LIKE I SAID, IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT, WHICH IS WHAT YOU WANT, RIGHT?
LET ME HIT THE LIGHTS.


TA DA!

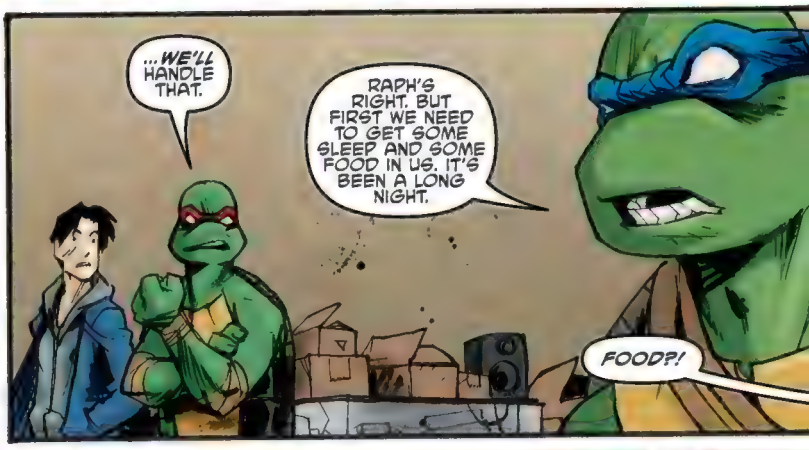
OH, WOW...
THIS IS...


...AWESOME!
ELECTRONICS
comics
comics

WHOA! A SILVER SENTRY #1 IN PRIMO CONDITION!
VACUUM TUBE! CLASSIC!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE MIKE AND DON DIG THE JOINT.
YEAH. TWO NERD PEAS IN A GEEK POD.
APRIL, WE ALL APPRECIATE YOU LETTING US CRASH HERE FOR A BIT. YOU'VE REALLY GONE ABOVE AND BEYOND FOR US—I'M NOT SURE HOW WE CAN REPAY YOU.
DON'T EVEN MENTION IT. I TOLD YOU, IT WORKS BOTH WAYS—

—BY HELPING YOU GUYS, I FEEL LIKE I'M FINALLY HELPING MYSELF. I JUST WISH I COULD DO MORE ABOUT YOUR DAD.
DON'T WORRY...


...WE'LL HANDLE THAT.
RAPH'S RIGHT. BUT FIRST WE NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP AND SOME FOOD IN US. IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT.
FOOD?!

I'M ON IT, DUDES!

LET ME GUESS—YOU BOYS'RE HAVIN' PIZZA FOR BREAKFAST.

GOSH, IT'S ALREADY MORNING! I NEED TO GET GOING, TOO—I HAVE A HUGE EXAM IN A FEW HOURS.
I'LL GO WITH YOU, APRIL.
THANKS.
GOOD LUCK, GUYS. FIRST CHANCE I GET, I'LL BE BACK TO CHECK ON YOU. YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU NEED, OKAY?
THANKS AGAIN, APRIL.
YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA BE OKAY, CASEY?
YEAH... NO WORRIES. IT WAS REALLY COOL, YOU GIVIN' THEM THIS PLACE TO CRASH IN, TOO. THEY'LL GET THEMSELVES STRAIGHT AND BACK IN THE FIGHT, YOU'LL SEE.
THOSE GUYS...
... THEY'RE SURVIVORS.
HMM. NEW *NEIGHBORS*, HUH?

MY OPPONENT LIES HELPLESS AT MY FEET.
AT MY MERCY.
AND, ABOVE ALL THE SHOUTING, BEYOND ALL THE TENSION THAT NOW CHOKES THIS CHAMBER, IT IS THAT WORD WHICH RINGS *LOUDEST* IN MY HEAD... AND FILLS MY HEART.
MERCY.
I HAVE WON, BUT IF I DELIVER THE MERCILESS KILLING BLOW NOW DEMANDED OF ME...
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, RODENT? YOU HAVE PASSED THE TEST. NOW KILL HIM AND JOIN US!
...I WILL, IN TRUTH, HAVE LOST.
NO. I WILL *NOT* EXECUTE THIS MAN.
FOOL! MASTER SHREDDER *COMMANDS* IT! DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS AT STAKE SHOULD YOU DISOBEY?!

YES, YOUNG LADY, I FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT IS AT STAKE. HONOR.
MY HONOR.
I KNOW MUCH OF THE FOOT CLAN... MUCH MORE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY REALIZE.
MOST IMPORTANT, I KNOW THAT THIS WAS ONCE AN HONORABLE CLAN—BUT NO LONGER.
NO, ITS HONOR WAS DESTROYED FROM WITHIN BY ANOTHER LIKE YOU. HE, TOO, DESIRED POWER ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS—COMPLETE DOMINATION AT ALL COSTS.
HE, TOO, WAS WRONG.
INSOLENT WORM! YOU DARE SPEAK TO MASTER SHREDDER WITH SUCH DISRESPECT?! I WILL HAVE YOUR TONGUE!
I DO NOT WISH TO LOSE MY TONGUE, NOR MY LIFE, AND I AM PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR BOTH. I WOULD RATHER DIE THAN JOIN YOU AND LOSE MY HONOR.
YOU DEFILE THE FOOT CLAN...
...I WILL NOT BE PARTY TO THIS DISGRACE.
IT... CANNOT BE.

HAMATO YOSHI?
HIS VOICE, LIKE A DEMON'S WHISPER ACROSS TIME AND SPACE. FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
OROKU SAKI?
MY SUSPICIONS ARE LAID BARE AT LAST. MY ANCIENT ENEMY, INDEED, HAS *RETURNED*. ALIVE...
...AND IN THE FLESH.
YES. IT IS I.
I WOULD ASK HOW IT IS YOU ARE HERE, HAMATO YOSHI, AND IN THIS FORM, BUT I HAVE NOT RETURNED FROM MY LONG DEATH TO WASTE PRECIOUS TIME ON THE INCONSEQUENTIAL.
KARAI...

...DESTROY HIM.

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

ISSUE #11

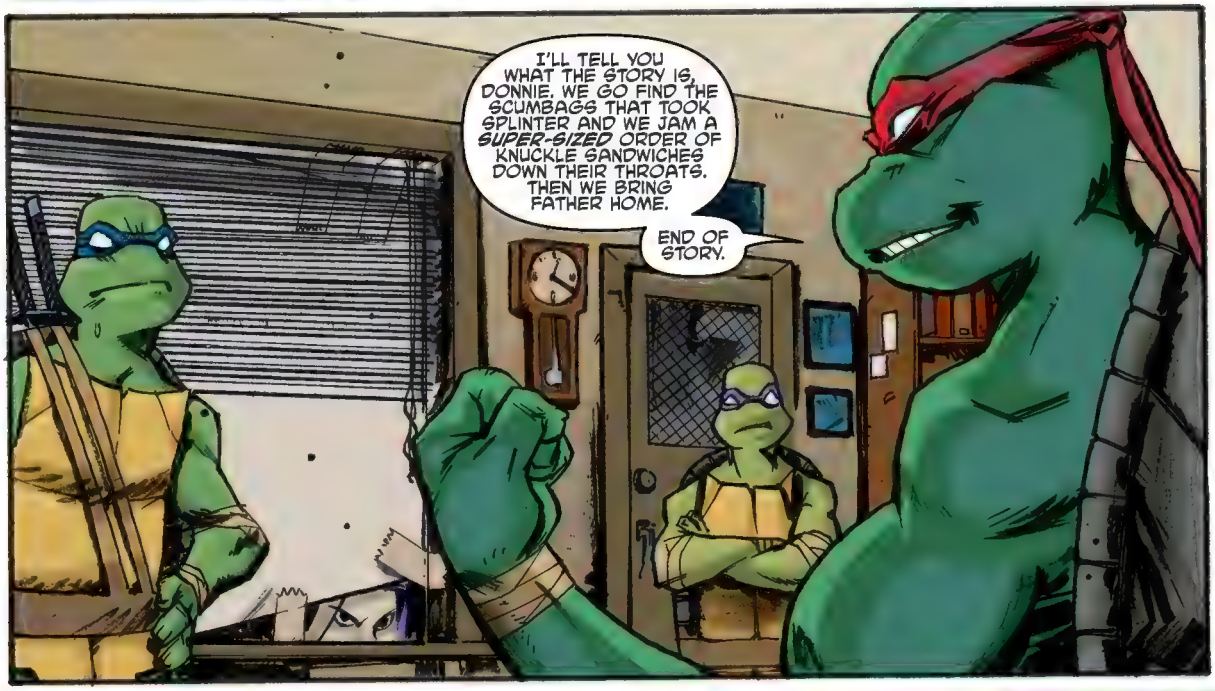
art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

I HAVE FACED A MULTITUDE OF ENEMIES THIS NIGHT.
SOME HAVE BEEN *NEW*.
OTHERS, *ANCIENT*.
KARAI...
ALL HAVE BEEN FORMIDABLE. DETERMINED. DEADLY.
...DESTROY HIM.
BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY, I AM A VERY TIRED OLD RAT.

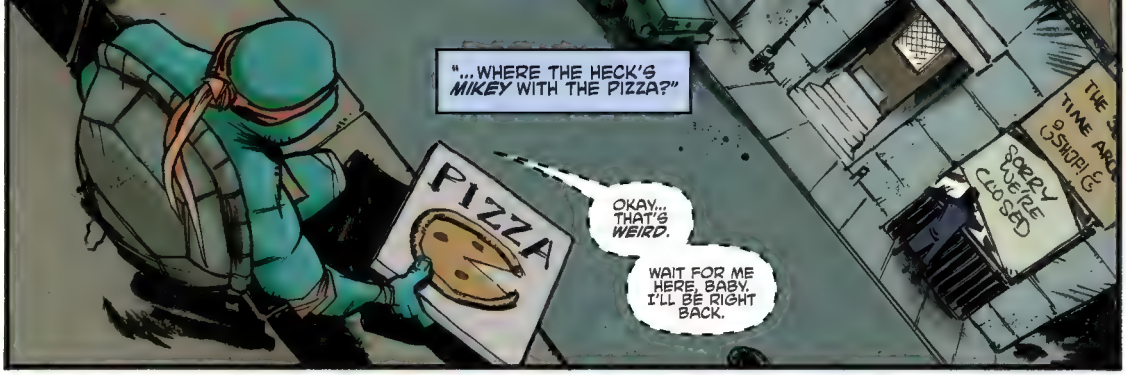
BUT NOT SO TIRED...
...AS TO BE SLAIN BY AN ARROW...
...SHOT BY A CHILD.
SHP
NO. NEVER *THAT* TIRED.
USELESS GIRL.
BUT...
FOOT NINJA...
AN ARMY OF NINJA WARRIORS, HOWEVER...

...ATTACK!
...MAY BE A *DIFFERENT* STORY ALTOGETHER.

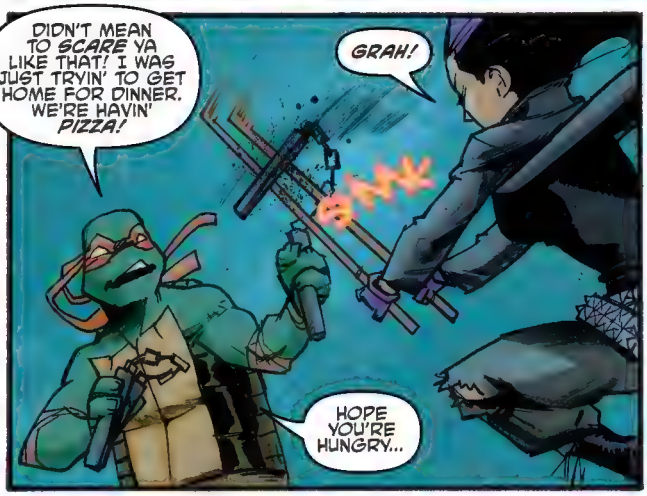
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
SO, WHAT'S THE STORY, LEO...
... WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?


I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE STORY IS, DONNIE. WE GO FIND THE SCUMBAGS THAT TOOK SPLINTER AND WE JAM A SUPER-SIZED ORDER OF KNUCKLE SANDWICHES DOWN THEIR THROATS. THEN WE BRING FATHER HOME.
END OF STORY.

I APPRECIATE YOUR, UM... ENTHUSIASM, RAPH, BUT I'M STILL WORKING ON A PLAN AND I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S GONNA HAVE TO BE A LITTLE MORE INTRICATE THAN FEEDING FISTS TO OUR ENEMIES.
SPEAKING OF FEEDING...


"...WHERE THE HECK'S MIKEY WITH THE PIZZA?"
PIZZA
OKAY... THAT'S WEIRD.
WAIT FOR ME HERE, BABY. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED

BOO!
WHO—?!


DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YA LIKE THAT! I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO GET HOME FOR DINNER. WE'RE HAVIN' PIZZA!
GRAH!
BANK
HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY...

...'CAUSE YOU'RE INVITED.
HEY, A PIZZA PARTY...

...SOUNDS PRETTY DAMN GOOD TO ME. RIGHT, MALO?
HELLS YEAH, LINK.
OH...

...CRAP! I GOTTA GET UP IN LIKE TWO HOURS FOR CLASS...
...I'M TOTALLY GONNA FAIL MY ADVANCED GENETICS EXAM, I KNOW IT.
WELL, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I BOMB TESTS EVEN WHEN I DON'T STAY UP ALL NIGHT SNEAKIN' THROUGH THE SEWERS AND FIGHTIN' INSANE ROBOTS.
YEAH, TONIGHT WAS PRETTY INSANE, HUH? I JUST HOPE THOSE GUYS FIND SPLINTER AND HE'S OKAY.
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, YOU'LL SEE.
OKAY—IF YOU SAY SO. BUT, I'LL SEE YOU LATER, RIGHT? LIKE, AFTER CLASS, MAYBE?
DEFINITELY. I'D LIKE THAT A LOT.
ME, TOO!
YEAH...
...IF I LIVE THAT LONG.

I WISH TO *LIVE*, TO SEE MY FAMILY ONCE AGAIN.
TO KEEP THEM SAFE.
SO, DESPITE MY EXHAUSTION, DESPITE MY WOUNDS, I FIGHT TO *SURVIVE*.
BY *ALL MEANS* NECESSARY.
I *REFUSE* TO SURRENDER.

NOW...
...SHALL WE CONTINUE?
ALOPEX...
...YOU MAY JOIN THE BATTLE.
THANK YOU, MASTER.
PREPARE TO *DIE*, RAT.
YES. I AM A RAT.
BUT I AM ALSO *NINJA!*

C'MON, GUYS! I ONLY BROUGHT ONE PIZZA. NO WAY THAT'S GONNA BE ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!
MAYBE NEXT TIME, HUH?
AIN'T GONNA BE NO NEXT TIME, FREAKAZOID!
OKAY, I CAN SPARE ONE SLICE, BUT YOU GUYS ARE GONNA HAFTA SHARE IT!
WHAT THE HELL?!
MIKEY!
LET'S GO!
WHAT TOOK YOU GUYS SO LONG?! IF YOU WERE READIN' MY COMICS, YOU BETTER'VE BAGGED AND BOARDED THEM RIGHT!
SHUT UP, MIKEY! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
UNH!
YEAH, WHO THE HELL ARE THESE PUNKS?!
GUH?!

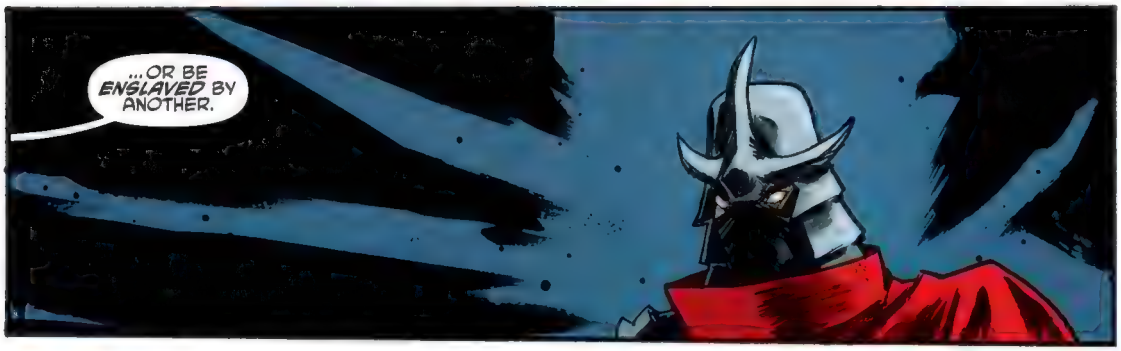
UG?! WHO THE HELL ARE Y—GGK?!
YEAH! WE'RE GETTIN' REAL... GNF... SICK OF YOU FREAKO MUTIES INVADIN' OUR... UFF... TURF!
YOU STINKIN' NINJA CREEPS... URK... JUST KEEP GETTIN'... ACK... BUTT-UGLIER!
WAIT! DID HE SAY—
NO WAY...
...ANGEL?!

THIS ONE IS FAST.
UFF!
EXTREMELY FAST.
GAH!
JUST AS MY SON RAPHAEL SAID SHE WAS.
YOU ARE NOT UNKNOWN TO ME, ALOPEX. I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR FIGHTING PROWESS, AS WELL AS HOW YOU CAME TO BE WHAT YOU ARE NOW...
...OF HOW YOU WERE STOLEN FROM YOUR NATURAL FAMILY AND FORCIBLY MUTATED INTO A SOLDIER FOR THE FOOT.
I AM...
...WHAT I WANT TO BE, RAT!
YOU SAY THAT AS IF YOU HAD A CHOICE IN THE MATTER.

BUT YOU HAD NONE. YOU ARE THE RESULT OF ANOTHER'S EVIL SCHEME.

YOU HAD NO SAY IN WHAT WAS DONE TO YOU—IN WHAT YOU'VE BECOME.

NOW, HOWEVER, YOUR DESTINY BELONGS TO *YOU*.
YOU MUST CHOOSE THE PATH YOU WISH TO FOLLOW. YOU ARE FREE TO SERVE YOURSELF...


...OR BE *ENSLAVED* BY ANOTHER.

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, RAT.
CHOOSE, YOU SAY? FINE. I CHOOSE...
...TO KILL YOU!
KLANG
THEN LET THIS BE AN IMPORTANT LESSON TO YOU.

THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE PATHS OF WAR AND PEACE...
FWIP
GUH?!

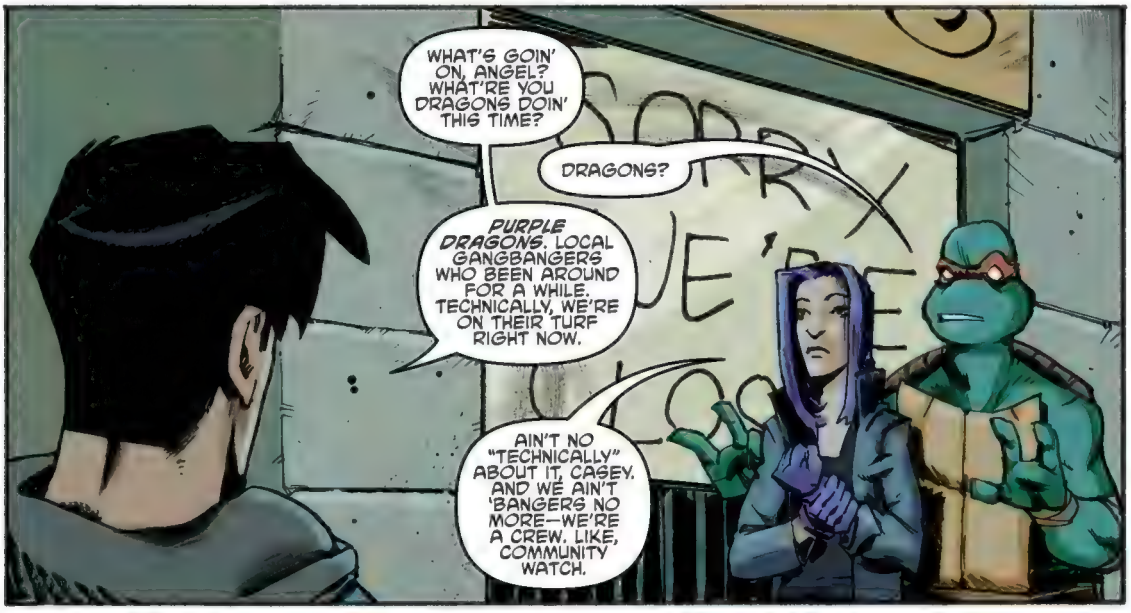
...IS AS IMMENSE AS THE DIVIDE THAT SEPARATES....
UFF!
FWUMP

KRAK
...STUDENT AND MASTER!

SO, OROKU SAKI, DO WE SETTLE THIS NOW...

...MASTER TO MASTER?

SHOP!
SORRY
WE'RE
CLOSED
YOU KNOW THIS PSYCHO CHICK, CASEY?
YEAH, I KNOW HER. NAME'S ANGEL. SHE'S FROM MY 'HOOD. HER DAD WORKS AT A DIVE WHERE MY OLD MAN'S ALWAYS BOOZIN' IT UP.


WHAT'S GOIN' ON, ANGEL? WHAT'RE YOU DRAGONS DOIN' THIS TIME?
DRAGONS?
PURPLE DRAGONS. LOCAL GANGBANGERS WHO BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE. TECHNICALLY, WE'RE ON THEIR TURF RIGHT NOW.
AIN'T NO "TECHNICALLY" ABOUT IT, CASEY. AND WE AIN'T 'BANGERS NO MORE—WE'RE A CREW. LIKE, COMMUNITY WATCH.

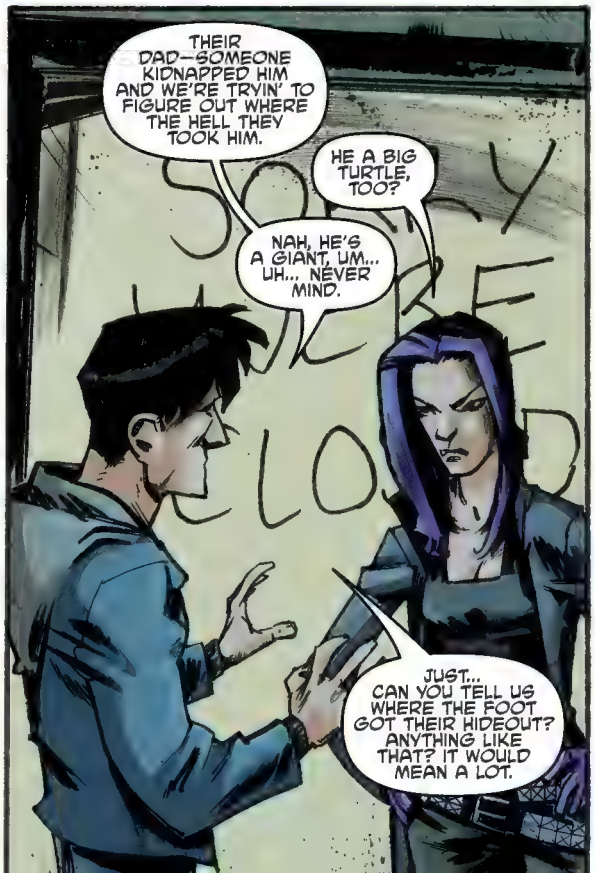
CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT, ANGEL, IT STILL DON'T TELL ME WHY YOU GUYS'RE HERE.
US?! WHAT ABOUT YOU, MAN? WHY'RE YOU HANGIN' WITH FREAKS?
THESE FREAKS HAPPEN TO BE MY FRIENDS. WHY YOU FIGHTIN' THEM?

'CAUSE YOUR "FRIENDS" AIN'T THE FIRST MUTANTS OR NINJAS THAT'VE BEEN BUSTIN' INTO OUR TURF UNINVITED. STREETS HAVE BEEN CRAWLIN' WITH 'EM LATELY.
WHAT OTHER MUTANTS AND NINJAS? WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN?!
DON'T TELL THESE ESTUPIDOS NOTHIN', ANGEL!
IGNORE HIM, ANGEL—YOU CAN TELL US. I SWEAR ON MY MOM'S GRAVE, WHOEVER YOU BEEN SEEIN', IT AIN'T BEEN THESE GUYS. THEY'RE COOL.

OKAY. WHATEVER. BUT IF THESE GUYS AIN'T CHILL LIKE YOU'RE SAYIN', IT'S ON *YOUR HEAD*, JONES.
FAIR ENOUGH.
OKAY, SO THE MUTANTS WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT, THEY AIN'T BIG *LIZARDS* LIKE YOU GUYS.
TURTLES.
WHATEVER. THE OTHER ONES WE SEEN ARE THIS BIG, UGLY PIRATE-CAT AND A... A KUNG-FU COYOTE, OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
HOB.
AND ALOPEX.

AND THE NINJAS LOOK LIKE... LIKE *NINJAS*. THEY'RE BAD DUDES—BEEN SHAKIN' DOWN THIS 'HOOD AND ALL THE OTHERS 'ROUND HERE REAL GOOD LATELY.
THE DRAGONS HAVE RUN INTO 'EM A COUPLE TIMES AND IT AIN'T BEEN FUN. THEY'RE SCARY HUGE AND ORGANIZED... AND DEAD SERIOUS. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE GEARIN' UP FOR SOMETHIN' *REAL BIG*.

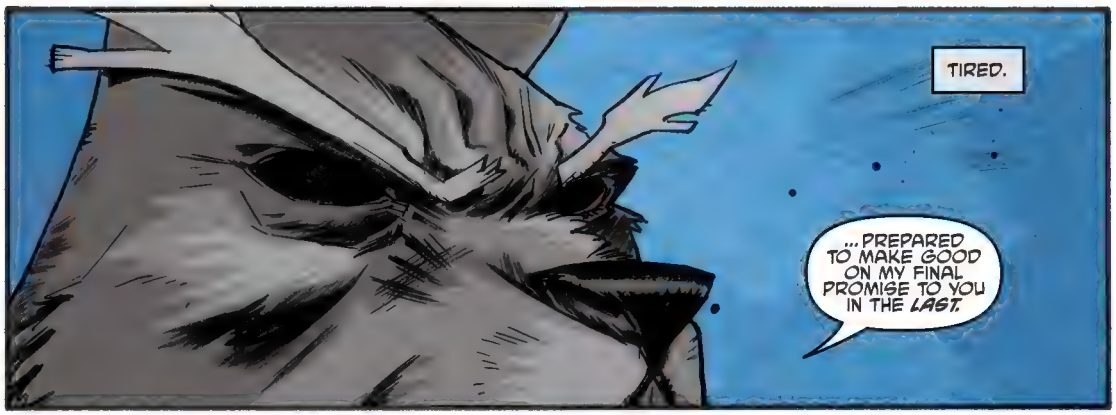
YEAH. WHEN WE SAW YOU GUYS IN THIS OLD STORE, WE FIGURED YOU WAS *MORE* MUTANTS CREATED BY THEM FOOT JERKS.
WAIT. THE FOOT CLAN?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT THOSE PSYCHOS CALL THEMSELVES—THE FOOT CLAN. YOU KNOW 'EM?
YOU COULD SAY THAT—THEY JUST STOLE OUR FATHER FROM US.


THEIR DAD—SOMEONE KIDNAPPED HIM AND WE'RE TRYIN' TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THE HELL THEY TOOK HIM.
HE A BIG TURTLE, TOO?
NAH, HE'S A GIANT, UM... UH... NEVER MIND.
JUST... CAN YOU TELL US WHERE THE FOOT GOT THEIR HIDEOUT? ANYTHING LIKE THAT? IT WOULD MEAN A LOT.

DON'T GO BRINGIN' US INTO THIS CRAP, ANGEL.
SHUT UP, CHUN! DON'T EVEN TRY TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO!
WE KNOW A PLACE WHERE THEY HANG OUT. LAST FEW NIGHTS IT'S BEEN BUSY THERE. WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT'S AT—BUT THAT'S IT. YOU DUDES ARE ON YOUR OWN AFTER THAT. DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO...
OKAY, LISTEN, I'M ONLY DOIN' THIS 'CAUSE JONES IS A FRIEND AND I OWE HIM ONE.
...BUT WHATEVER'S GOIN' ON WITH YOUR OLD MAN, IT AIN'T PURPLE DRAGON BUSINESS, UNDERSTAND?
UNDERSTOOD.
LEO, YOU WERE RIGHT... ABOUT THE FOOT. I... I WAS WRONG.
I'M SORRY FOR DOUBTING YOU, MAN.
FORGET IT, DONNIE—NO HARD FEELINGS AT ALL, BRO.
YOU HAD THE RIGHT TO QUESTION IT UNTIL THERE WAS PROOF.

AND NOW THAT WE'VE GOT PROOF, LET'S SHOW THOSE BASTARDS THEY DON'T EVER MESS WITH THIS FAMILY.
WELL, THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS, GUYS.
YEAH...
...TIME TO STOMP SOME FOOT!

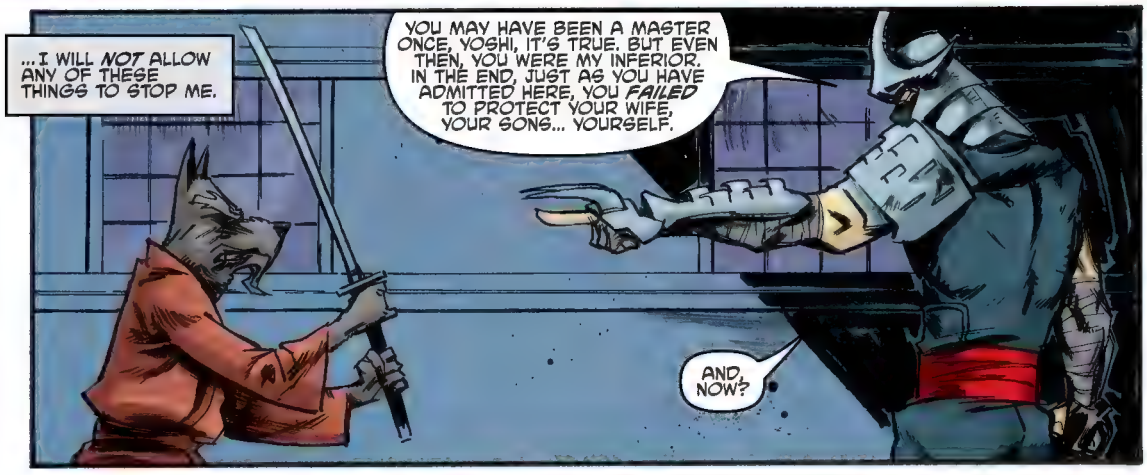
I AM OLD.
YOU MURDERED MY BELOVED TANG SHEN, SAKI, AND RUTHLESSLY EXECUTED MY PRECIOUS SONS BEFORE MY VERY OWN EYES.
THEN YOU TOOK MY LIFE WITHOUT ALLOWING ME THE WARRIOR'S HONOR AND JUSTICE ONLY THE PUREST COMBAT CAN PROVIDE.
AND YET, HERE I STAND IN THIS NEXT LIFE...


TIRED.
...PREPARED TO MAKE GOOD ON MY FINAL PROMISE TO YOU IN THE LAST.

GRANDFATHER... PLEASE ALLOW ME TO END THIS. I AM—
NO. YOU HAVE ALREADY PROVEN YOU ARE NOT READY, KARAI.

HE IS MINE.

MY BODY SCREAMS WITH PAIN.
SO, HAMATO YOSHI, REMOVING YOUR HEAD WAS NOT ENOUGH TO *CLEANSE* YOUR TRAITOR'S STAIN FROM THIS WORLD, HM?
BUT...
INSTEAD, YOU RETURN FROM THE DEAD A MONSTROSITY THAT *DARES* CALL ITSELF MASTER.

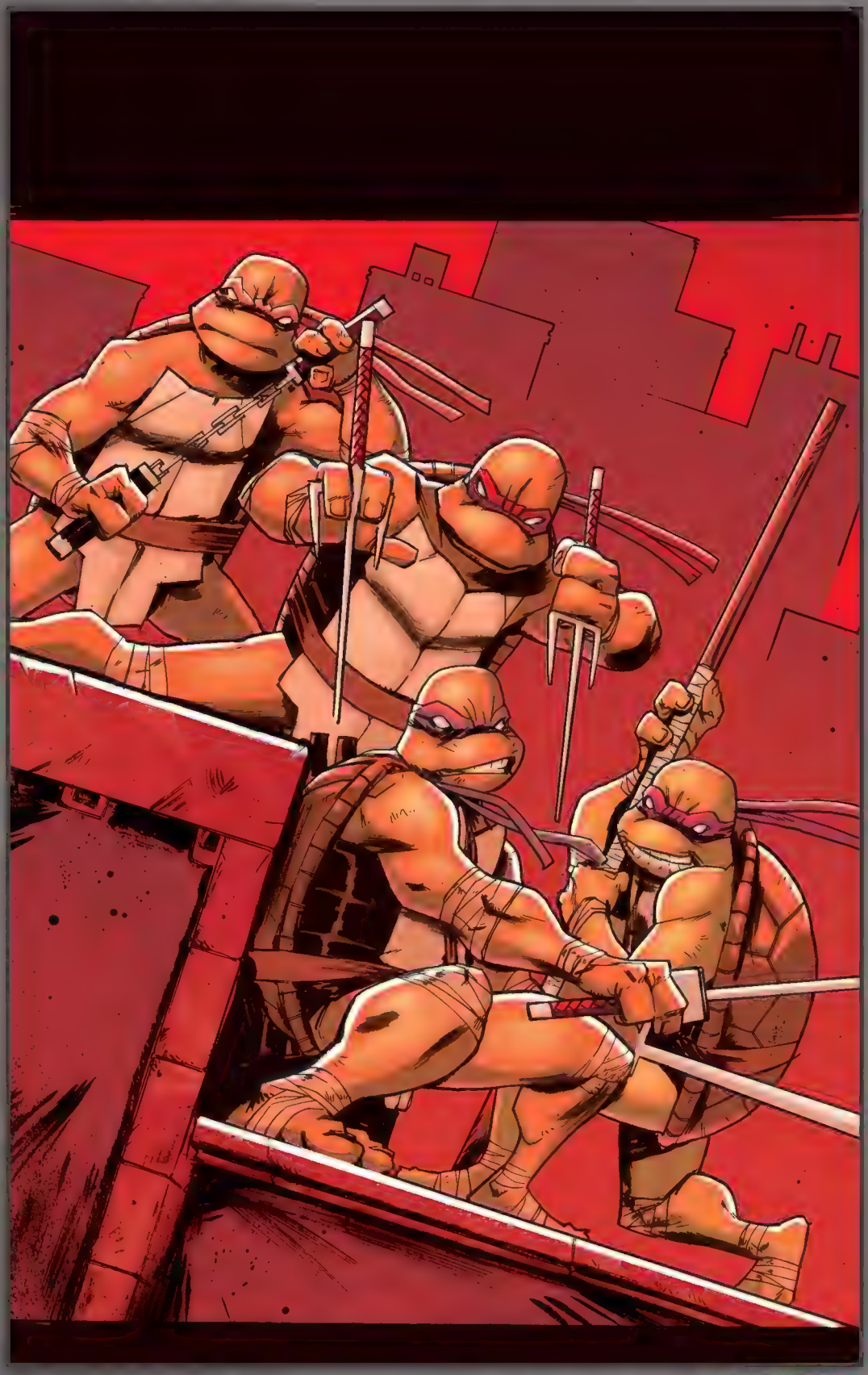

...I WILL *NOT* ALLOW ANY OF THESE THINGS TO STOP ME.
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN A MASTER ONCE, YOSHI. IT'S TRUE. BUT EVEN THEN, YOU WERE MY INFERIOR. IN THE END, JUST AS YOU HAVE ADMITTED HERE, YOU *FAILED* TO PROTECT YOUR WIFE, YOUR SONS... YOURSELF.
AND, NOW?

NOW YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A *RAT* IN A TRAP.

TO STOP ME FROM DOING WHAT I KNOW *MUST* BE DONE.
WE SHALL SEE.

HYAAAH!

art by KEVIN EASTMAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON



ISSUE #12

art by DAN DUNCAN
colors by RONDA PATTISON

YOU WERE RIGHT, ANGEL...

...THIS DEFINITELY LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.
YEAH, AND I TOLD YOU BEFORE, THIS IS AS FAR AS WE PURPLE DRAGONS GO.
YOU GUYS ARE ON YOUR OWN FROM HERE.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANNA JOIN THE FUN? LOOKS LIKE THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOT PUNKS TO GO AROUND. BE A GOOD TIME FOR A LITTLE PAYBACK FOR ALL THE CRAP THEY'VE BEEN PULLIN' IN YOUR 'HOOD.

¿ESTAS LOCO? THERE AIN'T NO GOOD TIME WITH THESE GUYS, MAN.
THIS PLACE IS JUST ONE HIDEOUT FOR THESE DUDES—THEY'RE ALL OVER THE DAMN CITY. WE GOT ENOUGH HEAT IN OUR TURF ALREADY. WE DON'T NEED TO BE INVITIN' NO MORE.
YEAH. YOU SEE THEM GUARDS OUTSIDE? THE FOOT DON'T PLAY AROUND.

THAT'S OKAY...
...NEITHER DO WE.

OROKU SAKI IS ONLY *PLAYING* WITH ME NOW. TOYING WITH ME.
KLANG
OF THIS, WE ARE *BOTH* FULLY AWARE.
YOU WILL NOT PREVAIL, YOSHI.
YOUR DEFEAT IS INEVITABLE— YOU *KNOW* THIS.

HYUH!
FWOOK
YOU HAVE FOUGHT COMMENDABLY TONIGHT, BUT YOUR BODY *WEAKENS* NOW.
IT *FAILS* YOU.
HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH. EVERY SINGLE WEARY CELL IN MY BODY *BEGS* FOR ME TO QUIT.
TO SURRENDER TO THE PAIN AND THE FATIGUE.
I *IGNORE* THEIR PLEAS.

INSTEAD, I FOCUS ON MY *FAMILY*—MY BELOVED SONS AND MY PRECIOUS TANG SHEN.
I THINK OF ALL THAT THIS MONSTER HAS DONE TO THEM—THE PAIN AND FEAR HE HAS BROUGHT INTO THEIR LIVES, PAST AND PRESENT.
OF THE HAPPINESS HE HAS STOLEN FROM ME.
I REMEMBER IT ALL AND THE STING OF THE MEMORIES, BOTH JOYFUL AND TRAGIC, PUSHES ME UPWARD, PAST MY OWN PAIN AND FEARS...
...AND *BACK* INTO THE FIGHT.
YOU WERE SAYING, SAKI?
AH, YOSHI... I SEE YOU REMAIN AS STUBBORN AS EVER. SUCH WASTED ENERGY.
SO BE IT...
...LET US *CONTINUE!*

I SEARCH DEEP INSIDE FOR THE STRENGTH REQUIRED TO *END* THIS—
—TO RID THE WORLD OF THIS ONE'S *UNYIELDING TERROR.*
I SEEK OUT ALL THAT IS *HONORABLE* IN MY HEART AND IN MY SOUL...
...DOING EVERYTHING WITHIN MY POWER TO PAY RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE FOR SO BENEVOLENTLY ANSWERING MY FINAL PRAYER IN MY LAST LIFE.
GRANTING ME THIS OPPORTUNITY TO FACE SAKI ONCE AGAIN...
...WARRIOR TO WARRIOR.

BUT, IN THE END...
SNAP
ENOUGH!

...I UNDERSTAND THAT THE UNIVERSE WILL *NOT* GRANT ME VICTORY OVER THIS FOE.
THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!
I WILL NOT PREVAIL. THE *BEST* I CAN HOPE FOR NOW...

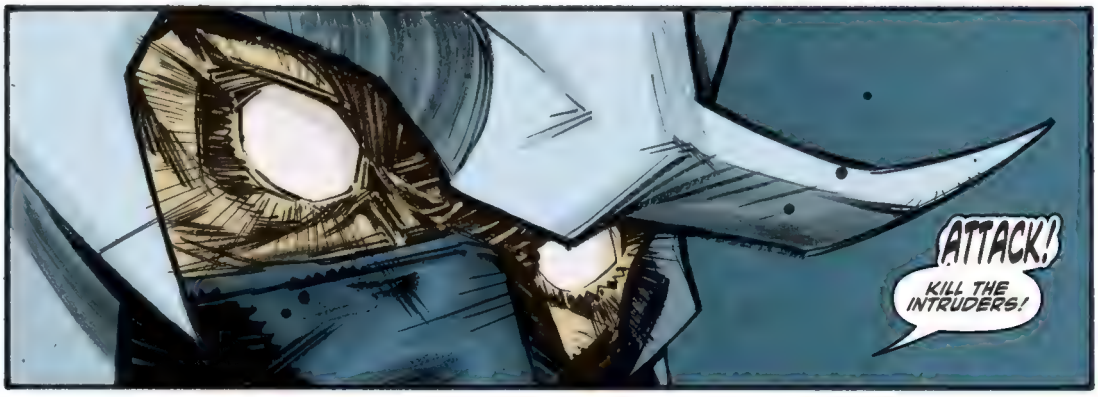
HOW APROPOS THAT A LOWLY *TRAITOR* IS RETURNED TO THIS WORLD A *RODENT*.
...IS A *WARRIOR'S DEATH*.

I KNOW I MUST ACCEPT MY FATE.
BUT TO LEAVE NOW, WITH THE ONES I LOVE FACING SUCH UNSPEAKABLE DANGERS—I FEEL AS IF I'VE *FAILED* ONCE AGAIN. AS A *WARRIOR*.

NOW YOU WILL TRULY DIE AS YOU ONCE LIVED...
AS A *FILTHY RAT*.
AND AS A *FATHER*.
GOOD-BYE, HAMATO YOSHI.
MY SONS...

...FORGIVE ME.
KSSSSHH
THUMP
YO, PINHEAD, LISTEN UP. YOU MESS WITH OUR OLD MAN...
...YOU MESS WITH US.

FOOLS! WHY DO YOU DAWDLE?


ATTACK!
KILL THE INTRUDERS!

BUT LEAVE THE RAT TO ME.

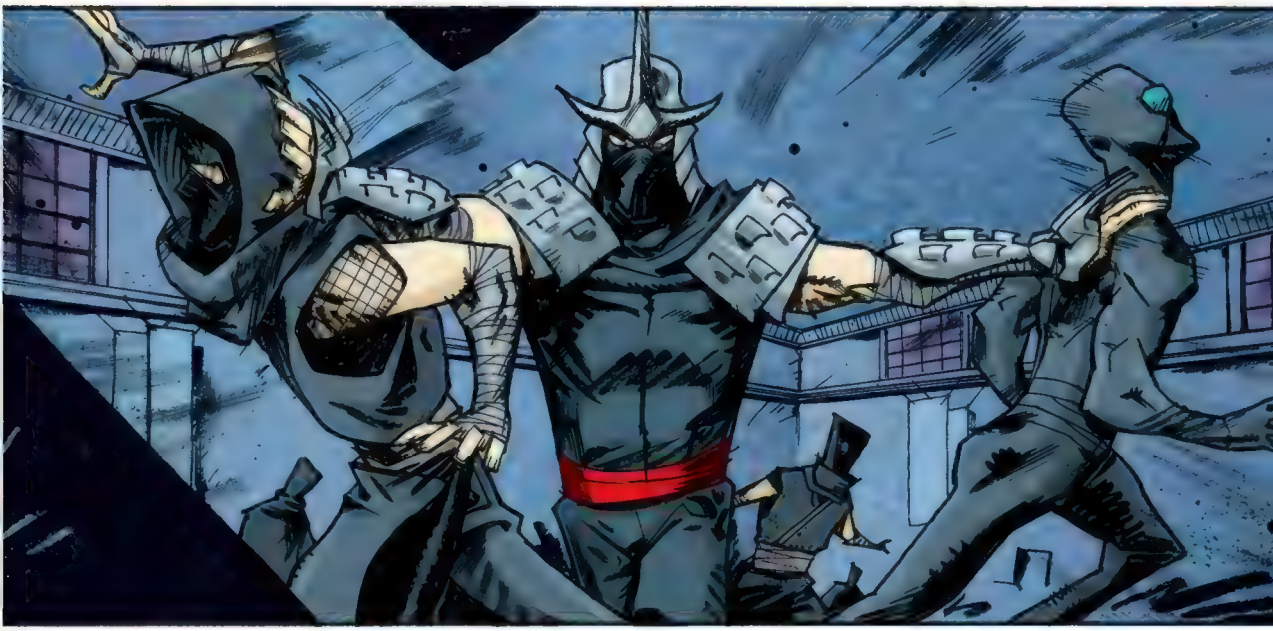
GUYS, WE GOTTA GET FATHER OUT OF HERE *STAT!*
YOU WASTE YOUR BREATH, MUTANT! *NONE* OF YOU WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE! THERE IS NO WAY OUT!
YEAH? GUESS I BETTER START *CUTTING* A PATH!
KLANG
GNH!
C'MON, MIKEY—WE NEED TO GRAB FATHER AND GO!
I'M *TRYIN'*, DONNIE, BUT THESE DORKS KEEP BLOCKIN' THE WAY! STUPID EVIL NINJAS!
BACK FOR *MORE*, TURTLE? GOOD!
CHECK IT OUT, CASEY—OUR OLD PAL *ALOPEX!*
YEAH, I REMEMBER THAT UGLY PUPPY!
GRRAR!
YOW! NOT AS TAME AS I REMEMBER, THOUGH!
'LEAST THIS TIME THERE'S NO MISTAKIN' WHOSE *SIDE* THIS WEASEL'S ON!
CRAK

YOU WILL NEED A MIRACLE TO DEFEAT US, MUTANT! YOU ARE SEVERELY OUTNUMBERED!
YEAH? WELL, LET ME FILL YOU IN ON A LITTLE FAMILY SECRET.
MY BROTHER'S THE ONE WHO CARES ABOUT NUMBERS.
YAH!
WHA—?!
THUNK
I'M THE ONE WHO BELIEVES IN MIRACLES.

FATHER? CAN YOU WALK?
I... I DO NOT THINK SO, MY SON. MY BODY IS...

MIKEY, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO CARRY HIM!
WHATEVER. LET'S JUST DO IT FAST BEFORE THIS GETS ANY...

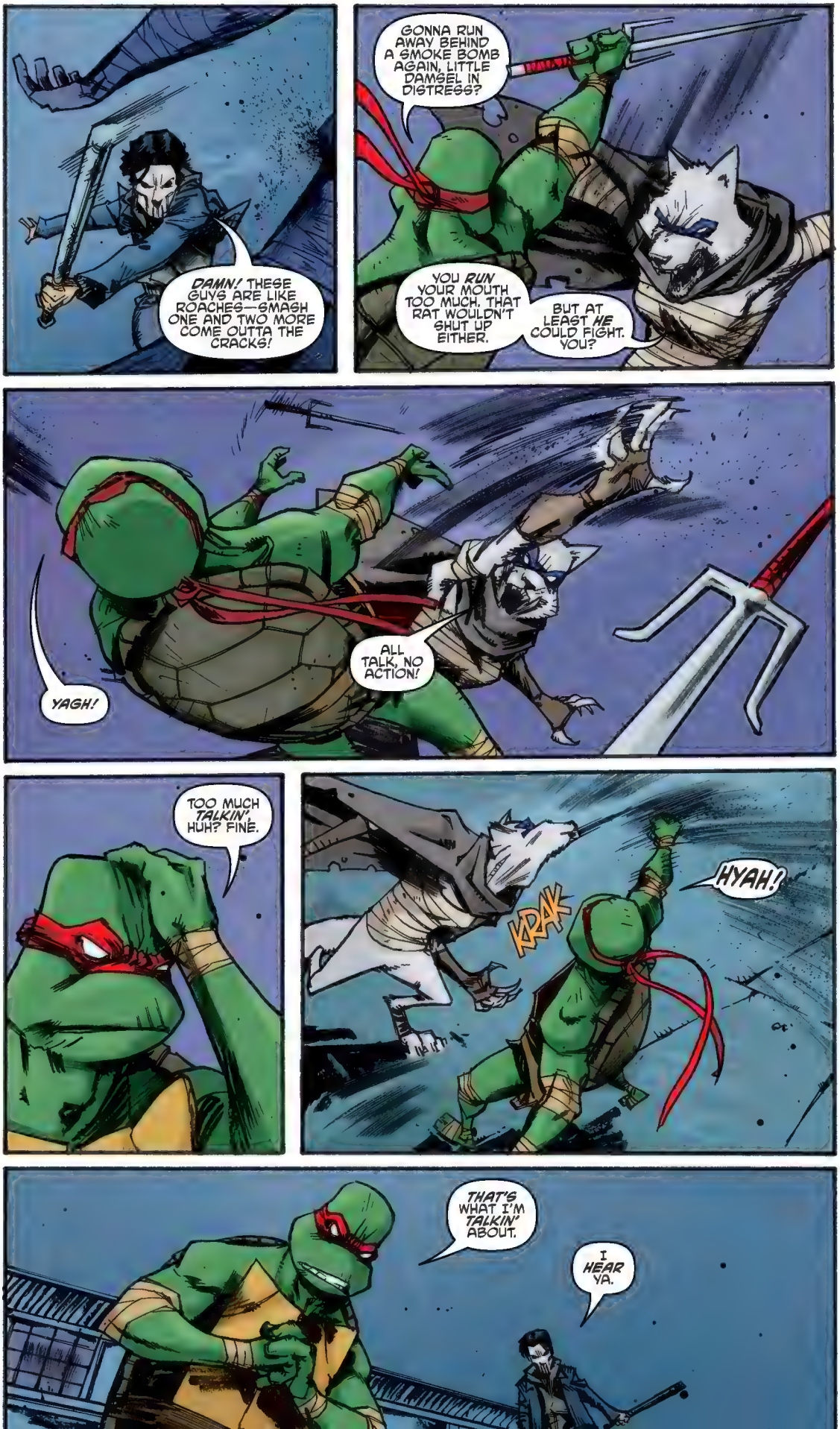
...WORSE.
AW, DAMN.



NO... LEAVE ME. YOU... YOU ALL MUST FIGHT TOGETHER AGAINST... SAKI.
SAKI?

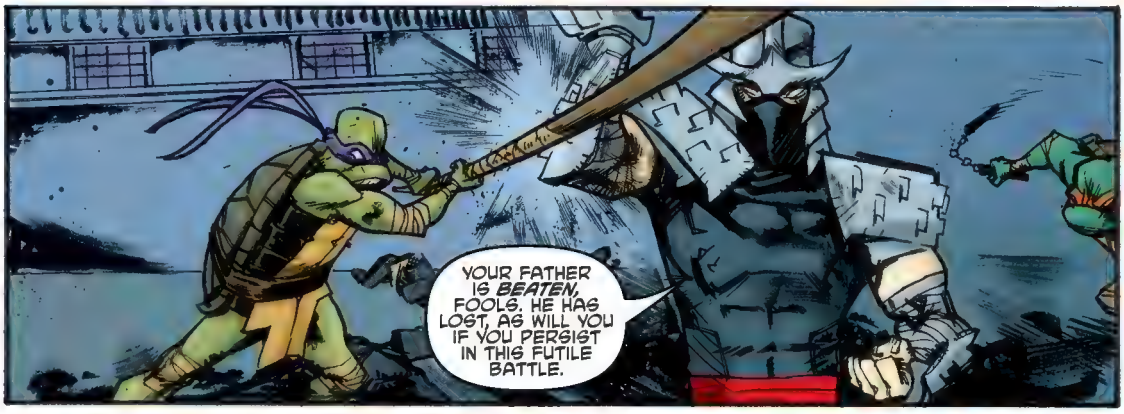
OH.

DONNIE, RUN!
KLANG
MIKEY!
JUST GO! GET FATHER OUTTA HERE! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
"FATHER?"
GUFF!
FASCINATING.

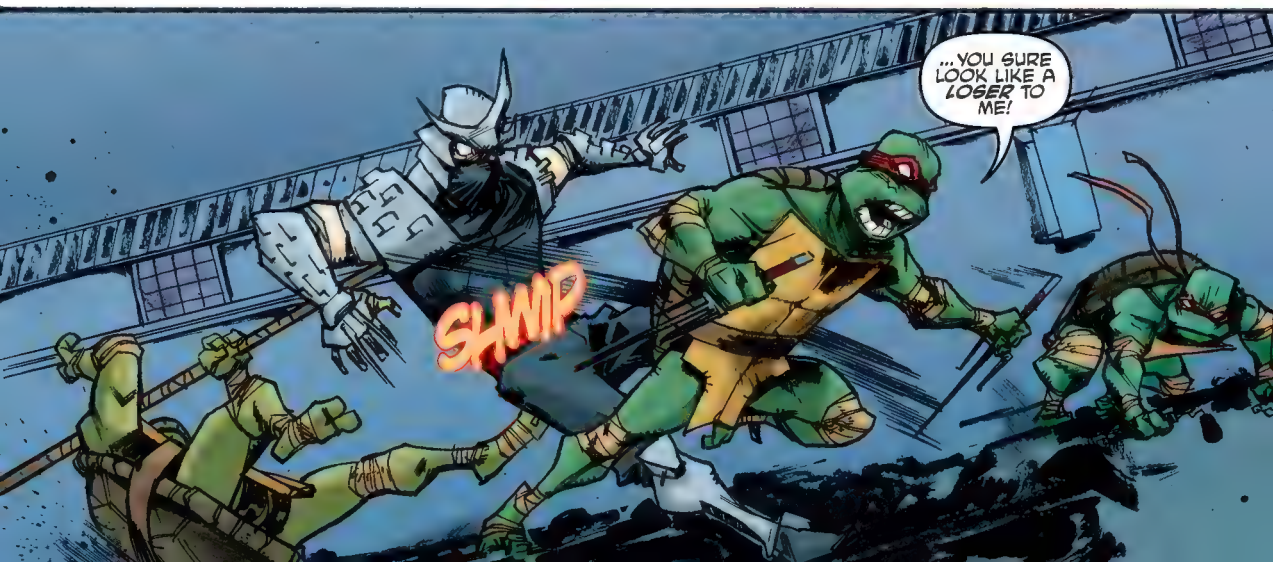

DAMN! THESE GUYS ARE LIKE ROACHES—SMASH ONE AND TWO MORE COME OUTTA THE CRACKS!
GONNA RUN AWAY BEHIND A SMOKE BOMB AGAIN, LITTLE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS?
YOU RUN YOUR MOUTH TOO MUCH. THAT RAT WOULDN'T SHUT UP EITHER.
BUT AT LEAST HE COULD FIGHT. YOU?
YAGH!
ALL TALK, NO ACTION!
TOO MUCH TALKIN', HUH? FINE.
KRAK
HYAH!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT.
I HEAR YA.

HOLD ON, DONNIE! I'M COMIN'!
JUST KEEP THOSE JERKS OFF ME, MIKEY, AND—
AND WHAT, MUTANT?
DAMN.
DONNIE!
GET AWAY FROM MY BROTHER!
HYAH!
WHULF!
DAMMIT!
LEONARDO... HEAR ME NOW...

... REMEMBER WHAT I HAVE TAUGHT YOU, MY SON. YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS... MUST WORK AS ONE... AGAINST SAKI. IT IS THE *ONLY* WAY...


YOUR FATHER IS *BEATEN*, FOOLS. HE HAS LOST, AS WILL YOU IF YOU PERSIST IN THIS FUTILE BATTLE.

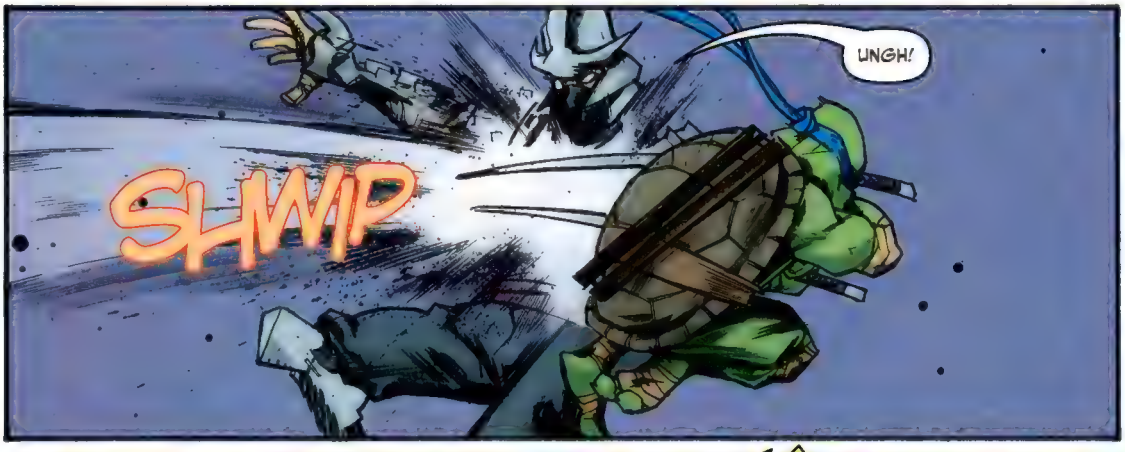
INSTEAD, JOIN THE FOOT—JOIN *ME*—AND KNOW VICTORY!
YOU KNOW, FOR A GUY WHO SAYS HE'S A WINNER...


...YOU SURE LOOK LIKE A *LOSER* TO ME!
SLAM!

IT'S OKAY, LEO. I GOT 'IM.
YOU SURE, CASEY? I CAN HELP IF— CRAP!
WHERE THE HELL'D THIS CREEP COME FROM?!
KANG
HOLD ON, LEO!
DON'T SWEAT IT, CASEY...
KRAK
...I'VE GOT THIS GORILLA.
ANGEL?! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
SAVIN' YOUR BUTTS, WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?
AND OUR BUTTS TOTALLY THANK YOU!
BUT, I THOUGHT... YOU KNOW... THAT THIS WASN'T PURPLE DRAGON BUSINESS.
IT AIN'T— IT'S MY BUSINESS.
LOOK... I OWE YOU, CASEY—LIKE, BIG TIME—AND I COULDN'T JUST STAND 'ROUND DOIN' NOTHIN' WHILE YOU WERE IN TROUBLE. OKAY?
YEAH. OKAY.
YO! TURTLES! WE'RE OUTTA HERE!

JUST... ERK... WAIT TILL I'M... GUH... LOOSE, CHUMP.
GUYS, WE GOT WHAT WE *CAME* FOR...
...TIME TO *FINISH* THIS!
GYAH!
GUYS, LISTEN UP! WE GOTTA WORK AS A *TEAM*-- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE. TOGETHER...
...JUST LIKE MASTER *TRAINED* US.
SO, MUTANT, ARE YOU PREPARED TO SUFFER MY WRATH ONCE AGAIN? I PROMISE, THERE WILL BE NO MERCY *THIS* TIME.
"AGAIN?" WHAT ARE Y--
YOU!
YES. YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN.
OH, I *REMEMBER* JUST FINE. AND YOU BEAT ME PRETTY GOOD BEFORE, NO DOUBT--*AFTER* I HAD TO FIGHT YOUR *WHOLE DAMN ARMY* BY MYSELF. BUT *YOU* FORGET...

...I'VE GOT MY FAMILY WITH ME THIS TIME!


UNGH!
SHWIP

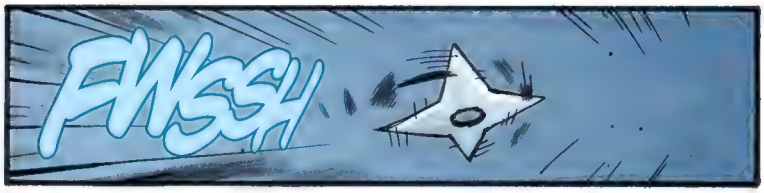
WHOP
GAGK!

KRAK

FWAK

YOUR TEAMWORK IS IMPRESSIVE. YOSHI HAS TAUGHT YOU WELL.
UH, GUYS... I THINK IT'S TIME TO MAYBE, YOU KNOW, GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.
YEAH. FATHER'S SAFETY IS OUR PRIORITY. LET'S BOLT.

YES, FLEE. YOU ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE. THIS DOES NOT END HERE.
I AM UNYIELDING. I AM UNSTOPPABLE.
I AM THE SHREDDER.


FWSSH

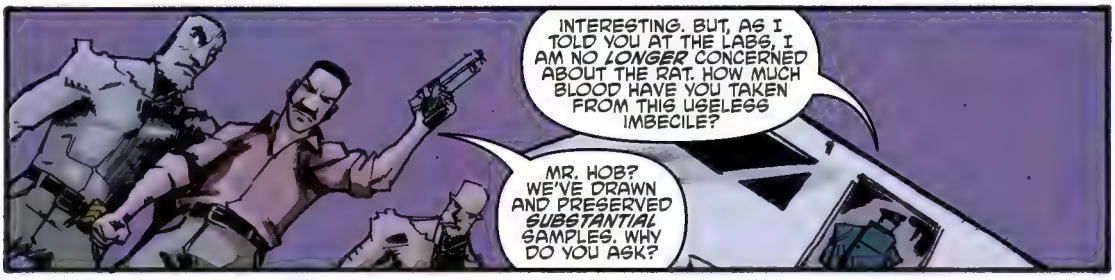
I AM...
THOK

...UNIMPRESSED.

YEAH.

WELL, STOCKMAN, NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS *UNIMPRESSED* EVERY STEP OF THE WAY DURING THIS VISIT. A FAILURE FROM START TO FINISH, MUCH LIKE MY ENTIRE RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR PATHETIC COMPANY.
MINOR SETBACKS, GENERAL KRANG, NOTHING MORE. WE WILL RETRIEVE THE RAT AND WE WILL HAVE THE PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUND FOR YOU.
YEAH. THAT RAT FREAK'S *HISTORY* WHEN I GET MY CLAWS ON HIM.
QUIET, MR. HOB.
AS I WAS SAYING, GENERAL, THINGS WILL IMPROVE. STARTING *NOW.*

MR. HOB— YOU'RE *FIRED.*
GRGK!
BLAM


INTERESTING. BUT, AS I TOLD YOU AT THE LABS, I AM NO *LONGER* CONCERNED ABOUT THE RAT. HOW MUCH BLOOD HAVE YOU TAKEN FROM THIS USELESS IMBECILE?
MR. HOB? WE'VE DRAWN AND PRESERVED *SUBSTANTIAL* SAMPLES. WHY DO YOU ASK?

PHP
WHA—?!

BRING STOCKMAN AND LEAVE THE CAT.
IT APPEARS THE TIME HAS COME, GENTLEMEN...

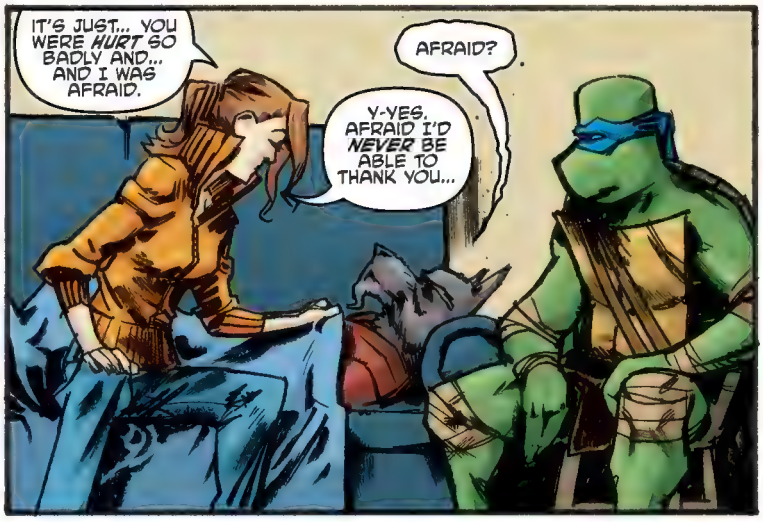
"...FOR *PLAN B.*"

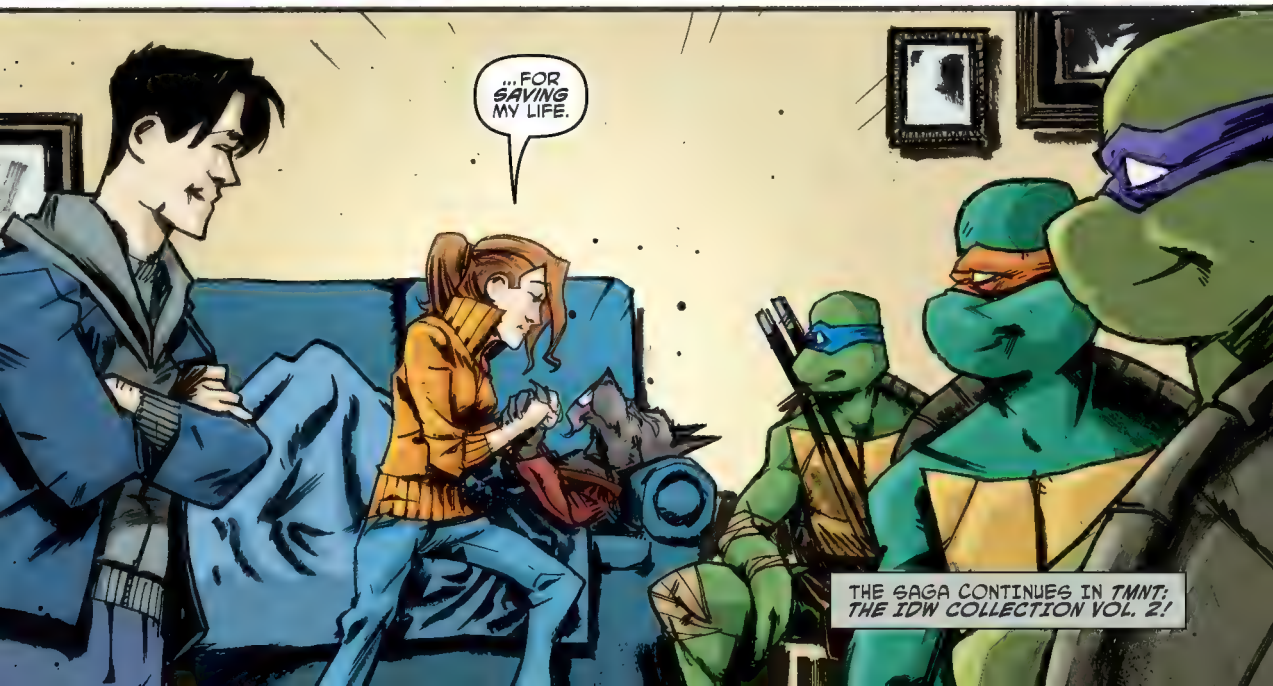
MAN, ANGEL, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH. YOU REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO COME BACK AND HELP US, BUT I'M GLAD YOU DID.
YEAH, NO PROBLEM. THE OTHER DRAGONS AIN'T TOO HAPPY WITH ME RIGHT NOW, BUT THEY'LL GET OVER IT. SPEAKIN' OF WHICH, I GOTTA GET BACK.
THAT GOES FOR US, TOO, ANGEL. THANKS!
YOU TAKE CARE, JONES.
YEAH. YOU, TOO, ANGEL.
HEY.
SORRY WE'RE CLOSED
UM... HI.
I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD. WHERE IS HE, CASEY?
INSIDE. C'MON.
HE HASN'T WOKEN UP SINCE WE GOT HIM BACK.
OH, GOD, DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE-

MISS... O'NEIL?

SPLINTER?

I AM PLEASED YOU REMEMBER. BUT... WHY DO YOU WEEP, CHILD?


IT'S JUST... YOU WERE *HURT* SO BADLY AND... AND I WAS AFRAID.
AFRAID?
Y-YES. AFRAID I'D *NEVER* BE ABLE TO THANK YOU...


...FOR *SAVING* MY LIFE.
THE SAGA CONTINUES IN *TMNT: THE IDW COLLECTION VOL. 2!*

Art by KEVIN EASTMAN
Colors by RONDA PATTISON

art by ROB GUILLORY

art by MARK TORRES

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
THE IDW COLLECTION

TMNT CO-CREATOR **KEVIN EASTMAN** AND WRITER **TOM WALTZ** GUIDE READERS THROUGH A GROUND-BREAKING NEW ORIGIN AND INTO EPIC TALES OF COURAGE, LOYALTY AND FAMILY, AS THE TURTLES AND THEIR ALLIES BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL AGAINST ENEMIES OLD AND NEW IN THE DANGEROUS STREETS AND SEWERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

VOLUME 1 COLLECTS THE FIRST 12 ISSUES OF THE NEW ***TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES*** *ONGOING SERIES PLUS THE* ***RAPHAEL, MICHELANGELO, DONATELLO, LEONARDO,*** *AND* ***SPLINTER*** *MICRO-SERIES ONE-SHOTS.*